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Collier's

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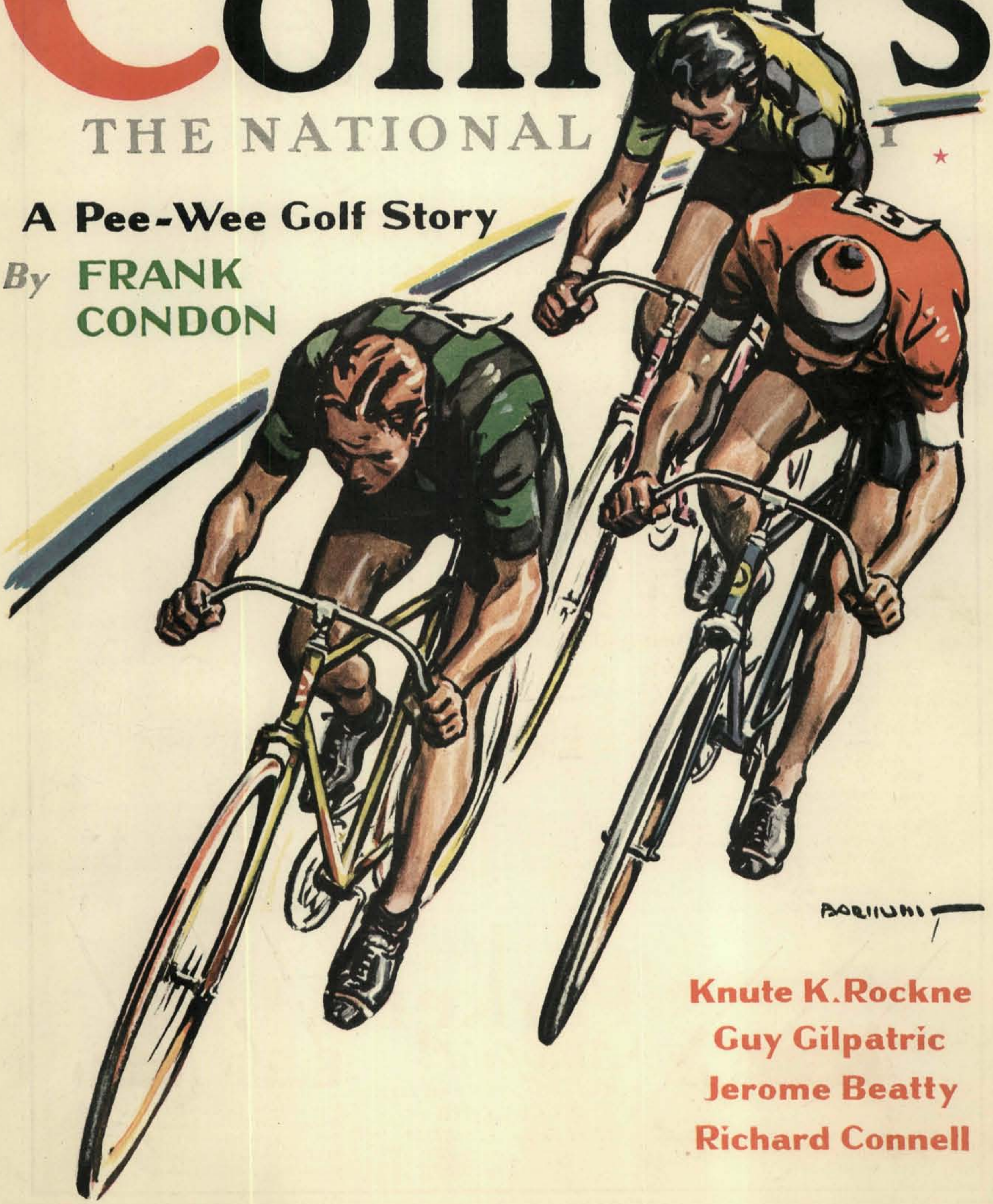

A Pee-Wee Golf Story

By **FRANK CONDON**

Knute K. Rockne
Guy Gilpatric
Jerome Beatty
Richard Connell

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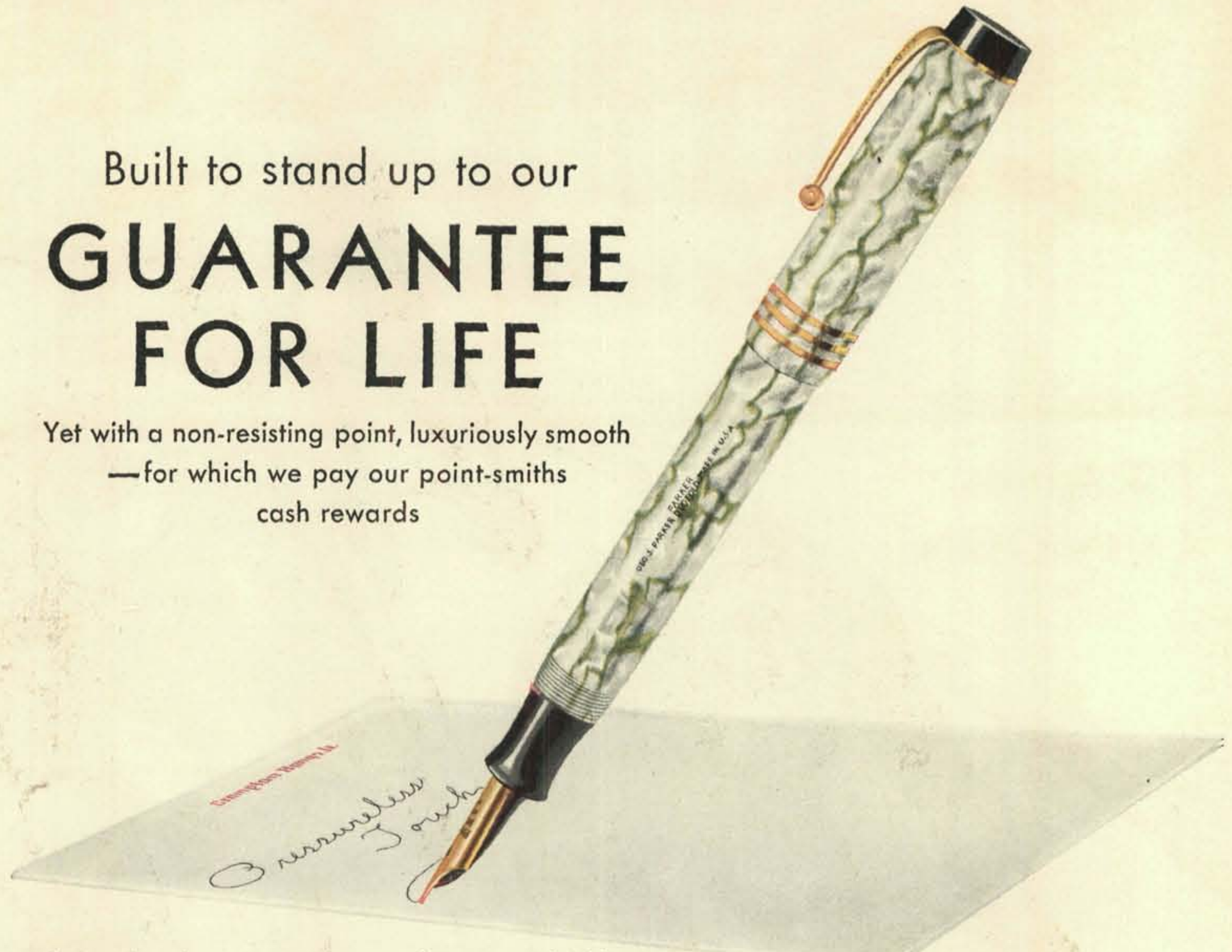

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While difficult to build a pen that will last for life—the greater achievement, by far, is to make it *both* life-enduring and pressureless-writing. To take from the point all resistance to hand and paper—to make it velvety smooth and instantly responsive.

Parker's inspiring success in this has baffled the whole pen industry. Some have tried various gold alloys. Some special heat treatments. And a few have turned to making points by machinery, but to no avail.

Parker Duofold points are clearly without rival—for we have developed a body of point-smiths who are aces, every one.

We limit the number of points that each may make per day, for every point must pass 11 merciless tests, including Pressureless Touch. Then we pay its maker a bonus.

There's one of these Bonus points in *every* Parker Duofold Pen. Go and try it beside any other. The difference will win you, as new thousands daily are won to Parker Duofold.

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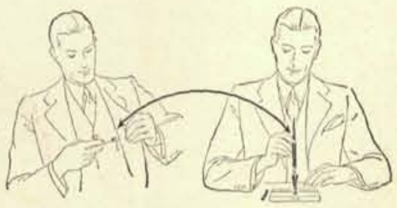
The same Pen two ways



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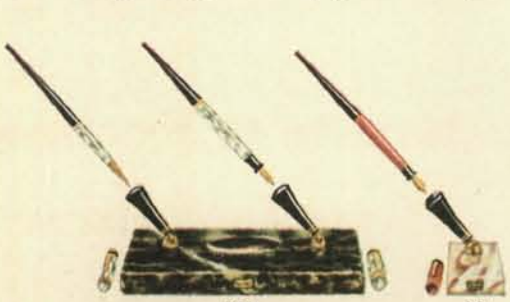

$20—EEM—Double Italian Marble Base. With Green-and-Pearl DeLuxe Duofold Jr. Convertible Pen and Duofold Pencil to match, $32.50.

$4—GO—Onyx Base. With Duofold Jr. Convertible Pocket-Desk Pen, $9.

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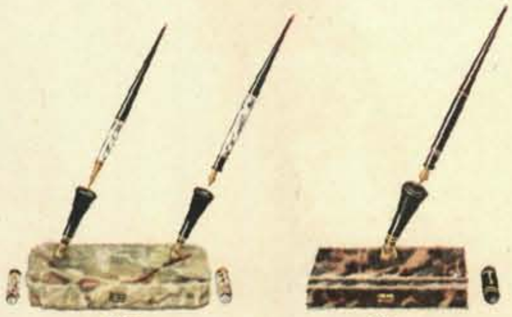


$15—BBG—Double Green Onyx Base. With Black-and-Pearl De Luxe Duofold Convertible Pocket-Desk Pen and Pencil to match, $27.50.

$7.50—AM—Italian Marble Base. With Duofold Jr. Convertible Pocket-Desk Pen, $12.50

To a Five Thousand Dollar Man who would like to be making $10,000

MEN who are satisfied with routine salary increases will not be interested in this advertisement. There are many sources from which they can get the sort of training that will satisfy their modest ambitions.

Men, on the other hand, who are interested in doubling their earnings will find in this page much food for thought—and for action.

The training of the Alexander Hamilton Institute was designed for men who feel instinctively that their proper place is among those who *pay* wages instead of receive them—whose biggest earnings come out of the *profits* of the businesses in which they are engaged. Its mission is to fit them for these more profitable positions in a *shorter* time. And the results of its training are measured not in slowly rising salaries, but in incomes doubled and tripled in a few years.

Heads of businesses all over the country are sympathetic with the Institute's work, because it helps to develop the executives they so sorely need. Here are just a few of the cases of increased income that our subscribers have told us about in the last few months. Their names are all on file at Institute headquarters:

SUBSCRIBER A.
Was Works Engineer at $4,200.
Now Vice-President and General Manager at $18,000.

SUBSCRIBER B.
Was Manager at $3,600.
Now Regional Manager at $15,000.

SUBSCRIBER C.
Was Production Manager at $4,800.
Now President at $21,600.

SUBSCRIBER D.
Was Production Manager at $2,400.
Now General Manager at $8,400.

SUBSCRIBER E.
Was Business Manager at $2,400.
Now General Manager at $20,000.

Here's further proof that this training pays

Some of the presidents of corporations who are enrolled are William Wrigley, Jr., President, The William Wrigley Jr. Company (Wrigley's Gum); Thomas H. Beck, President, P. F. Collier & Son Company; Francis A. Countway, President, Lever Brothers Company (Manufacturers of Lux and Lifebuoy Soap); Edwin A. Fuller, President, Fuller Construction Company; Roy Howard, Chairman of the Board, Scripps-Howard Newspapers; Charles E. Hires, President, Hires Root Beer Company.

The judgment of such men is an argument stronger than anything we could write.

Are you in business for your health?

Money isn't everything. But we will all admit that income is after all a pretty accurate measure of success in business.

There is many a man of real ability who is kidding himself into contentment with his progress simply because he is making more money than some of his friends. He is satisfied with a five or ten thousand dollar salary when with a little added *knowledge* he could easily be making ten or twenty thousand.

Superior knowledge is behind every business success. And the absurd part of it is that you have to know only a *little* bit more than your competitor to make a *lot* more money.

How to get the facts

Where can you get this extra knowledge that can make such a tremendous difference in your business life? We invite you to send for a book that tells where, and how. It is a book of facts—facts about the Institute's training. It is called "What an Executive Should Know."

This book costs nothing because it is worth only what you *make* it worth. It is a book that should be read by every man who expects to win a secure place for himself in the next five years.

Will you send for it? The coupon below will bring it to your desk.

To the Alexander Hamilton Institute, 363 Astor Place, New York City. (In Canada address Alexander Hamilton Institute, Ltd., C.P.R. Bldg., Toronto.)

Send me "What an Executive Should Know," which I may keep without charge.

NAME ....

BUSINESS
ADDRESS ....

....

BUSINESS
POSITION ....

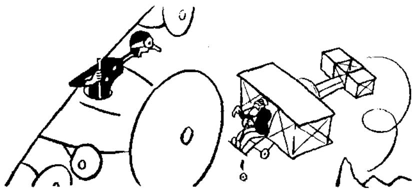
ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

IF YOU want to see one of those pusher biplanes that thrilled the world twenty years ago you visit the Smithsonian Institution and wonder at the breed of men who conquered the air in such a fragile rattletrap. But one afternoon, not long ago, the young pilot of a modern tri-motored flying palace, on his regular route over the Rockies, beheld one of those ancient crates diving at his ship. The flyer was an elderly rancher who held his wheel with one hand and with the other signified that the pilot of the big ship was, in his opinion, a sissy.

That was young Mulhall's introduction to "The Flying Yahoo," the hero of Guy Gilpatric's new short story. It's a tale of the early days of flying and the immortals in *Norfolk jackets and checkered caps* who blazed the first air trails.



PEOPLE who live in glass houses suffer proverbially from certain restrictions. For them, a substitute is now and will increasingly be available—steel houses. They're not as complicated as they sound, nor do they differ very markedly in appearance from our present dwellings. The differences, however, are amazing. The time is almost here when a man's house will be not only his castle but his fort. But that's just one of steel's new uses. Mr. Shepherd tells you about the newest developments in "A Brisk Movement in Steel."

—

LIKE every other place in the neighborhood of New York or Kansas City or Detroit or Chicago or San Francisco where people go to get away from it all, Smithville was dedicated to the Saturday-night party. Late this summer there was an upheaval and now everybody goes to bed at nine o'clock Saturday night. Most Smithvilleites will tell you that they do it so they can get up at five o'clock Sunday morning and play golf, but that is not precisely true. This very quaint custom really began with the love affair between Sam Agnew and Cynthia Trumbull.

A notable reform, in which love, all-powerful, is credited with an assist: "Going to Bed at Nine O'clock," by Lucian Cary.

—

MR. KNUTE ROCKNE, Notre Dame's great coach, devotes his next article to George Gipp, who was the greatest football player that school ever produced. There is much of Rockne revealed in the story, for it was he who discovered and trained Gipp and made him great. It is ten years since Gipp died at the height of his fame, but even now Rockne cannot conceal his melancholy when he tells of the passing of the boy who has become a legend at Notre Dame.

—

THERE'S another love story to brighten your autumn, "Southern Waters," by Stephen Morehouse Avery; Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, tells why our foreign trade progresses; a short story by Edward Shenton; the Short Short Story; articles by Walter Davenport, Grantland Rice and others. Messrs. Wodehouse and Grey carry on in the best manner. Come early.

THIS WEEK

November 15, 1930

Cover—Jay Hyde Barnum

Page 7—Frank Condon

A LOT ON THE CORNER: The origin of peewee golf, a love story.

Page 10—Roger W. Babson

AN EXERCISE FOR BUSINESS: Warranted to put on weight.

Page 12—The Short Short Story

PARDON THIS INTRUSION: By Richard Connell.

Page 13—Grantland Rice

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A HERO: If any.

Page 14—Guy Gilpatric

GHOSTS OF SPAIN: From the days of bloodshed and romance.

Page 16—Jerome Beatty

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND MARRIAGE: The story of a perfect wife.

Page 18—Walter Davenport

FOR THE GOOD OF THE GAME: And, incidentally, of the huntsman.

Page 20—Zane Grey

ROBBERS' ROOST, Part VI: Quick action in the West.

Page 22—Knute K. Rockne

COACHING MEN: How football games are won.

Page 24—P. G. Wodehouse

BIG MONEY, Part IX: Ann expresses herself.

Page 26—William G. Shepherd

THE GOLD BARRAGE: Irresistible.

Page 27—Frederick Skerry

THE SAVING MARK: Protection from beyond the grave.

Page 28—Rube Goldberg

THE INVENTIONS OF PROFESSOR LUCIFER G. BUTTS, A. K.

Page 46—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

TAMMANY TAMER: Alfred E. Smith.

Page 49—Milton C. Work

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT?

Page 66—Sol Metzger

WHEN THE TROJANS PASS, LOOK OUT!

Page 69—Word Hunt

Page 74—Editorial

Any Week

WE HAVE been invited by Mr. Robert Latimer Lamb of Brooklyn, New York, *to join* "*a movement to abolish intemperance, injustice, war, vice, poverty, crime, antagonism, conquest, revenge and evil.*" We take this opportunity of telling Mr. Lamb, whose appeal is addressed to "Ladies, Gentlemen, Young Folks and Little Children," that, while we are too busy at the moment to take active part in his laudable enterprise, we are whole-hearted in our sympathy. We're for it.

—

EVERY day or so we get irrefutable evidence that Collier's is read with fine thoroughness. No mere glancing through us, nor reading at random. Every word gets a thorough going-over. Specifically, here are a dozen letters like Mr. Bailey Smith's. Mr. Smith of Phoenix, Arizona, finds in George Creel's article "When Sullivan Fought Kilrain" that these two famous gladiators slugged one another on July 8, 1899. He and a dozen more correct us. Of course it happened on July 8, 1889.

—

FOR the benefit of those whose contributions we are compelled with regret to reject and who write us foaming letters accusing us not only of not having read their manuscripts but of being unable to read at all, we publish the following facts:

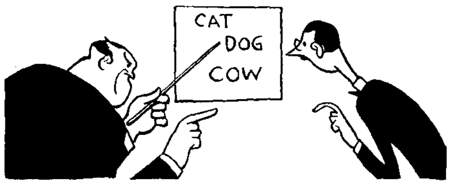
Mr. Clarence H. Roy, of our staff, recently applied for registration as a New York first voter. Mr. Roy having admitted his occupation, the official snapped:

"Is that so? Well, you'll have to take a literacy test."

Under the stern eye of an examiner Mr. Roy wrote his name and read a few mild words. Whereat the registration board reluctantly certified that he could read and write—enough anyway. Moreover, they gave him a nice little diploma signed by Dr. Frank Pierrepont Graves, Commissioner of Education for the State of New York. We have the document hanging in a prominent place in our office. The public is invited to view it.

We strongly suspect that that official has at some time sent us one of those manuscripts which we just couldn't use. Nevertheless, we are grateful to him for his evidence that reading can be done in our offices.

"I wonder," mused our secretary apprehensively, "whether they are insisting on this test for all writers and editors."



"A PECULIAR incident occurred here today," writes Mr. G. S. Baird of Hohokus, New Jersey. "Whereat he goes on to say that a friend of his, Mr. George W. Stevens, who has hitherto been too busy to read magazines, came into his office and picked up a copy of Collier's, Mr. Baird never being without one. Mr. Stevens read for a few minutes, says Mr. Baird, and then took out his fountain pen, wrote a check for a three-year subscription to us and mailed it forthwith.

We understand perfectly. But we don't agree with Mr. Baird that the incident was "peculiar." People are doing that in large numbers every day.

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A GUARANTEED INCOME FOR LIFE

$250 a month beginning at Age 55, 60 *or* 65

The Phoenix Mutual announces a new Retirement Income Plan under which you get not only immediate protection for your beneficiaries but also, for yourself in later years, a guaranteed income you cannot outlive.

What a $25,000 policy, payable at age 60, will do for you

It guarantees to you when you are 60

A Monthly Income for Life of..........$250.00 which assures a return of at least.....$25,000.00 and perhaps much more, depending upon how long you live. Or, if you prefer, a cash settlement of...............................$33,750.00

It guarantees in event of permanent total disability before age 60

A Monthly Disability Income of........$250.00 and payment of your premiums while disabled.

It guarantees upon death from any cause before age 60

A Cash Payment to your beneficiary of $25,000.00 Or a monthly income as long as your beneficiary lives.

It guarantees upon death from accidental means before age 60

A Cash Payment to your beneficiary of $50,000.00 Or a monthly income as long as your beneficiary lives.

Send for the Facts

The plan above is for an income of $250 a month, payable at age 60. You may arrange to retire at an age other than 60 if you wish. You may provide for yourself a Retirement Income greater or smaller than $250 a month. Plans for women are also available.

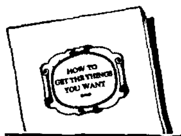
Other things you can provide for by this program are: Money to leave your home free of debt. An income for your wife in case she should outlive you. Money to send your children to college. Money for emergencies. Money for special needs. There is hardly a financial problem which cannot be solved by this plan.

A retirement income does not have to be paid for all at once. It is usually paid for in installments spread over a period of 20 years or more. Naturally this makes the individual installments comparatively small.

One of the great advantages of this plan is that it goes into operation the minute you pay your first installment. As you continue to invest, the fulfillment of your life plans is guaranteed.

Even though you should become totally disabled and unable to make another payment, your payments would be made by us out of a cash reserve provided for that purpose. Your home would be left clear of debt, just as you had planned. Your children would go to college, expenses paid, if you had planned it so. And, beginning soon after you were disabled, you would have $250 a month to live on so long as the disability continued, even if it should last the rest of your life.

We should like to send you an interesting 28-page book called "How to Get the Things You Want," which tells all about the Retirement Income Plan and how it can be exactly suited to your own special needs. No cost. No obligation. Send for your copy of this free book today.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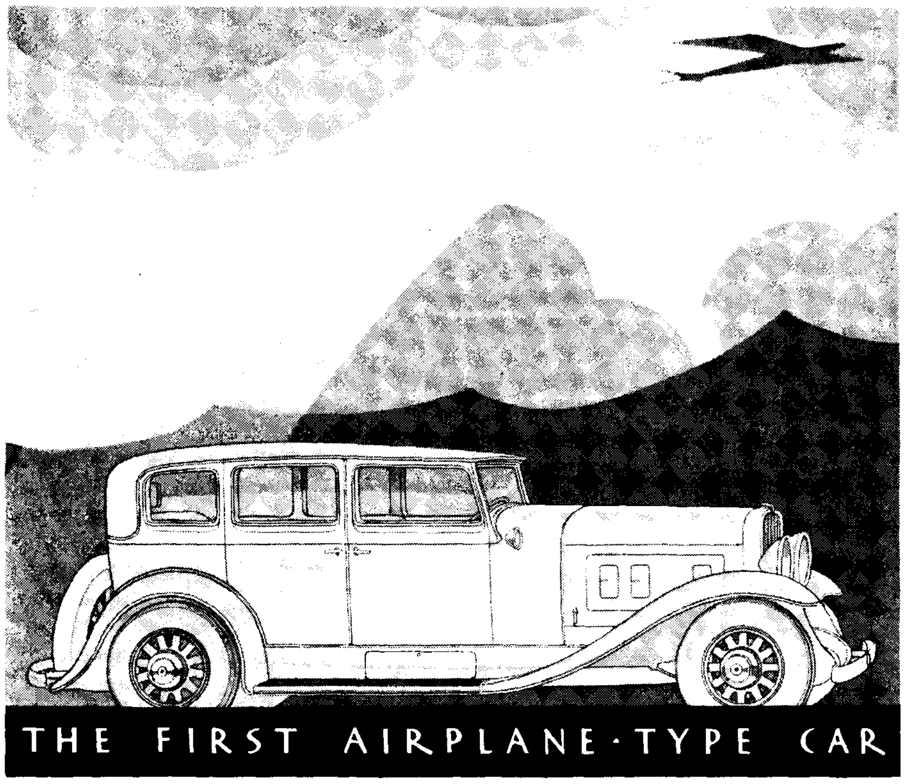

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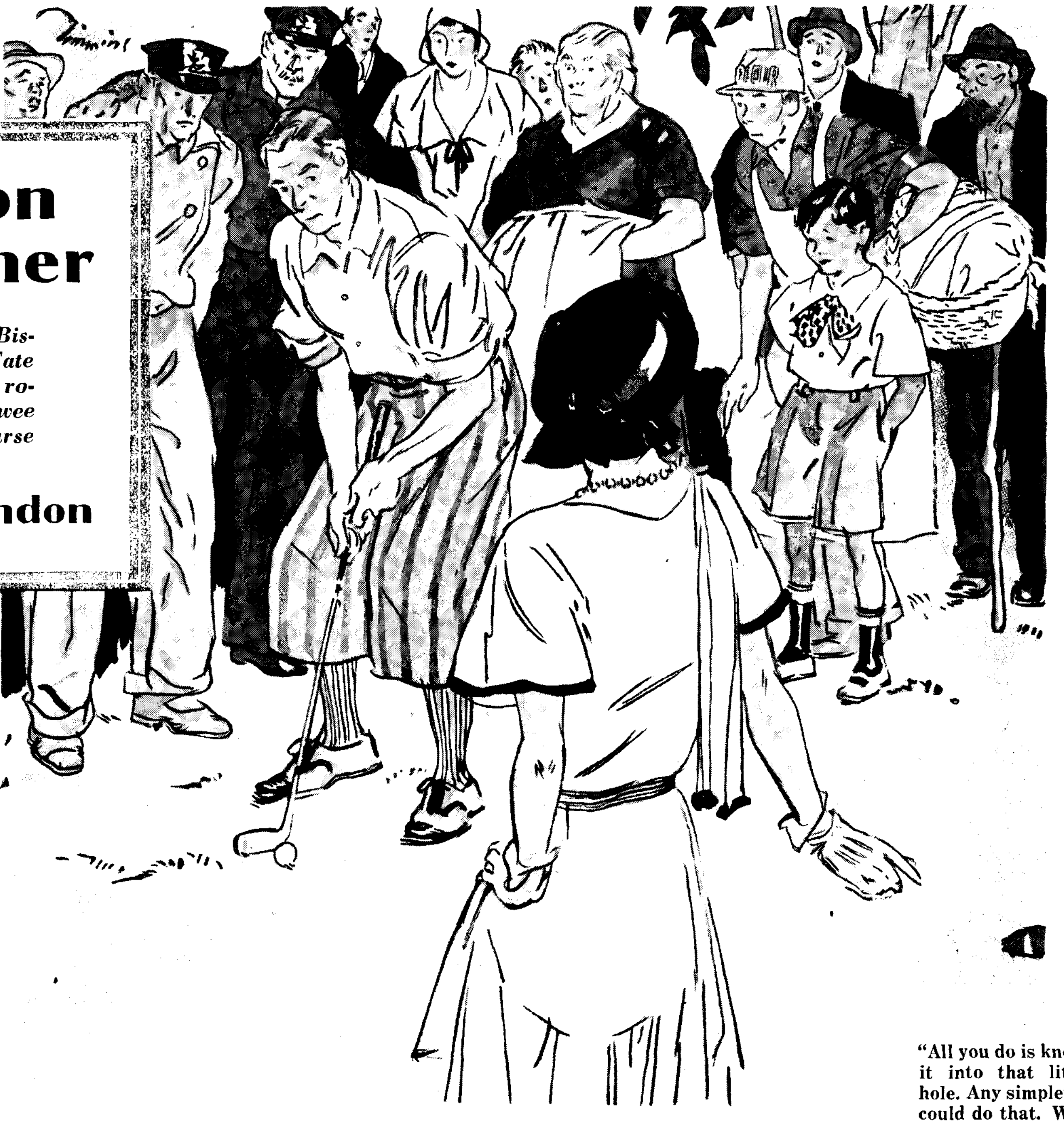
FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

Collier's The National Weekly for November 15, 1930

A Lot on the Corner

Wherein Benjamin Bissell, Esq., licks Fate with a putter—a romance of the peewee or bantam golf course

By Frank Condon



"All you do is knock it into that little hole. Any simpleton could do that. Why don't you make it more interesting if you have to do it at all?"

AS ANYONE can see, a sudden and tremendous change has occurred in American life, and each evening, upon the stroke of seven, Mrs. John Doe picks up her chapeau and glances inquiringly at the male biped who is sharing her life and who believes he might read the evening paper if left to his own devices.

"Come on, my love," she says in the honeyed tone that fools no husband and which is as definite a command as "Forward!" was during the war. Mr. Doe pushes himself slowly up to his feet, clanks out into the hall after his Panama, leads the way to the garage and family barouche, drives down the street five short blocks, buys two tickets for himself and spouse, stalks through an entrance and begins. Begins what? Begins looking at a brisk, exciting melodrama? Not so. Begins tripping the comparatively light fantastic with the light of his soul? Not on your periwinkle.

No, dear reader, he begins knocking a slightly dented and yellowed golf ball down a felt-paved terrain lined with flowerpots, decomposed rocks of a bitulithic character, covered bridges, causeways, tin doghouses, concrete battlements, wooded dells, galvanized-iron lighthouses and gulleys made of paving bricks.

He has joined the new and trembling army of putters and hitters, and Mrs. Doe thinks it is just too lovely, for she and John can spend all their evenings together, seven of them every week, and Saturday afternoons, too, slapping a golf ball into a concealed bearpit and waiting for it to run out through a gas log and make a hole-in-one.

Nobody knows how many of these peewee golf courses are now in full blast in our town. Some say one thousand are running, with another thousand coming up. Everywhere you go gravel is flying and wagons are dumping sand. Six thousand carpenters gallop forth each morning to hammer out new doll houses for the little ball to enter. Seven thousand stonemasons, concrete experts, ditch-diggers, wall-builders, sappers and miners start at the break of dawn to chuck in wickets, shafts, tubes, canals, chasms, shady nooks, funnels, promontories, embrasures, pigeonholes and tile galleries, and without doubt, peewee, or miniature, golf has just about saved our town in a summer of mild depression.

House servants are spending their weekly pay for natty golfing togs. Every male able to walk has a new pair of white sport trousers, with suitable shoes. Cooks putt across the kitchen linoleum so as to be in good form for the evening contest with the Swede next door. The whole town is wild over the new pastime, and back East the putter factories are out-puttering all past records, and the people who make green felt are three months behind orders.

Plump and elderly dowagers walk up to the man at the Silver King Golf Course and ask particularly for a goose-neck putter, saying they cannot use anything but a goose-neck, and only two months ago a goose-neck meant something they left for the servants to eat.

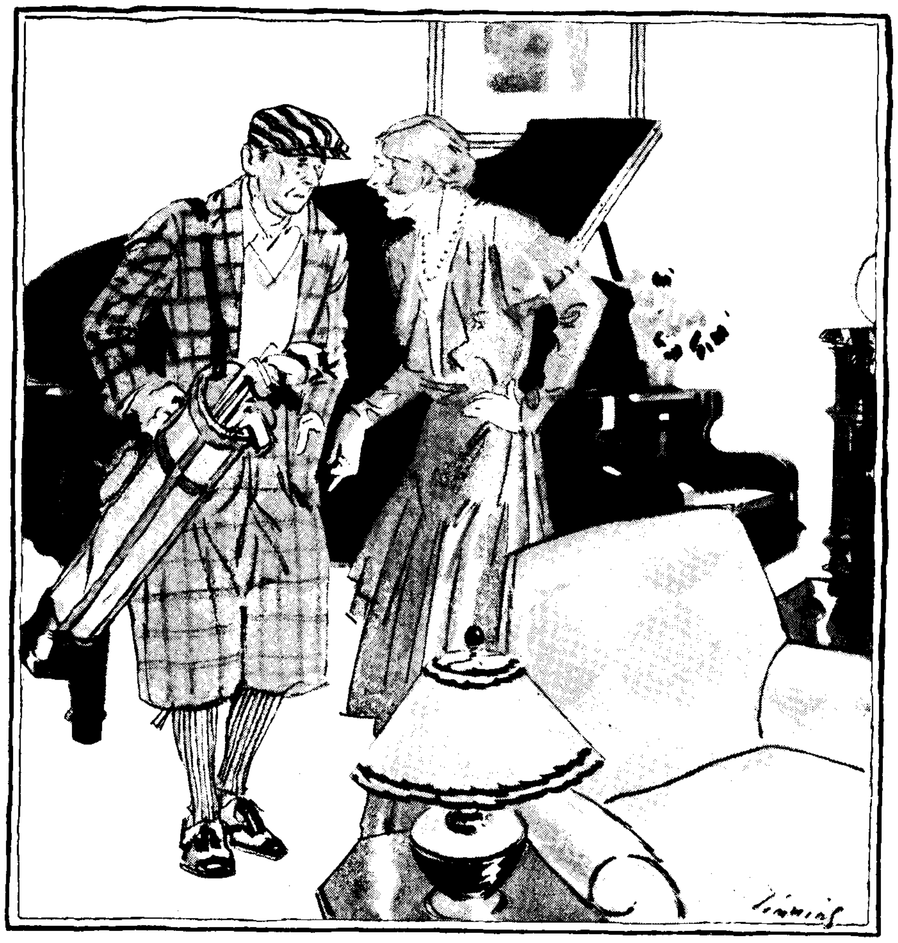
THIS remarkable epidemic broke loose like a sudden hailstorm and the main conversational topic in our town is "Will it last?" Nobody knows, but everyone is willing to make a definite prophecy. How it will wind up, if it does, is a matter of small consequence, but how miniature golf began is something that should go into the records for the benefit of future Macaulays.

You will have to step far back to get at the genesis of peewee, or bantam, golf and hunt up a man named Ben Bissell, a lean-faced fellow with gray hair, who was in the motion picture business for some years, for ours is a town where they produce plenty of entertainment for the film theaters. Ben Bissell started as a hired hand for the Big A Corporation and wound up as a director. I believe they paid him eight hundred dollars a week toward the end.

Ben Bissell was not a genius, nor the son of a genius. He worked hard, avoided bad habits and struggled with many small troubles and one enormous handicap. The handicap was his wife, the well-known Charlotte Bissell, and they used to say that if all the women in the world suddenly died and there were no more women left anywhere, except one, and that one Charlotte; and if somebody asked: "Well, there is now only one woman left in the world and it is Charlotte Bissell. What shall we do?" the answer would come back instantly: "You better shoot Charlotte and we will start the world all over again." That is the kind of wife with which Ben Bissell ate his evening pancakes.

From the day he achieved his first job directing movies, Charlotte began spending the income. She was a red-faced woman who wore beads and unbecoming hats. Her voice was strident and her language was sometimes filled with Biblical allusions. It seemed strange she should be married to a quiet man like Ben, and observers said she was probably different as a girl. You wouldn't think a woman could spend eight hundred dollars when she had been accustomed to eight dollars a week for the first twenty-four years of her life, but Charlotte did it. She started with a limousine, and every so often the man came and delivered a new model. As time disappeared, people wondered at Ben's limitless patience with his wife. Everybody said he would do better if he dropped her overboard, but the notion apparently never occurred to him.

ANOTHER woman early entered the tangled web of Ben's affairs, only she was not a slinky vampire of the home-breaker type. She was a respectable middle-aged actress named Alice Walsh, with her best days back in the old Empire Theater in New York and a foolish hope that she could make a modest living from the movies. Alice was no longer a laughing lassie. Her black hair was streaked with gray and the papers never published her picture in the section devoted to the movies. Casting directors agreed that Alice's career was about over, and only Ben Bissell stood between her and permanent idleness.



"Ben, you're a natural loafer, and I'm not going to stand it any more"

Always a superstitious fellow, it was Ben's fancy that Alice Walsh was lucky for him and his photoplays, so whenever he started a new job, he glanced over the program and hunted for a rôle that Alice might play. Studio managers objected, but Ben usually had his way, and Alice drew her weekly checks. The director's wife sometimes discussed the subject.

"Looks very funny to me," she remarked. "Can't you make a motion picture without Alice Walsh?"

"If it looks funny to you," Ben answered mildly, "it must be funny. What's the matter with Alice?"

"She's in every picture. She's been in your last six."

"You mean you think maybe I'm tagging around after Alice. Well, I'm not. She's had plenty of hard luck, needs money and is a fair actress. When I can give her a part, I do. That's all. There is nothing funny going on, and I may say at this point that if I decided to have romantic episodes and moonlight nights, I would probably pick a younger one. There are many young ones at the studio."

Mrs. Bissell added a couple of thousand words to the subject, which Ben did not hear. She continued the purchase of grand pianos, Turkish rugs, brocaded curtains, multi-tone radios, imported trees for the front lawn, police dogs, furs, overcoats, evening gowns, more evening gowns and perfume in quart bottles.

She employed servants freely and guided her household affairs by what she heard concerning other wives of means. At one time Charlotte had two butlers, two chauffeurs and four maids, a situation that gave her genuine social standing at the Athletic Club when ladies gathered to reduce and discuss. Ben continued to dress himself and eat in a breakfast nook.

Money matters caused trouble in the home, for Ben had his weakness, the same as *many* a better *man*. He was the kind that believes reports sent out by Chambers of Commerce, and he remembered the old copybook maxim that a person ought to buy land. Some people believe in bonds at five per cent. Others collect gilt-edged mortgages and high-class stocks, while still others are the natural prey of the land salesman.

Ben Bissell always said a man couldn't go wrong buying real estate in Southern California, which, as he pointed out, is the greatest place in the world. In his vest pocket he carried a booklet showing how many strangers arrive daily looking for homes. So Ben bought vacant lots with part of the weekly eight hundred, specializing in corner properties, on the theory that an inside lot *may be worth something some day*, but a corner, a good corner, is the same as gold nuggets and rubies of the king. This inclination brought about discussion at meals, for Charlotte required most of the eight hundred for her own simple needs.

"WHERE'S the rest of it?" she asked, looking at three hundred dollars on the dining-room table, tossed there by the culprit.

"I bought another lot," he said sheepishly. "It's worth six thousand and I stole it for forty-five hundred. Paid 'em five hundred down."

"You make me tired," said Charlotte.

"I know I do," said Ben. "You don't like to have me buy lots, do you?"

"Certainly not. We can't pay our bills. We need the money for other purposes."

"You need it," he added cheerfully. Charlotte sniffed.

"What you don't think of," said the husband, "is that some day we will be independently rich, made so by real estate judiciously purchased. Do you realize how many families drive into California daily from the Middle West looking for home sites? Do you know that in 1920 our population—"

"Hush up," said Charlotte, gathering in the three hundred and giving Ben twenty for himself.

Onlookers declared they didn't see how Ben managed to stay under the same roof with such a woman, but the director continued to make movies for the Big A Corporation and to play golf in his spare time. With regard to his real estate, experts announced that he was probably biting off more than he could chew. Charlotte called him several kinds of fool and tried to have the Big A people hand over to her his weekly pay. This gesture Ben checked and there was a lively fight in the home.

"And furthermore," Charlotte added to her bitter denunciation of Ben's conduct, "any man who spends as much time as you do playing golf is heading straight for the rocks. I've told you before. Between your golf and your vacant lots, you'll ruin us."

"We have a lot of nice furniture," he ventured, looking about him.

THE gray hair thinned a trifle and more gray crept in, but Ben pegged away at the job and fought with Charlotte for part of his weekly earnings. Alice Walsh continued to have occasional jobs when Ben was shooting and Charlotte even insinuated that all was not as philanthropic as Ben pretended. The Ben Bissell pictures for the Big A seemed to lose some of their sparkle and responsible heads asked each other what they thought of Ben. Clouds slowly gathered.

At this point, when there were murmurs of grim days ahead, the real estate market closed its remaining eye, rolled over on one side and expired with a weary sigh. Experts had seen it coming, but Ben was no expert. Among those noticed in the floating wreckage was a gray, lean-faced movie director, who turned an inquiring glance upon the Chambers of Commerce, wondering what a person should do when he has too many vacant lots in a period of mild business lassitude.

"It serves you right," said the faithful Mrs. Bissell. "I always warned you. Don't tell me I didn't warn you."

"What I like about you," Ben remarked, "is that you know just the right thing to say at the proper moment."

He had so many corners covered with weeds and For Sale signs that it took half a day to count them and three days to add up the interest on deferred payments, taxes, improvement assessments and monthly payments on principal. Leaving a period when a man could sell a vacant lot, he entered a new state, where a man not only could not sell a lot, but could not give it away as a Christmas gift, wrapped up in spice and sweet perfumes. Unexpectedly, the bottom seemed to fall out of everything.

In New York the stock market cracked up and gloomy financiers stepped out of tenth-story windows. Bankers began saying "no" while customers were still in the lobby arranging their thoughts. To make matters perfect, the Big A Corporation decided to discharge Ben Bissell for the good of the service, giving as their reason that he was now merely an old-fashioned director. They declared his pictures were out of tune with the times and that he had failed to keep stride with the stirring events. After many years of toil he was headed for the front gate, and when Charlotte heard the news she looked at him scornfully and said it was the golf that had thus brought them to penury and want.

"What are you going to do now?" she inquired of him one evening.

"Have to think about it," said Ben. "Comes rather suddenly."

"And in the meantime, I suppose you'll play golf."

"Certainly. I have a mess of golfing to do. My slice has been fretting me for three weeks."

"Yes," said the wife acidly, "if I were you, I would now go out and play steadily. You have no job now to interfere with your amusements."

"They'll send for me," Ben declared. "I'm a good director, and they know it."

Oddly enough, they did not send for him. It was agreed among studio owners, who often lunch together and discuss employees, that Ben Bissell belonged to the older generation, and had no place in the talkies, which were booming along merrily. Ben took his laden golf bag to his club and spent the days *chasing birdies and pars* and, because he was not a business man, he ignored his land holdings. Looking about, he saw nothing he could do.

He owed the banks plenty of money and stopped making monthly payments. He made no payments of any sort to anyone. Collectors rang the doorbell and chatted in vain, and during this period of stress Charlotte left nothing unsaid. She accused Ben of bringing the family to ruin and disgrace and demanded that he go forth and hunt for suitable employment. Ben replied that persons requiring a good man knew where to find him.

With steadily rising indignation, Charlotte bore up under the preposterous condition for a while, a period when there was no money to buy Turkish rugs and no money to pay the butler. Ben had obviously given over his life to golf and the long-suffering one issued an ultimatum.

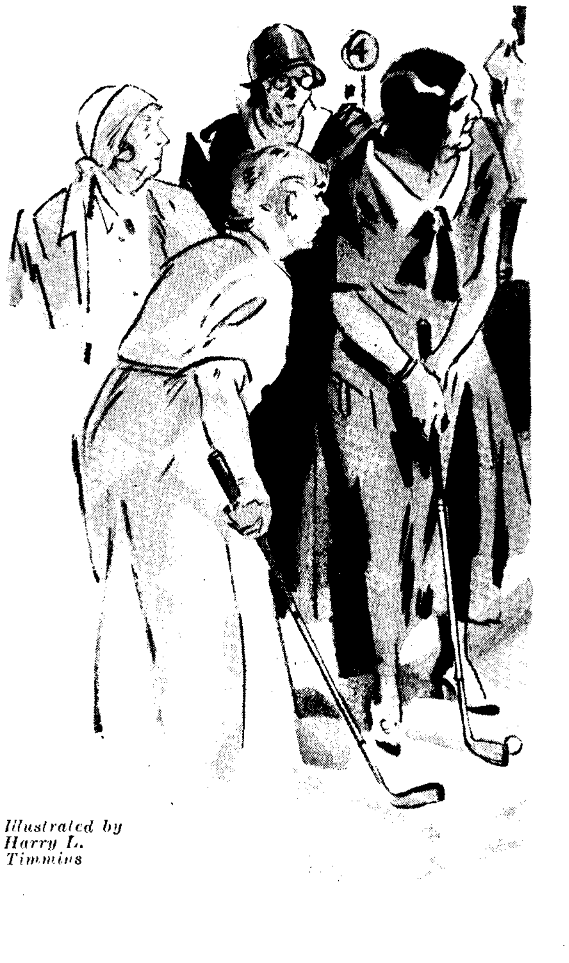
"BEN," she said, "there's no use going any farther. You're driving me crazy."

"Am I?" he asked, preparing to leave for a day in the open air. "What's the matter?"

"I've done everything I could to make a man of you, but you're a natural loafer. This eternal golf of yours has ruined our career and made a pauper of me. I've talked it over with my friends and I'm not going to stand any more."

"What are you going to do?"

"Get a divorce."



Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

She glanced across the room to observe if this news dropped Ben dead in his tracks, but he remained calm. Within him was a feeling of quiet surprise, for after two people have jogged along for years the split-up comes with a jerk.

Ben reflected that his wife was a woman who loved money and now there was none. There was no indignation in him at all.

"If you want a divorce," he said slowly, "that'll be all right with me."

Thoughtfully he picked up his new driver and went forth and soon after Charlotte called in lawyers and began divorce proceedings, charging Ben with cruel and inhuman treatment. He offered no defense, realizing it is cruel and inhuman treatment to make a woman struggle along without eight hundred a week. He gave her the house, packed up his shirts and golf garters and moved over to the smaller place on Mulford Avenue, a respectable neighborhood, but not ornate.

When the divorce was official and immutably down on the books in the county office, friends wanted to give Ben a dinner in the Rose Room as they might have banqueted a miner who has just been dug out after four weeks eating cold candles in a cave-in. Ben grinned and tackled his everlasting golf, six hours a day upon the open greensward, and back to Mulford Avenue for his solitary meal. The studios paid no attention to him. Nobody offered him a job. But the banks did not utterly ignore him. They telephoned to him, especially the one to which he owed the greatest amount of money.

"You better walk in here and see us," said the bank gentleman. "Don't be such a stranger."

"I'm retired," Ben said. "You won't see me any more."

"How about paying us?"

"With what?" Ben asked.

"We'll have to foreclose," continued the kindly fellow at the bank.

"And if you have twenty-six dollars left over," Ben said, "you hand it to me, because I'm shy."

WITHOUT any delay, the bank took away one of Ben's lots and sold it at public auction, or foreclosed or whatever banks do to lots when the payments cease and the payee goes flat. This outcome annoyed Ben not in the slightest. His golf continued to show signs of improvement, and many days he played thirty-six holes, which is twice around the course, or nine miles as a drunken crow might fly. Once he managed fifty-four holes and felt pretty low the day following. . . . On a certain Saturday afternoon he suddenly sat down beneath a tree, to the amazement of three companions, who were betting against him. His lean, tanned face turned gray.

"What's the matter with you?" they asked.

"Nothing," said he. "Probably a touch of indigestion."

He made a brave effort to laugh it off and hit a mashie shot, but presently they sent an automobile out to the fourteenth fairway and gathered him in, a disconsolate figure in his baggy plus-fours. Doctor Johnson called at the place on Mulford Avenue that evening and commanded Ben to remove his shirt and stand still, after which he listened carefully to the murmur of the Bissell machinery.

"No more golf for you," he said, chucking his tools into the black bag. "You're all washed up."

Ben assumed a look of incredulity.

"Are you trying to be funny?" he asked. "I have been playing golf for years and to it I attribute my constant health."

"You want to live or die?" asked Doctor Johnson, lighting a cigar that would kill anybody but a doctor.

"Live."

"All right. You cannot play any more golf because you have a bum heart. You can do nothing active, such as chasing a street car."

Ben said he would give up chasing street cars without a mutter of distress, but golf was different. He presented the medical man with several excellent arguments.

"Of course you can play if you wish," said the adviser, "because nobody cares if you die except you. But I'm telling you. You are all done as a golfing athlete if you wish to be here and vote next election."

Passing this cruel ukase, the expert climbed into his coupe and went away upon other errands of mercy and Ben sat in a window of the Mulford place and stared down the avenue, where the lights were coming on. A lone servant brought him food and he continued to sit and gaze, wondering what a person does when all his exits begin closing on him. The thing summed up to no money, no job, no family and now, worst of all, no golf. He sat in the gloaming, recalling pieces he had read about bankers stepping out of tenth-story windows after the market crash.

Immediately outside his window lay one of his precious jewels—a weed-grown and unkempt vacant lot, partly paid for, a tribute to his business acumen. He wondered how long before some bank telephoned about it, and for three days he sat in an easy-chair, trying to feel like an invalid. He wondered how his heart was getting on and perceived that it seemed to be ticking nicely. This news he thought might interest Dr. Johnson.

"HELLO, Doc," he said over the telephone. "I'm feeling great."

"That's fine."

"And I have to have a little action. I'm a man that can't sit still."

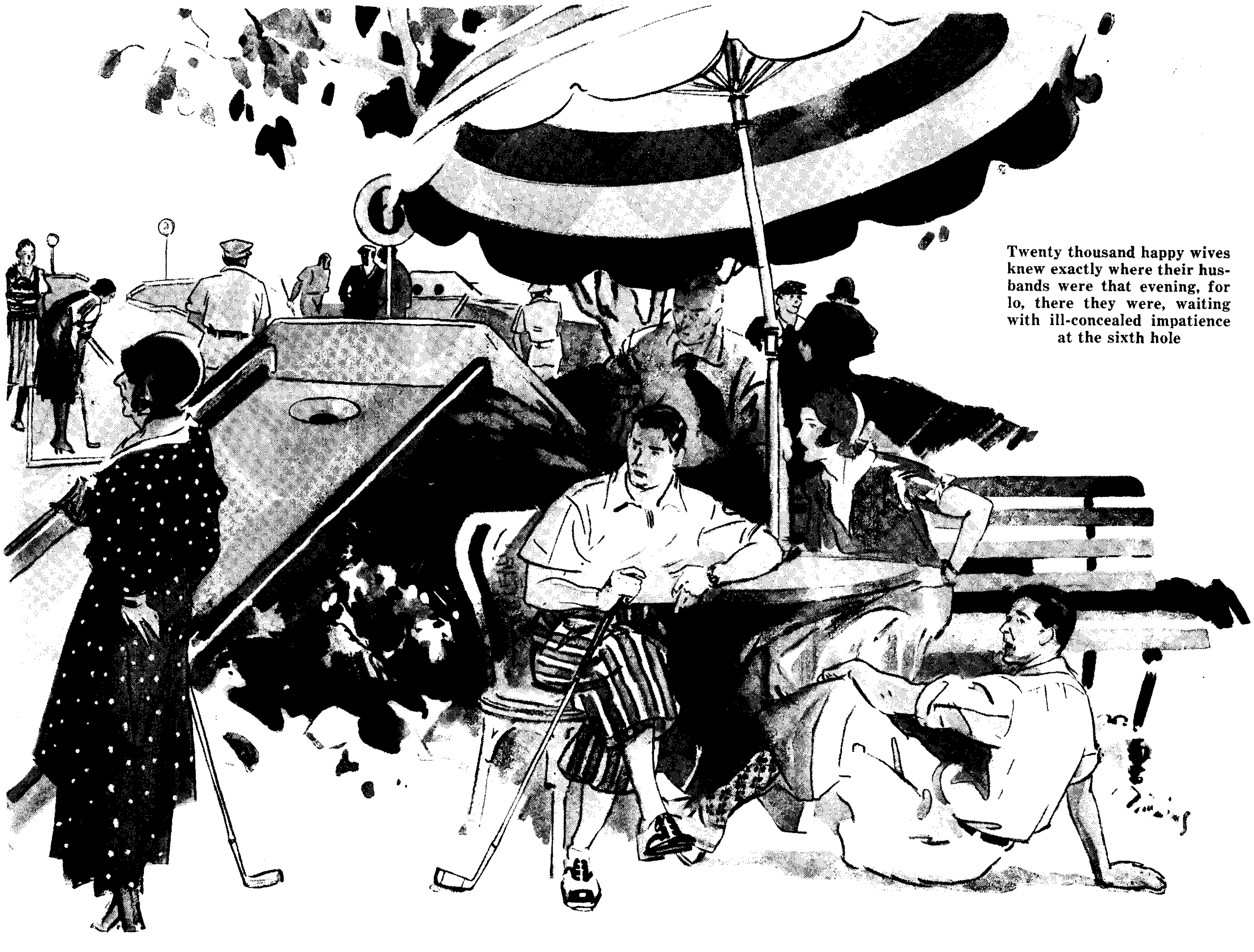
"If you mean golf, the answer is no. Take a walk down the street, but leave your golf bag where it is."

"Listen, Doc," Ben said in a pleading tone, "couldn't I just wander over to my golf course and putt on the practice green? Couldn't I do that?"

"No," replied the flint-hearted one. "You know darned well you wouldn't just putt. You stay away."

Ben resumed his chair by the window and reflected gloomily that life is all

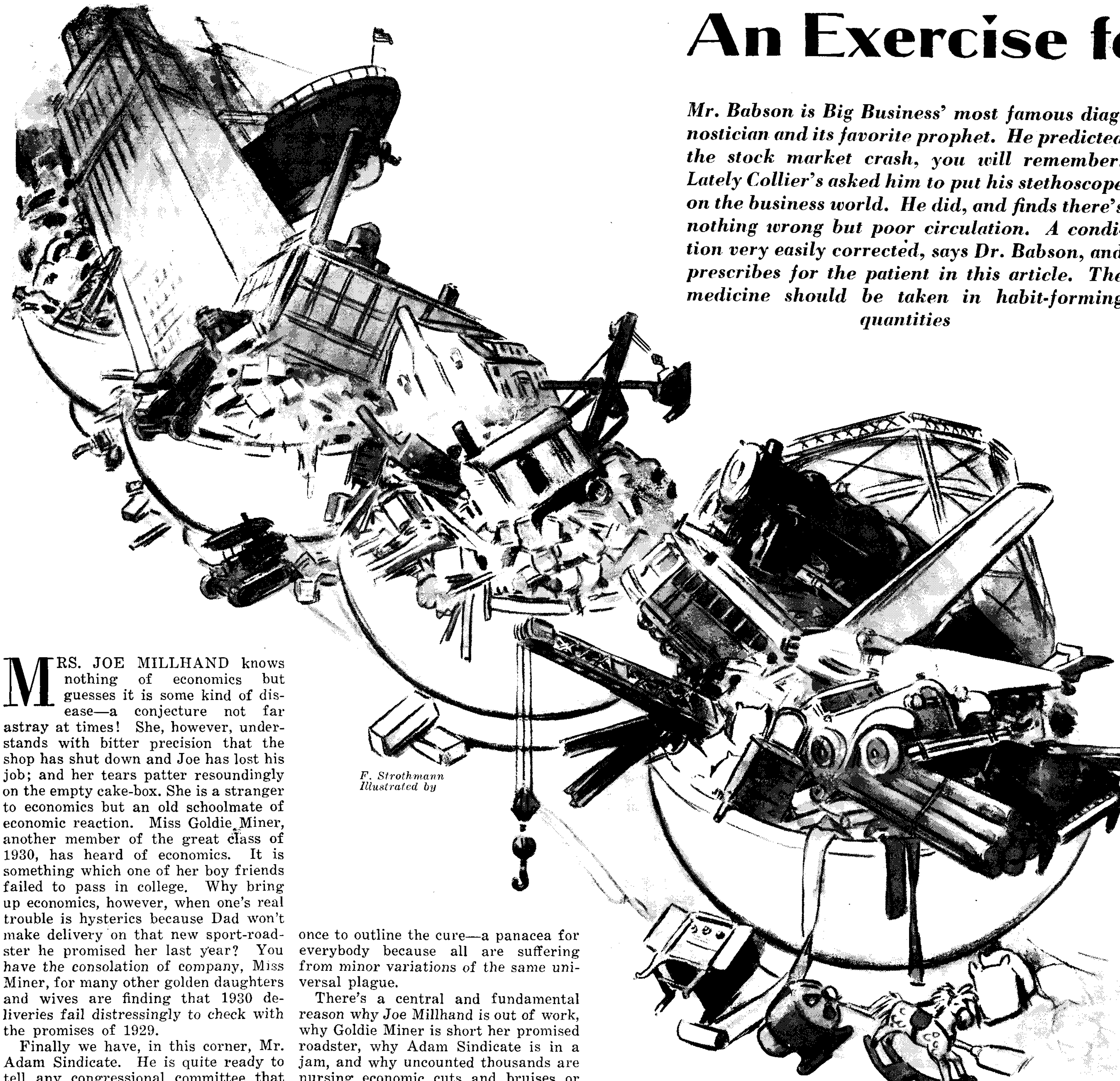
(*Continued on page 34*)



Twenty thousand happy wives knew exactly where their husbands were that evening, for lo, there they were, waiting with ill-concealed impatience at the sixth hole

An Exercise for

Mr. Babson is Big Business' most famous diagnostician and its favorite prophet. He predicted the stock market crash, you will remember. Lately Collier's asked him to put his stethoscope on the business world. He did, and finds there's nothing wrong but poor circulation. A condition very easily corrected, says Dr. Babson, and prescribes for the patient in this article. The medicine should be taken in habit-forming quantities



F. Strothmann
Illustrated by

MRS. JOE MILLHAND knows nothing of economics but guesses it is some kind of disease—a conjecture not far astray at times! She, however, understands with bitter precision that the shop has shut down and Joe has lost his job; and her tears patter resoundingly on the empty cake-box. She is a stranger to economics but an old schoolmate of economic reaction. Miss Goldie Miner, another member of the great class of 1930, has heard of economics. It is something which one of her boy friends failed to pass in college. Why bring up economics, however, when one's real trouble is hysterics because Dad won't make delivery on that new sport-roadster he promised her last year? You have the consolation of company, Miss Miner, for many other golden daughters and wives are finding that 1930 deliveries fail distressingly to check with the promises of 1929.

Finally we have, in this corner, Mr. Adam Sindicate. He is quite ready to tell any congressional committee that he knows all about economics and has no use for them. It is a poor time to talk theory, says he, when faced with a fact. The fact is that the unwarranted and unjustifiable collapse of the stock market and the business prostration have ganged Mr. Sindicate's best-laid schemes almost totally agley.

At the present moment in the United States we find 122,957,000 people who care nothing about economics, but know with deathlike certainty that something has hit them on the exact button of the economic jaw. Professional economists are moaning low about Cyclical and Secular Acceleration of Distribution. But human beings with the hot breath of the sheriff fanning their necks want a way out. They want a cure for lost jobs, short time, cut wages, canceled orders, slow sales, poor collections, passed dividends, ruined plans, blasted hopes, defaults, deflations, failures and the generally rotten business which has been epidemic in the United States and pandemic throughout the world.

I shall not further dwell upon the disease—each one of us knows his own pet symptoms, but I shall proceed at once to outline the cure—a panacea for everybody because all are suffering from minor variations of the same universal plague.

There's a central and fundamental reason why Joe Millhand is out of work, why Goldie Miner is short her promised roadster, why Adam Sindicate is in a jam, and why uncounted thousands are nursing economic cuts and bruises or are actually on the danger list. The reason is that we have failed to develop mass consumption to match our mass production. Our present troubles started not in 1929, but in 1770, the birthday of the famed industrial revolution. The change from goods made at home, by hand, to goods made in factories, by power machinery, was a revolution of cyclonic intensity. It whirled the world in a sling. It began with the invention of the steam engine.

If young James Watt had foreseen that he was starting the stock-market crash of 1929 and the tough times of early 1930 he might have hurled the teakettle which gave him the idea of steam power through the window and stuffed his plans into the stove. I am sure he would have gone slowly if he had squinted down through the next century and a half and his eyes had lighted on some of the products of the industrial revolution, such as the clothes our girls and boys now wear, and other revolutionary merchandise! But like all inventors, J. W. was crazy to get the thing going and he went ahead with it. Thus began mass production, and Watt's teakettle became a witch's caldron.

Mass production is manless manufacturing. Instead of seven thousand men, a certain job requires only seventy men when handled by modern methods. Those figures are not figurative but actual. The most startling output of machinery is its putout of men.

Machine-Age Symbols

Whenever you see a steam-shovel digging for the foundations of a skyscraper you will always notice that the pit is rimmed with a crowd of idlers watching the machine at work—they are symbolic! In an industry such as automobile manufacturing the developments of ten years have reduced the labor requirements for a given production from a hundred workers to about twenty-five workers. In various other industries production in the last few years has been stepped up fifty per cent or one hundred per cent while simultaneously labor has been pared down about ten per cent. For production as a whole a rough estimate of unit output is as follows: twenty-five years ago, one hundred men; today, seventy-five men; twenty-five years hence, fifty men.

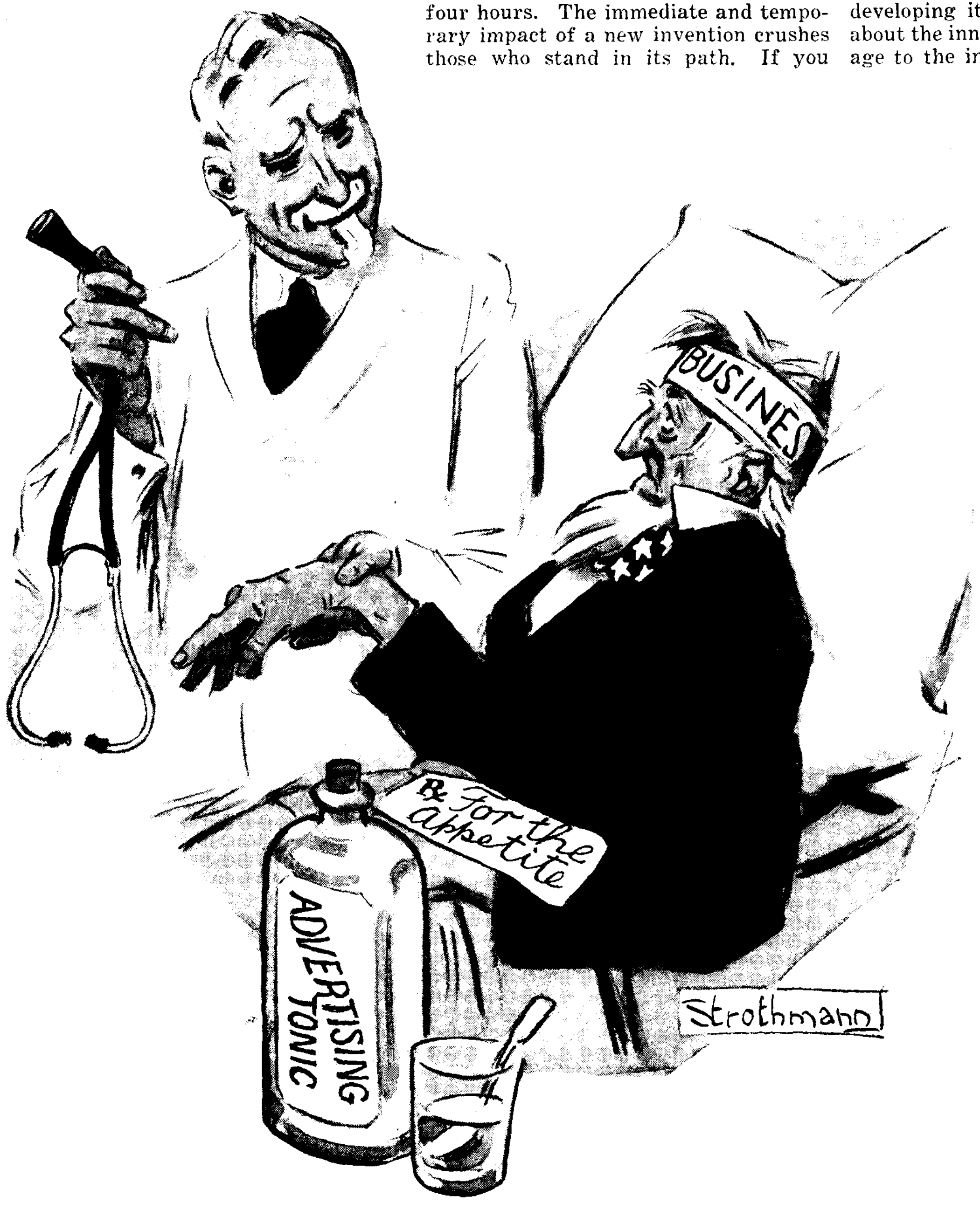
If in error at all, those estimates are too conservative. In the first place, transportation and other facilities are on the increase. Second, there are habit-forming mergers and consolidations. Third, the percentage rate of growth of population is tending to flatten out; population is no longer growing like a weed. Fourth, final and most vital, every invention gives birth to other inventions, which in turn breed progeny of their own, and on and on. Hence, the pace is ever faster, with a branching out, a multiplying effect, which in professional jargon is called "geometric progression." A terrifying name and truly a terrifying trend. The future of mass production is more and not less.

Business

By Roger W. Babson

You do not have to be a journeyman economist to realize what this yeast-like growth of mass production means to us all in terms of everyday practical life. Picture a little stream starting somewhere up in the hills and bearing in its embrace a flotsam of furniture, baseball bats, hats, and kegs, bales, and boxes of all kinds of merchandise,—literally a stream of goods. That was America's output some years ago. Then see the riverlet becoming a river, choked from bank to bank with its congestion of goods, in swelling quantity, in multiplying variety. The river broadens into a bay; and the bay into an illimitable ocean. That is more than a fancy; it is close to literal fact; it is a graphic chart of the past, present and future course of mass production.

To balance this gigantic mass *production* have we matched it with proportionate mass *consumption?* No! This is the basic root of all these economic woes. It is why children cry. It is why young men too soon age into old men. It is why old men sink into second childhood. It is why so many women need the beauty parlors. It is why the American people are losing a true perspective of life and are sacrificing souls and bodies in a blind race to keep up with their neighbors and competitors.



Mass consumption promoted by fully utilizing the power of advertising is the simple cure for business ills brought about by great overproduction

Compared with our production, our development of consumption is so puny, dwarfed and no account that words cannot be found trifling enough to express its utter insignificance and inadequacy. Our accomplishments in consumption are such dire failures that the counsel of despair has tempted us into thoughts of throttling production. Except possibly as a temporary makeshift here and there, or now and then, curtailment of production is but an economic hunger strike, faulty in concept, fatal in practice.

An Essential to Progress

The artificial strangling of production—save as an emergency move of opportunism—would be an insult to the achievements of the creative pioneers of the world. Mass production is the ladder whereon the modern world—and especially our own nation—has risen. Nothing could be more stupid, shortsighted and disastrous than to try to boot down the ladder up which we have climbed. We need it for continued scaling of further heights.

I have given the machine age a big hand and this may draw a scowl and an oath from the man who has lost his pay-envelope to some newly invented mechanical robot. In the angry and anxious eyes of the unemployed every robot is a robber; and they are correct, if we are looking merely at the next twenty-four hours. The immediate and temporary impact of a new invention crushes those who stand in its path. If you are thinking only of today, the employment of machines creates unemployment of men, with a proportionate drop in the purchasing power of the public. This is true of cement-mixers and turret-lathes; and it is equally true of that most subtle of machines—the merger.

But the hand-weavers who ruined the first power-looms, the printers who took a hammer to the first linotypes, the statisticians who poked sticks into the first computers—all these panic-stricken wreckers lived to see their mistake. They have seen the machines that temporarily laid off a few laborers develop great new industries giving employment to millions of men and increasing public purchasing power by millions of dollars. That is the grandeur of machinery and the reason why we can look to it with utmost faith. It may fire a squad but it will hire an army.

Of course this is chill comfort to the footsore clerk who has contracted writer's cramp from filling out application blanks; to the workman who is now reading the help wanted page as nervously as he read the stock market page a year ago; to the little business man who has been bumped off by a big merger. Ultimate benefits cannot deaden the current miseries and cruelties of the transition.

I call it a shame and a social crime that the brains capable of inventing machinery and the energies capable of developing it industrially cannot bring about the innovations without such damage to the individual and the universe. Mechanizing and merging ought to be painless processes, as I shall presently try to show.

Mass production should not be suppressed and nullified—but supplemented by mass consumption. To clear the way for this, mass production itself must be clearly defined and soundly developed. Mass production in the true economic sense is more than merely making things by machinery. Much of the saving in cost must be passed along; passed along to the buyer, in the form of lower prices, better quality or both; passed along to the worker, in the form of higher wages, shorter hours, or both.

This was the goal sought by those who contributed most to the development of mass production; and this should be the only definition acceptable to economists and to those who have most at stake, the public. How can we obtain mass consumption to match mass production and thus help to spare every man, woman and child the hardship, misery, and in many cases the ruin, of periodic bad business? Mass production of goods requires mass production of customers.

Mass production of customers is possible only through giving "good measure, pressed down and running over" and then telling the world about it through sane advertising. Now to some people the apparent simplicity of this solution will be a disappointment. It may be disheartening to hear that the best which can be proposed is nothing more than our familiar old friends, honest goods at fair prices and advertising.

Another Sleeping Giant

Mr. Watt, however, when he set in motion the industrial revolution, was not above studying the play of a force more commonplace and familiar than advertising—the steam that fluttered the lid of his mother's kettle. That force, hitherto used for washing the supper dishes, became through the application of genius a prime mover of the world. On similar principles able minds of our own times can develop the latent power of advertising into a prime mover of economics. In the light of what it might accomplish if more developed, advertising power today is what steam power was in 1770.

Mere money is not the cause of the wave-like heaving of the charted course of business and its tidal rise over the long stretch of recorded time. It is a fallacy to say that business depends upon the amount of money in circulation, even though we broaden the expression to include various forms of credit as well. As a power in business the vital thing about money is not its amount but its rapidity of circulation. As a crude illustration: ten gallons of water leisurely poured on a man's head would be only a shower bath; but ten gallons of water shot at his head through a high-pressure fire hose would move him inexpressibly.

Theoretically a million-dollar business might be transacted by a single dollar bill if it changed hands, or circulated, with sufficient rapidity. The same dollar bill could be used by Tom to pay Dick for wheat, by Dick to pay Harry for labor and by Harry to pay Al for sundries. Practically, by far the biggest amount of business is transacted by check; that is, modern money consists principally of bank deposits.

The Life-Blood of Business

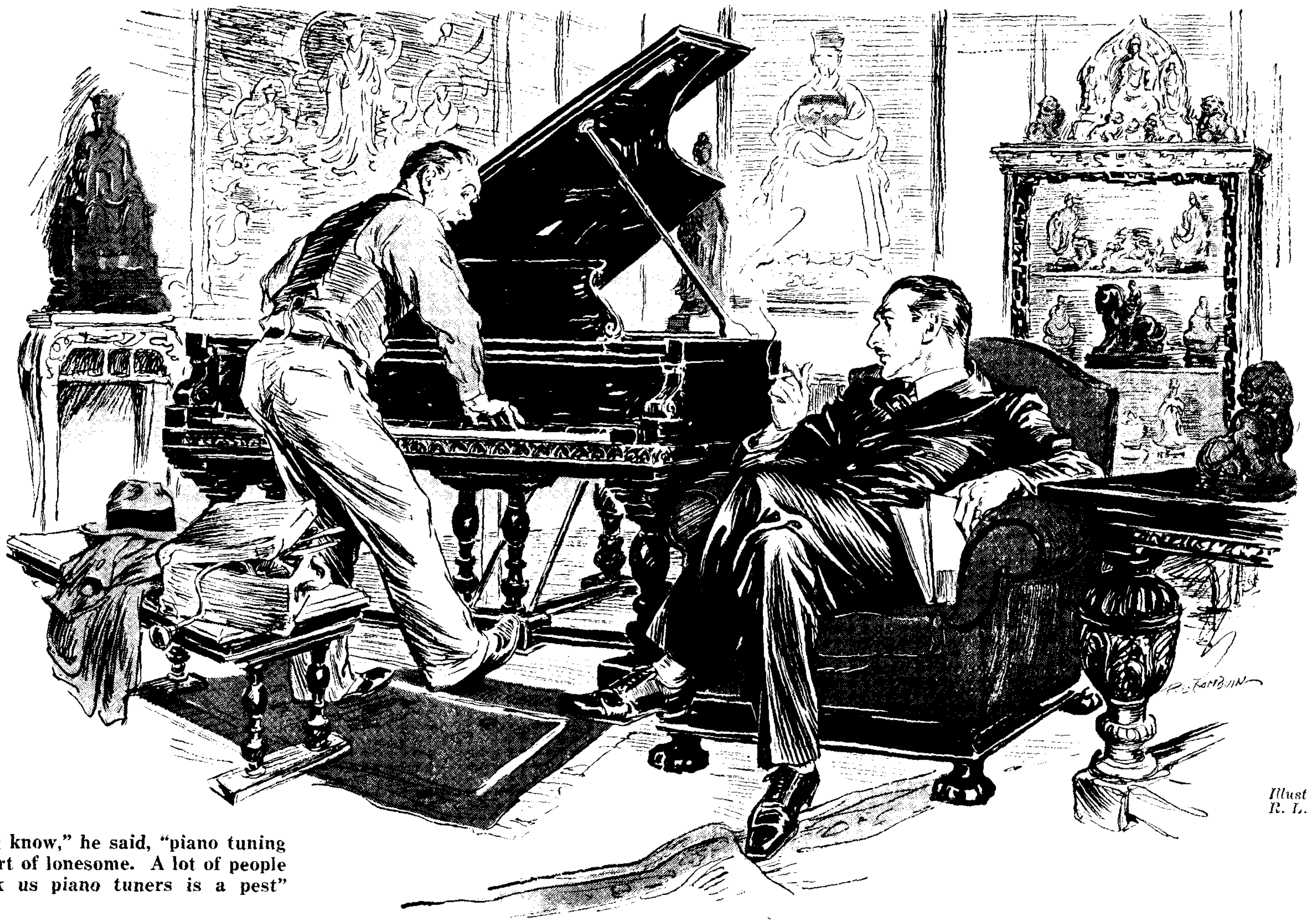
When we say money, we refer to funds from the check books as well as the mint. As a figure easy to remember and not too far from the truth, bank deposits turn over about twelve times a year or once a month. Just as we refer to the speed of an engine by saying that it makes so many revolutions per minute, we can describe the rapidity of circulation of money by saying—roughly—that it turns over twelve times a year.

When, however, that rapidity is increased and money circulates faster, then business picks up and becomes better and better. As the circulation of money slows down, business falls off also and becomes poorer and poorer. Some superhuman hand on the throttle speeding up or cutting down circulation could make or unmake prosperity with almost perfect control. Why cry for a superhuman hand, however, when we have already available the very human hand of advertising?

Advertising is ideally fitted and competent to accelerate the circulation. It is the most effective known force for accomplishing this speeding up of money—currency and deposit—and thereby giving us more business at times when more business is the nation's greatest need.

There was never more money than

(*Continued on page 43*)



Illustrated by R. L. Lambdin

"You know," he said, "piano tuning is sort of lonesome. A lot of people think us piano tuners is a pest"

Pardon this Intrusion

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Richard Connell

FARWELL'S fingers tightened on the antique statue of carved jade. The apartment bell was ringing sharply. Farwell frowned. He set the heavy statue back in the teakwood cabinet; but he made no move to answer the bell. It rang again. He faced the door, motionless. The knob turned slowly. A man stood there, a shabby, rabbit-faced man, with a black bag. The man blinked at Farwell.

"You Mr. Greenwood?" the man asked.

"No. Friend of his. He's out. What do you want?"

"You could sign this for him, mebbe?"

"Sign what?"

"This contrack. So they'll know I came here."

He held out a piece of paper to Farwell.

"Nobody trusts nobody nowadays," the man remarked sadly.

"What's it for?" snapped Farwell.

"Tuning the piano. We do it once a year. Mr. Greenwood has a contrack—"

"Do you usually enter a gentleman's apartment without waiting for somebody to open the door?" Farwell demanded.

"Oh, no, sir," said the man. "But the door was open and I figgered it would be all right, on account of the contrack, and I got to tune it because I get so much for each tuning and I got a family and so I thought—"

"Come back tomorrow."

"Can't. Contrack says today. Besides, I got jobs tomorrow. Got to work here now."

"How long will it take?"

"Not long. Mebbe half an hour."

"Get busy then."

Farwell sat in an easy-chair in a corner of the big living-room. He tried to read Voltaire's Candide. The man drummed a few bars of what might have been Pale Hands I Love. Then—bink, bink, bink, on the treble keys. Farwell looked up and glowered at the back of the man.

"Swell dump he's got here," the man remarked.

"Think so?" said Farwell, curtly.

"Rich guy, this Mr. Greenwood?"

"Yes. Very rich. But don't let that take your mind off your work."

"Oh, I can talk and work at the same time," said the man. Bink, bink, bink. Pale Hands I Love. Bink.

"YOU know," he said, "piano tuning is sort of lonesome. A lot of people think us piano tuners is a pest—"

"No! I can hardly believe it," said Farwell.

Bink, bink, bink.

Farwell lit a cigarette and strolled into one of the bedrooms. He could hear—bink, bink, bink. Pale Hands I Love—bink, bink, bink.

Presently he came back to the living-room.

"How's it going?" he asked.

"Pretty good," said the man. "Lot of work to be done, though. Pouring highballs into a grand don't help it none."

Bink, bink, bink.

"I'll bet them statues are worth a load of jack," said the man. Bink, bink, bink.

"Never mind the statues. Finish your job."

"Yes, sir. But I'll bet they're worth plenty."

"About seventy thousand," said Farwell.

"Cripes!" said the man. Bink, bink, bink.

He tightened wires and used tools.

"Being a banker sure does beat piano-tuning," he observed. "Seventy thousand! Cripes!"

Bink, bink, bink.

Farwell paced the apartment floor, smoking nervously.

"When will you finish that infernal racket?" he asked.

"Won't be very long now," said the man.

Pale Hands I Love. Bink, bink.

"There's somebody at the door," the piano tuner announced. "Mebbe it's Mr. Greenwood and now he can sign the contrack—"

Farwell wheeled around and faced the door.

A sleek man with the discreet face and dark clothes of a manservant stood in the doorway.

"Beg pardon," he said.

"You one of the servants?" asked Farwell.

"Yes, sir. The butler, sir."

"I'M a friend of Mr. Greenwood, and I've been waiting to see him," said Farwell.

"I'm tuning the piano," said the man.

"I can't say when Mr. Greenwood will return."

"I won't wait," said Farwell, glancing at his watch. "I'll phone him from the club in an hour or so."

"Very good, sir."

The piano tuner stuffed his tools into his bag.

"I'm done," he announced. "Sign here. That's right."

Farwell and the piano tuner walked down the stairs and out of the house together.

"Good-by and good luck," said the piano tuner, but Farwell strode away without answering.

"Give me a drink, Charlie. Rye. Four fingers. What rotten luck! Planned the job for months. Had to act today. Stuff goes to a museum tomorrow. My watcher tipped me the servants were out. I walked in on a fake card and found old Greenwood alone. It was a cinch to tie him to his bed and gag him. I was just starting to pack up the junk when in walks a frowsy piano tuner. I'm stymied. I figured he'd go soon, so I didn't use the strong-arm stuff, but damn him, he kept fooling around with that piano and then, just as he finished binking, in walks one of the servants, so I bow out quick. Tie that for luck, Charlie. Give me another shot—"

"Listen, Ben, I done my best. I got in O. K., made up to stall as a piano tuner if I had to—and I had to. One of Greenwood's friends was there—too big to slug—and he wouldn't budge. I tried to outstay him. I guess I put that music-box on the bum. Then a flunky came in—and I'm licked. Seventy grand! Cripes! Pass me that there bottle—"

"Bit of luck, what? I pushed in, and there was a gentleman and a piano tuner. They took me for one of the servants and I gave them the idea that Greenwood wouldn't be home for quite a while. They made a quick shift, and I bagged the stuff without any trouble at all. But what puzzles me is: Who tied up the old boy? Well, no matter. The junk will bring eight thousand pounds in Frisco. I say, Mabel, fetch some of that stout from the ice box, will you, my dear?"

The Private Life of a Hero

When the fan suddenly becomes a fanatic, pity the poor sports hero—his private life then becomes public property. Some celebrities, like Babe Ruth and Jack Dempsey, love the limelight, but most of them find it scorching

By Grantland Rice

THE ancient barrier that separated Jubal and Tubal Cain has very little on the dividing wall of animosity that frequently springs up between the athletic hero and his admiring public. It doesn't always show on the surface but this business of facing energetic and admiring crowds is one of the star's main problems. It takes a rare diplomat to hide his feelings and get by safely without having the same crowd suddenly substitute brickbats for bouquets.

I recall talking with Christy Mathewson one day many years ago in the lobby of a hotel. In the middle of the conversation a stranger came up, slapped him on the back with a "Hello, Matty" and then proceeded to take over the conversation himself.

Under the same conditions Babe Ruth or Jack Dempsey would have let the incident pass without comment. Matty had a different psychology. He told the admiring fan that he happened to be in the midst of a personal conversation and he would esteem it a great favor if said fan would step aside until he was through. In which he was perfectly right.

"I am a professional ball player," Matty said later, "and I am giving the public the best I have on the field. But I still insist that I am entitled to just a little privacy off the field and I can see no reason why I should belong to the public twenty-four hours a day. I tried to be a good fellow to every pest that came along until I reached the point where I would rather quit baseball than keep it up any longer."

This brings up the point as to just how much the athletic idol belongs to his public and also as to how the different stars face the situation. There are some who like this public acclaim, who are used to it and who accept it as part of the big procession on the road to fame. Babe Ruth and Jack Dempsey belong in this class. Averaging ten times an hour, day after day, Ruth autographs more than fifty thousand baseballs a year, and the wonder is that he can keep his balance before the crowd as well as he does.

No matter where he goes the line forms with a bushel of baseballs or menus to sign. One night at a banquet he had no chance to eat, as over a hundred other guests formed a parade, each with a baseball or a menu to be autographed, and the Babe neither balked nor complained. His dinner got cold and was finally taken away as the Babe went on punishing his left wrist.

Bobby Jones is another competitive hero who has gotten by amazingly well when you consider that he dislikes any form of public attention. In one of the recent championship matches the crowd broke in on him while he was trying to take a shower. He wasn't half dressed before they were handing him score cards and golf balls to autograph. But he hides his feelings, accepting this fanaticism stoically. He balks only when some outlandish request is made and even then he handles the situation without antagonizing his tormentor.

There is a general feeling on the part of the public that any athletic star belongs to the crowd twenty-four hours a day, on and off the field. The public figures it has contributed the gate receipts and has also offered the acclaim and the adulation that builds up fame. When an acquiescent Jack Dempsey or a Babe Ruth comes along the admiring public is made to feel that it is entitled to this personal invasion.

No Rest for the Champion

But there is a different story when a Colonel Lindbergh or a Gene Tunney appears on the horizon. They dislike the attentions of the mob, including reporters and photographers, and show unmistakably just how they feel about it. They believe, as Mathewson did, that they have as much right to lead a private life as any other citizen has.

Bobby Jones feels as strongly about this as they do. But after the first round of one open championship he agreed without any argument to come out on the course and let the photographers take all the pictures they wanted. It was a hot day and he was tired. But he stayed out there hitting golf balls for forty minutes and all he ever said was—"Let me know when you have all you want."

Facing crowds is often tougher for the facer than a hard fight on the field. It is easy enough to understand how someone like Colonel Lindbergh must feel about it. He dropped into a downtown office in New York one day on a business mission and when he started to leave they had to call out the reserves to control the crowd and he was held up for nearly an hour. This is a situation difficult to face day after day, unless one happens to care for this type of existence, a type that John L. Sullivan reveled in.

Yet not all heavyweights belonged to the Sullivan or Dempsey school. Jim Jeffries and Jess Willard both hated crowds and sometimes became surly about it when their privacy was invaded.

Babe Ruth's attempt to meet all comers with some form of return greeting has led to a curious result. It has almost completely destroyed his memory for names. It would be impossible for him to recall one out of a thousand he meets in the course of a year. For example, he frequently gets Mickey Cochrane mixed up with Joe Dugan, although he played with Joe for years and Cochrane has been working back of him at the plate since 1925. "Now and then," says Mickey, "he calls me Sam or Joe or Kid. He knows he knows me, but can't remember my name."

One of the best-known sports writers who has been traveling around with the Babe for some fifteen years and who has played golf with him says Ruth has no idea what his name is. The Babe gets by with "How's the kid?" When one is called upon to meet even a part of the multitude that greets Ruth the knack of memorizing names soon disappears.

"What I can't understand," said one well-known athlete who had suffered from crowd curiosity and crowd admiration, "is this: Why do people think a star in sport is public property when they take no such familiar advantage of actors, writers, or other celebrities? They at least get some chance to lead a private existence without being hauled around by strangers or interrupted in the midst of a private chat."

The Price of Popularity

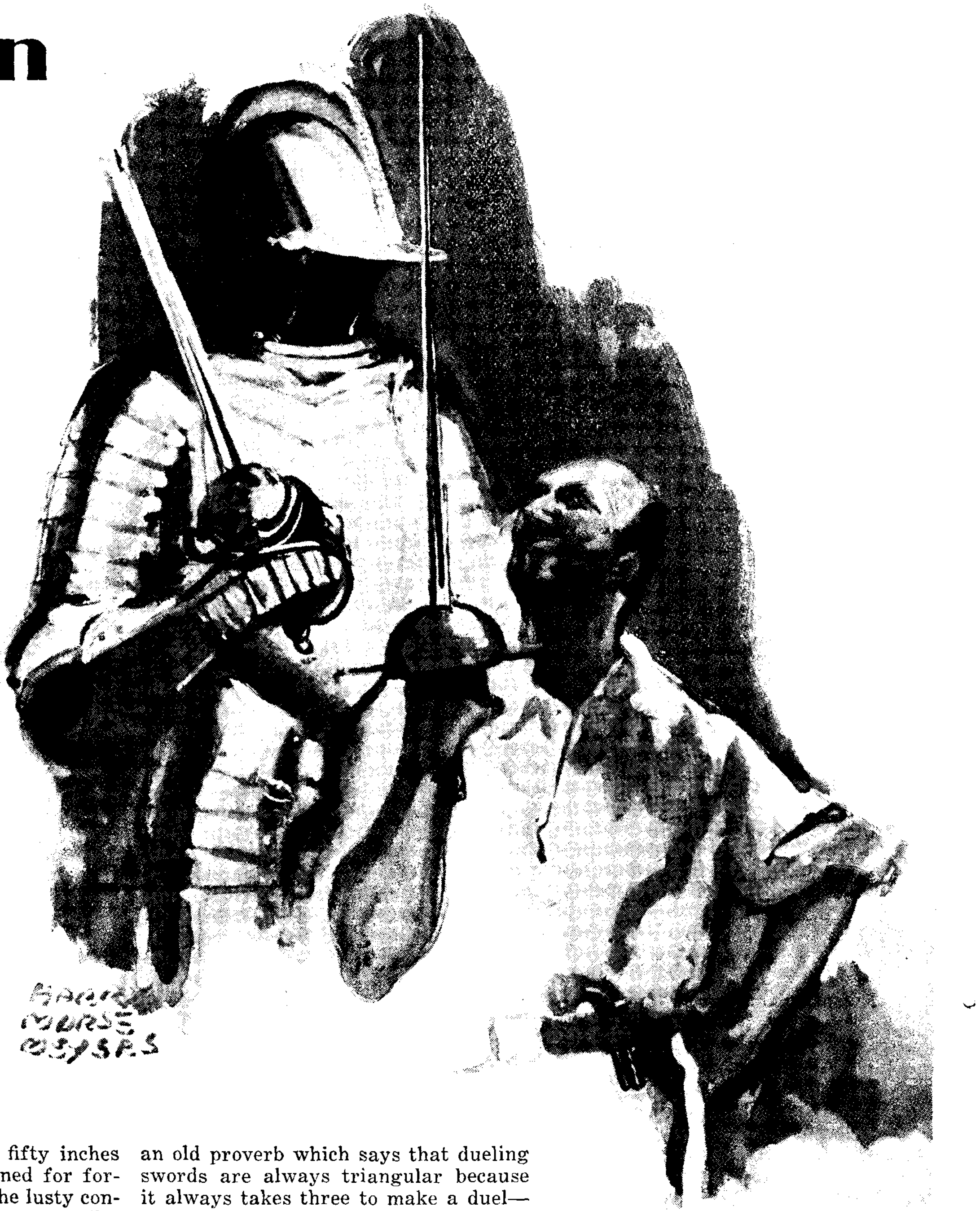
It is the price the famous athlete must pay. If he likes crowds and gives them any encouragement they respond with even greater enthusiasm. If he doesn't like crowds and shows it, the crowds lose little time in placing him on the unpopular list, frequently by forcing him to some action of resentment that gets unfavorable publicity. There is no particular reason why any famous athlete should belong to the public when he isn't performing, but the public takes a different view and there is no rebuttal except to accept or offend.

Lindbergh dislikes the attention of the crowds; Babe Ruth meets all comers

Ghosts of Spain

Montalvo, master duelist, fights his rival in love—and learns that crossing wits with a woman may be more dangerous than crossing swords with a man

By Guy Gilpatric



THERE are skyscrapers in Havana, now, and in streets which once echoed the shouts of liveried caleseros and the clip-clop of horse-drawn volantas is heard only the shrill of traffic whistles. Though the blind, the halt, the lame and the Chinese still wander in the Parque Central, hawking fluttering strips of lottery tickets, they complain that trade is bad, and this for the reason that the world has lost its money gambling with stocks on the exchange.

No longer, of a Sunday morning, can you purchase live cats in the Campo Marti and toss them to the alligators in the fountain for the amusement of the señorita on your arm, or in the afternoon go out to Belascoin to applaud Bombita in the bull ring. And though after dark you may still drop into the old Teatro Payret, it will not be to cry adoring *oles!* as La Catalana stamps her heels in the measures of the malagueño, but to sit in anguish while your neighbors struggle audibly with the talkieized idiom of Miss Clara Bow.

The volantas and quitrins have clip-clopped into eternity, the alligators have given way to goldfish, the bull ring is now a baseball diamond, and La Catalana, rosary in hand, has long since returned to the dust of her native Barcelona.

ONLY the Teatro Payret remains, its lovely rococo façade half-hidden by electric signs. But in its rear, which stretches half a block down Zulueta Street, there is a door which leads to an older, more colorful Havana.

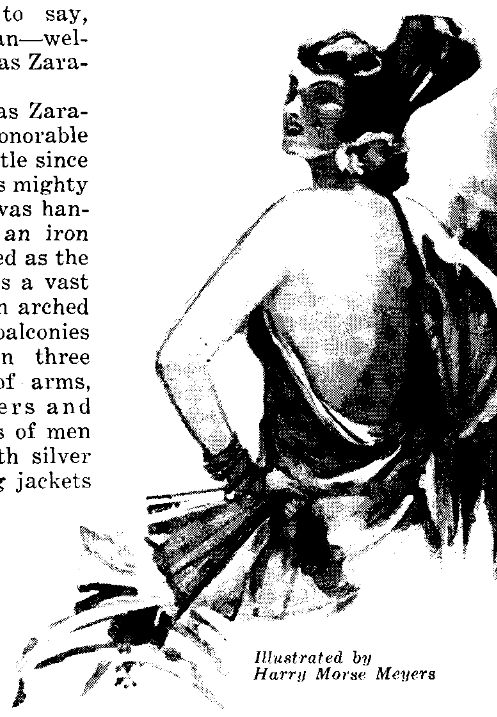
The tiled vestibule is dark, and cool with that startling chill which lives only in the tropics within thick, ancient walls. The stairs are broad, and, to a newel post as portly as a grandee, the balustrade sweeps down with a flourish which seems to say, "Bien venido, swordsman—welcome to the Sala de Armas Zaragoza!"

For the Sala de Armas Zaragoza is an old and honorable fencing club, changed little since the days when Spain was mighty and Cordero the Cruel was handling insurrectos with an iron hand. Originally planned as the Payret's greenroom, it is a vast high-ceilinged place with arched windows giving upon balconies above the Parque. On three walls hang panoplies of arms, crossed estocs, rapiers and *schiavoni;* and portraits of men like bearded hawks, with silver buttons on their fencing jackets and slim espadas in the crooks of their gauntleted arms.

The end wall, though, is decorated with but a single picture, the portrait of a woman. This was unveiled, with ceremonial gratitude, many years ago. It hangs above the great dusty draperies of antique red velvet upon which are embroidered the tarnished arms of Spain. Before these draperies stands a three-quarters suit of armor which tradition says was worn by Hernán Cortez.

It is unfortunate that the painting is so badly cracked; but even in this sorry state it leaves no doubt that La Catalana was supremely beautiful. As to the armor, its authenticity is questionable. The morion was doubtless that of Cortez, and the pauldrons and gauntlets, too, may well have belonged to the great conquistador. But the tassets are of inferior quality, while the sword—a cup-hilted specimen signed by Ayala of Toledo and with a blade full fifty inches long—was obviously fashioned for formal dueling and never for the lusty conquest of savage lands. The two bullet holes which pierce the breastplate are comparatively recent, having been shot there less than eighty years ago by Lieutenant Montalvo y Tacon, of the Second Bilbao Regiment, at the instant of his death. The bullets, incidentally, still lie upon the wooden base of the armor stand, where they fell spent after striking the curtain.

Lieutenant Montalvo died fighting a sword duel with Doctor Carvajal y Guzman, in this very room. But there is an old proverb which says that dueling swords are always triangular because it always takes three to make a duel—a man, another man and a woman. The Montalvo-Carvajal affair was no exception, for La Catalana completed the trinity.



Illustrated by Harry Morse Meyers

Lieutenant Montalvo was dark, sinister and a trifle too fat to be handsome. Had it not been for brandy and a latent tendency toward crime, he would have been the greatest swordsman in the world. Formerly a civilian fencing master in Barcelona, he had killed five men in duels—more than one, it was whispered, under questionable circumstances. Finally he became involved in an affair so scandalous that even the woman in the case turned against him; or rather, her objectives achieved, she had laughed at him and passed on.

Despite his confirmed cynicism, Montalvo felt her loss as a crushing blow. His conduct went from bad to worse, and with the police at his heels he was forced to seek sanctuary in the army. Rising to sergeant, he served three years as regimental master-at-arms. Then one day, much to his surprise, he found himself commissioned lieutenant and gazetted to the Second Bilbao Regiment stationed in the garrison of Havana.

During the long voyage out to Cuba, he wondered what had brought about this sudden turn in his fortunes. He felt that his skill with the sword must have something to do with it, because his military record was far from creditable. But the colony of Cuba, he knew, was seething with revolution. Even Cordero, that ruthless tyrant, seemed powerless to put it down. Of what possible use was a fencing master in suppressing armed rebellion?

Upon presenting himself at Havana he was perplexed and angered when the regimental adjutant pointedly avoided shaking hands.

"You will report at once to General Cordero," said the officer. "His Excellency will assign you to special duty."

"Ho!" growled Montalvo to himself. "Cordero, eh? This is becoming damned mysterious."

CAPTAIN-GENERAL GUILLERMO CORDERO, the iron hand with which Spain governed Cuba, was sitting at a huge polished table, his tunic unbuttoned at the throat, his parchment face and shaven skull glistening with beads of perspiration. A sheaf of papers lay before him.

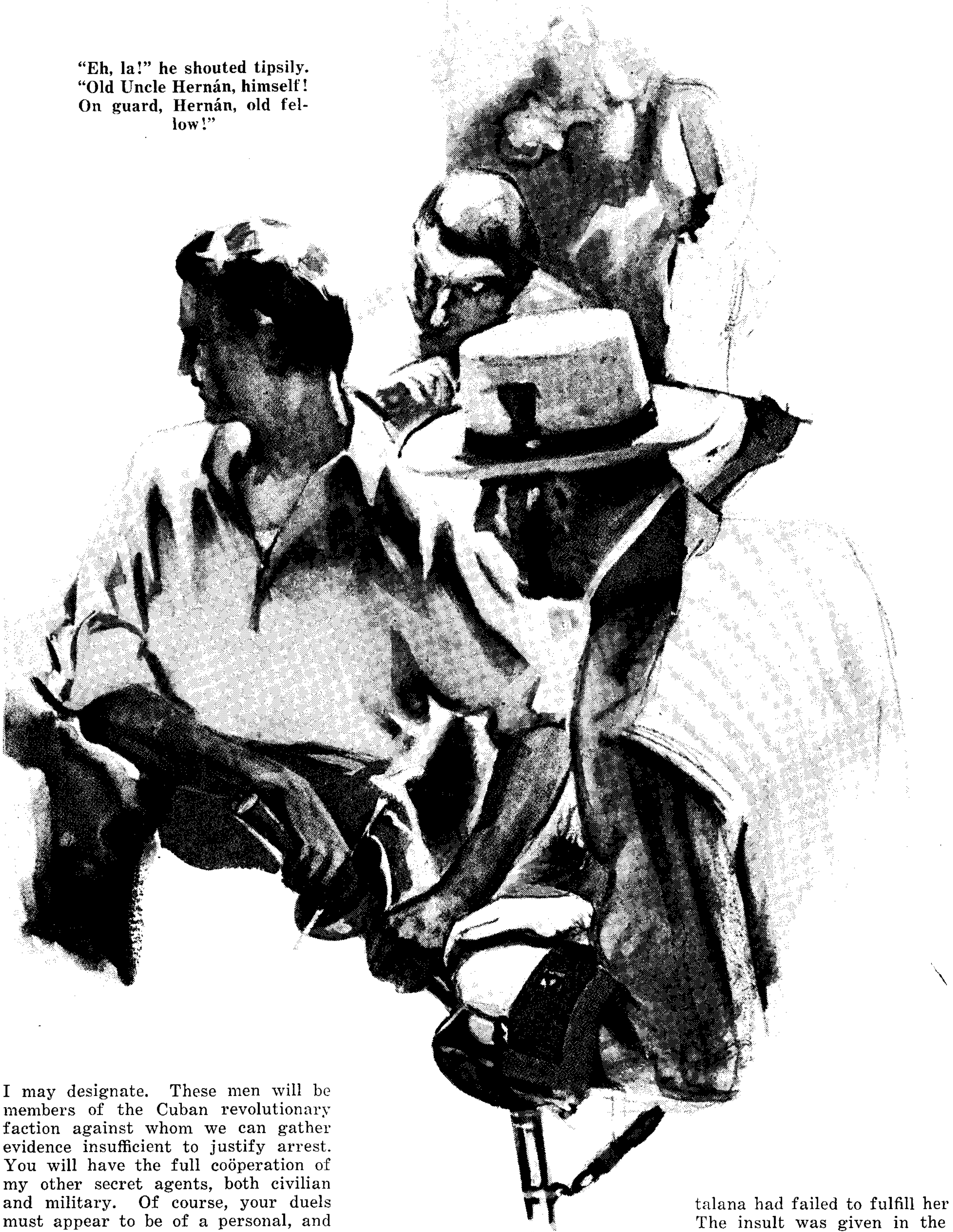
"Lieutenant Montalvo," he said, without bothering to look up, "His Majesty has made you an officer in order that you may fight with gentlemen. But never permit yourself to forget that you are still a common scoundrel."

"Sir," said Montalvo sullenly, "I . . ."

"What's that?" snapped Cordero, suddenly fixing him with an eye like that of a cobra.

"Yes, Your Excellency," said Montalvo meekly. "I understand, Your Excellency."

"You'd better," grunted Cordero, lighting a tiny black cigar. "Lieutenant Montalvo, you are now a confidential agent on my Intelligence Staff. Your sole duty is to kill in duels such men as



"Eh, la!" he shouted tipsily. "Old Uncle Hernán, himself! On guard, Hernán, old fellow!"

I may designate. These men will be members of the Cuban revolutionary faction against whom we can gather evidence insufficient to justify arrest. You will have the full coöperation of my other secret agents, both civilian and military. Of course, your duels must appear to be of a personal, and never of a political, nature." He struck a bell upon the table and mumbled something to his aide.

"I've a woman here whom you'll find most valuable in your work," he went on. "She has caused a number of duels already, and I think she's good for a few more. She is a dancer, and . . ."

"La Catalana, Your Excellency," the aide announced; and as the woman drew aside her black lace mantilla and curtsied low before the mighty Cordero, Montalvo tensed and turned pale. "La Catalana!" That was a new name for her! . . . Why, this was the woman for whom he had killed—no, murdered—in Barcelona; the woman for whom he had ruined himself; she who had laughed at him for his pains and passed mysteriously on. Lola!

" . . . Lieutenant Montalvo?" she was saying, no hint of recognition upon her lovely face. "It will be a pleasure to assist you, I am sure."

"Thank you, Señorita," he bowed. "I feel that we are old friends already."

Within the year eight gentlemen of Cuba went out in the sunrise to Vedado or Jesus del Monte to duel with Lieutenant Montalvo, and only one of them came back. This was a man named Saenz, whom Montalvo had been loath to meet in the first place. As the lieutenant lay cursing his luck in the hospital of Nuestra Señora de Caridad, a bullet in his shoulder, he reviewed the circumstances of the affair. They seemed vaguely suspicious.

HIS orders to meet Saenz had come through La Catalana, and not direct from Cordero. This in itself was unusual. Señor Saenz was a famous pistol shot; so La Catalana had been instructed to maneuver him into issuing the challenge. This would give Montalvo the advantage of the choice of weapons, and enable him to specify swords. But strangely enough La Catalana had failed to fulfill her mission. The insult was given in the crowded Dos Hermanos Restaurant and left Montalvo no alternative but to challenge then and there. Saenz smiled languidly as he accepted Montalvo's card.

The outcome had been a foregone conclusion. Montalvo had expected to die. Well, an inch to the left—he shuddered when he thought of it—and the ball would have been in his heart instead of in his shoulder.

"Damn it!" he growled to himself. "I wonder . . . yes, I wonder if Lola has sold us out. . . ."

The day he left the hospital General Cordero sent for him.

"Montalvo," he snapped, "if you hadn't rendered good service before this happened, I'd cashier you and have you transported. In future you will abstain from all private brawling and fight only those men designated by me. Here is a list of names, so there will be no misunderstandings."

"But, Your Excellency," protested Montalvo. "This Señor Saenz was . . ."

"That will do! Obey your orders!" and Cordero jerked his razored skull in the direction of the door.

"So!" mused Montalvo, as he strolled along in the shade beneath the arches of Neptuno Street. "Our fair little Lola is playing a double game, is she? Well, that means two things—first, that she'd better be damned careful, and, second," he chuckled softly, "second, that she'd better be nice to me!"

After dinner that night he went to her dressing-room on the second floor of the Teatro Payret. Radiant in a green and white manton, she was sitting before the table smoking a cigar while her Gallega maid dusted her back and shoulders with rice powder.

"MONTALVO!" she exclaimed, as she saw his reflection in the mirror. For an instant, but only an instant, he felt that she was very near panic. Then, "Why, Luis!" she greeted him with her slow smile. "What a treat to see you up and around again!"

"It's a treat to me, at any rate," he answered accusingly, unhooking his sword chain and settling into a chair. "Er—" he glanced at the maid. "I dropped in to have a private word with you, Lola."

"How charming!" she laughed. "You may wait for me in the wings, Manuelita."

Montalvo sat silently considering her. Then, nodding at his bandaged arm, "Well, you almost did for me," he said. "You—you sneaking, treacherous harpy of hell!"

She tossed her head saucily and blew a cloud of smoke at him. "The baby cries when it's scratched," she taunted. "Why, my dear man, to hear you talk anyone would think that it was I who shot you."

He leaned forward and seized her roughly by the wrist. "Lola," he said, "stop bluffing. I know that Cordero didn't issue that order. I know that you arranged the whole affair with Saenz, hoping that he'd kill me. Shall I report to His Excellency that you've sold out to the Cubans and give you a chance to learn how bullets feel, or, or . . . oh, come, let's be friends, Lola!" He put his arms around her, kissed her neck, her shoulders.

She pushed him away. "Luis," she said evenly, "it's difficult to be angry with a fool, but you're really most . . . annoying."

"A FOOL?" he repeated. "Well, yes, I used to be a fool. I was a fool in Barcelona—God knows, you made me one! I was a fool when I challenged Saenz; yes, and I'm a fool now for wanting you. But are you fool enough to let me tell Cordero?"

"Montalvo," her voice was vibrant, "everything you have said is a lie. But even if it were true, you'd better think twice before carrying tales to His Excellency. Remember that I have been a government agent for eleven years. I was acting under orders when . . . well, back there when we were in Barcelona. And just suppose, eh, just suppose I were to drop a little word about certain counterfeit money, or tell the true story of a young man whose body was found in . . ."

"Lola!" he whispered hoarsely, holding up his hand and glancing fearfully over his shoulder.

La Catalana laughed a silvery laugh as she moved toward the door. "Oh, I know so many things about you," she said. "Such very, very interesting things, my dear Lieutenant Montalvo! Really, you'd hardly be wise to voice your drunken suspicions to General Cordero. When your sword arm heals, we will resume our pleasant duties. But until then . . . adios!"

He heard her heels upon the worn,

(*Continued on page 67*)

I Can't Understand Marriage

Have you a little wife, or husband, in your home? Are you a cheerful spender, or a serious saver? Well, don't miss this one—some day it may enable you to abolish warfare in the family

By Jerome Beatty

Illustrated by C. D. Williams

I WAS talking with Mrs. Midmetter about it—Mrs. Midmetter, the nice motherly old soul who smokes cigarettes and likes a cocktail now and then and whose husband owns oil wells.

"Thorny, my boy," she said, "you're a good deal of a sap when it comes to understanding married folks. Hand me a match."

My name is J. Thornton Benton and I generally do not like to have people call me Thorny but what I do not want people to do makes no difference to Mrs. Midmetter. However, she does not call me Benny, as so many do.

"Tim'll be back by day after tomorrow," said Mrs. Midmetter, calmly, "and he and Nancy will be living like two love birds. I'll bet you a hundred dollars I'm right."

"That is a bet," I said. "You might as well make out the check now."

"Well, Thorny," she laughed, "we'll see. But don't forget to send me the hundred next Sunday."

For fear that other persons who know me will take the same attitude that was Mrs. Midmetter's, I'm going to put down here just what happened in the case of Tim and Nancy Nelson. I may not have the point of view of married couples, but I do know right from wrong.

Tim Nelson and I were on the golf team at Harvard and he felt indebted to me because I showed him a putting stance that took six or eight strokes off his game. The feeling was mutual. We became friends.

Tim had to leave college before he was graduated—lack of funds, as I remember it—and I heard nothing from him until he sent me an invitation to his wedding. I called up my jeweler and told him to send something nice for their living-room—admonishing him to show some originality.

"No cut-glass bowls or silver spoons," I warned him, and the task was off my mind.

WHEN I reached the age of twenty-nine, my father decided that I was living a life that was too sheltered—I was in his Boston bank—and over my mother's protests he sent me to New York, where I presented a letter to a trust company that was closely allied with my father's institution. My father felt that I was just the sort of man they needed and said in the letter that if they did not need the sort of man that I was, it was not the sort of trust company that he could do business with. So they were very glad to get me and at once made me a vice president and had some business cards engraved for me.

One day I met Tim Nelson.

"If it isn't Benny!" he cried and slapped me on the back.

"Tim!" I exclaimed. "I'm outrageously glad to see you."

He was tremendously, enormously happy, he said, and married to a beautiful and charming girl named Nancy and they had a baby girl who was the cutest and best-behaved kid that ever lived. All of which, I learned later, was true. Except, perhaps, about the baby. Sometimes, in my visits to the Nelson home, I felt that Tim had exaggerated about the baby.

It was arranged that I was to come out to dinner on Friday night. I would meet Tim at the 5:45 train for Hilldale.

"How is fortune treating you?" I asked, dubiously, for Tim's shoes, though shined, were a bit bulgy at the big toes and his suit showed wear.

"Everything's going great!" he exclaimed. "I'm with a big advertising agency."

"Doing what?"

"I'm a commercial artist. Didn't you know?"

I remembered that Tim always was puttering around with pencils and paints.

"I'm going to be rich," he predicted. "I've invented a doo-dad that will bring me plenty of dough."

"A doo-dad?"

"A dog with peppermint eyes!"

"Is there a big demand for dogs with peppermint eyes?" I inquired. It seemed a useless invention to me.

"I'll show you when you come out," he laughed. "Gee, you'll like Nancy. She's the perfect wife." As I look back on it now I realize that there was in Tim's manner a slight lack of enthusiasm. But at that time I believed that he was a contented, appreciative husband, deserving of such a bewitching person as I later found Nancy to be. "She's the most popular girl in Hilldale," he said. "Everybody tells me how lucky I am to have her. This is going to be a big treat for Nancy. She's been aching to meet you."

"Aching to meet me?"

"Yep. You've been a big influence in her life. That wedding present, you know."

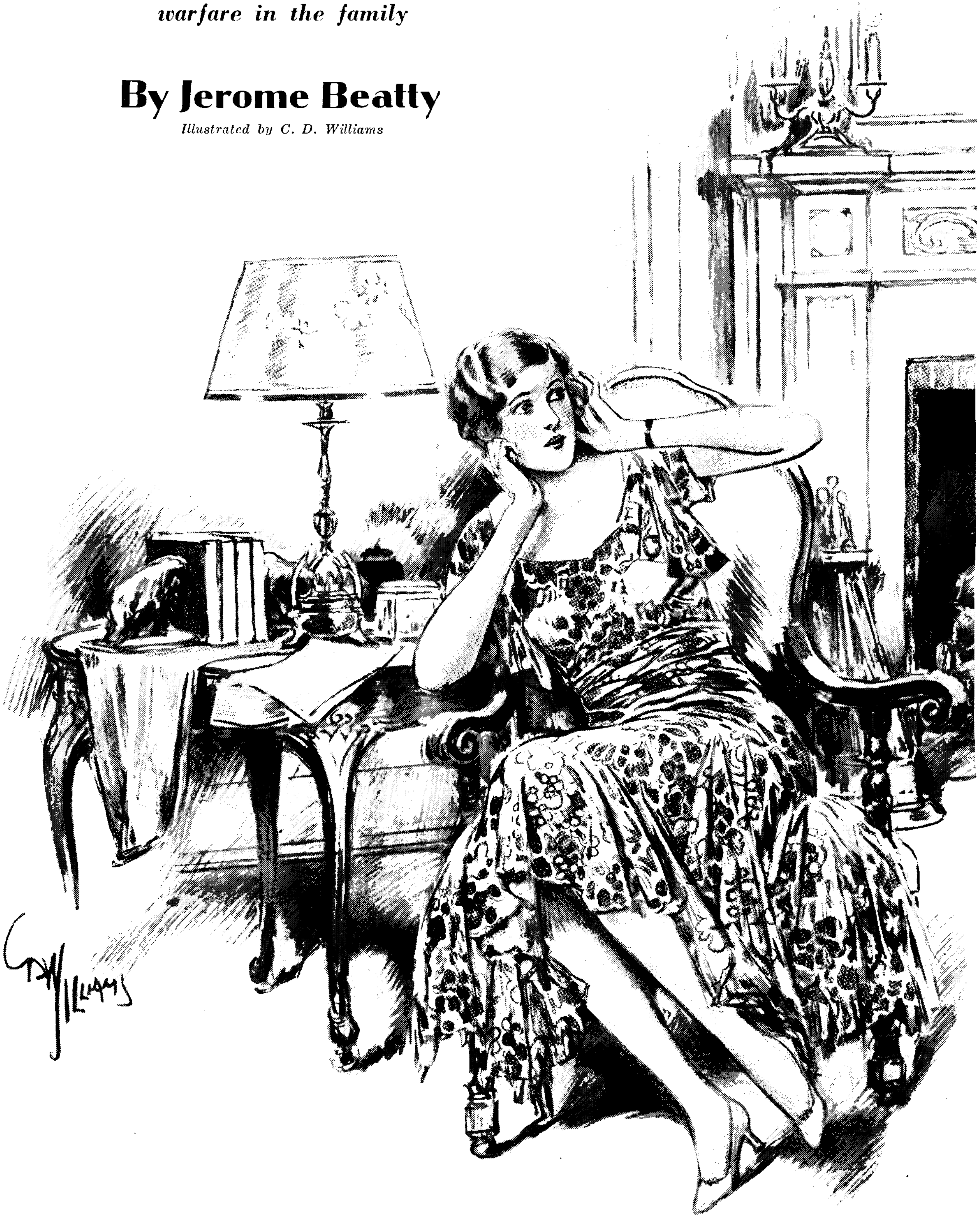
"The wedding present?" I asked rather vaguely, wondering what the jeweler man had sent. "Yes? She liked it?"

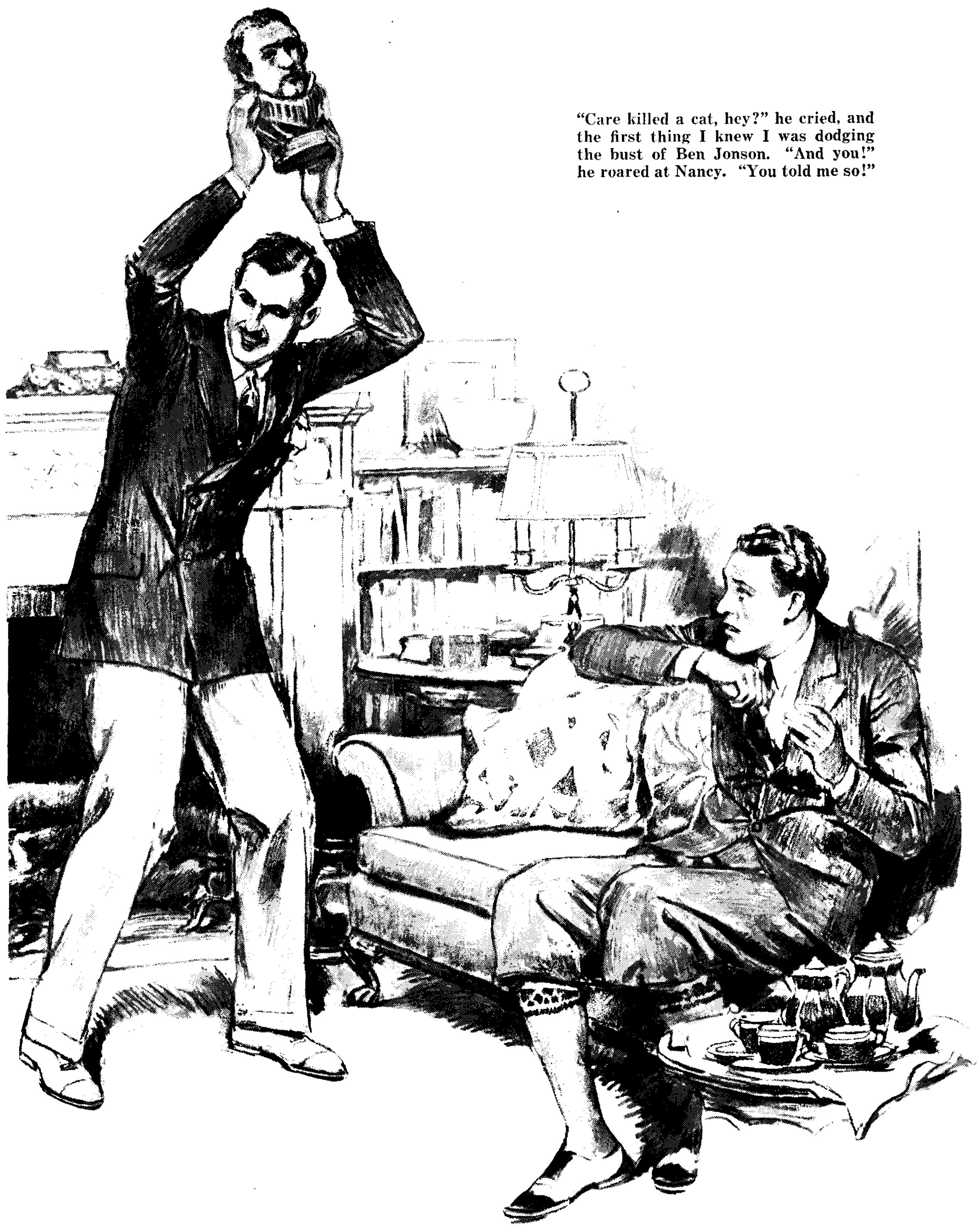
"She loved it." His voice seemed rather hollow. He looked at his watch. "I'm due back at the office, Benny. See you tomorrow at the 5:45."

"Ta, ta," I said.

I HURRIED back to my hotel, worried about that wedding present. It would not do at all to go to the Nelsons and hear this and that about a wedding present that had been a big influence in Nancy Nelson's life and I, the donor, to be totally ignorant as to what the silly thing was.

So I sent a telegram to the jeweler in Boston, asking him to look it up and





"Care killed a cat, hey?" he cried, and the first thing I knew I was dodging the bust of Ben Jonson. "And you!" he roared at Nancy. "You told me so!"

wire me at once a description of it. The next morning I received an answer:

Present Sent Your Name Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Nelson was Bronze Bust Ban Johnson Regards.

"Who in heaven's name is Ban Johnson?" I asked myself. "And why should they make bronze busts of him for wedding presents?"

I went down and asked the hotel clerk.

"Sure, I know Ban Johnson," he said. "He stops here when he comes to New York. He lives in Cincinnati, seems to me. He's President of the American League, I think. Or used to be."

"American League?" I asked. "American League for what?"

"Baseball league," he explained.

I shook my head. I could not understand it. Why should a jeweler send as a wedding present a bronze bust of Mr. Ban Johnson of Cincinnati? If he must send a baseball fellow, why not Mr. Babe Ruth? And how, for goodness' sake, could an effigy of the president of the American League, or ex-president, for that matter, so influence Nancy Nelson? It was beyond me.

I asked the clerk about it, and he was puzzled, too.

THAT afternoon Nancy Nelson telephoned to me.

"I'm awfully glad you're coming out, Benny," she said. "I know you won't mind if I call you Benny—for that is the way Tim and I always speak of you."

"Surely, of course. I'm delighted to meet you. I'm charmed," I said. And I was. Some way, when Nancy called me Benny I liked it.

"I want you to stay over the week-end. Tim doesn't go into town on Saturdays and you boys can have two full days of golf. Tim doesn't play much golf any more. I can't understand him, Benny. You'll have to help me with him. He needs a philosophy like yours. It would do him so much good."

"A philosophy like mine?"

"Yes. You know—the wedding present. I always have felt that it must express you as you really are."

"Er—oh, yes. The bronze bust of Mr. Johnson."

"Exactly. You'll bring your bag and your golf things?"

I said of course I would.

Tim seemed rather surprised—embarrassed, perhaps—when he saw my baggage.

"Mrs. Nelson phoned me," I said. "It was charming of her."

"She's a charming girl," he declared. "Come on, let's get a seat."

"I told her not to call you," he grumbled, after we were settled. "I don't want to seem inhospitable, Benny, but I'm afraid things won't be very comfortable for you. You see, we have only a small house, and you'll have to sleep on the davenport in the living-room."

"Oh, that will be jolly," I exclaimed. It sounded like a lark to me.

"Maybe. And as to golf—I haven't played much in the last year or so. Wouldn't you rather just talk?"

"Not at all. You need more golf. Mrs. Nelson told me so. I'm to help her get you out."

"Uh, huh," said Tim. "She's a great girl, Nancy is. Always thinking of me. And of everybody else, too. It's amazing, Benny, how a girl can be so carefree and unselfish. She must have a million friends. We're invited everywhere in Hilldale, and just on her account. She's on a hundred committees—Women's Civic Club, Clean-Up-Hilldale, the Drama League and all that. She's always willing to help out. We have no maid—just a little neighbor girl that watches the baby—but Nancy always seems to have time to do things for people. I guess she's too good for me, Benny."

NANCY was standing beside a smart new roadster when we left the train at Hilldale. Her almost constant smile showed perfect teeth. Her brown hair was cut close to her head and her big deep eyes were a sparkling blue. She was, perhaps, twenty-four years old.

There was a firmness in her handclasp and about her was the air of a commander that attracted me to her at once.

"You are the man, of all men," she said, "that I have wanted most to meet. You boys climb in front. I'll sit in the rumble."

"There is plenty of room for three in the seat," I protested, but by that time she was up in the rumble, beaming down at us. "You'll be more comfortable," she said.

"She seems to be the ideal wife," I said to Tim as we got under way. It was most astonishing to know that there lived a wife who would insist upon sitting alone in the rumble seat, so that her husband and his friend might be more comfortable.

"That's what they all say," said Tim and the car leaped forward as he suddenly pushed hard on the accelerator.

The Nelsons lived in a tiny house that seemed to be just on the edge of the expensive part of Hilldale. As we entered the small living-room, Tim carrying my golf clubs and Nancy my bag, which she had torn from my hand, I was impressed at once with its comforts.

"THIS is really Tim's room," Nancy said. His golf trophies were banked on top of the bookcase. Everywhere were smoking stands. In a corner was an expensive radio. The bookshelves were filled with leather-backed sets of Balzac and de Maupassant and other authors whose appeal is mostly to men. On the walls were sporting prints and original cartoons and drawings that, I noted by the signatures, had been presented to Tim by artist friends.

"Except," Nancy said, "except for that, it's Tim's room. That's mine." She pointed to the mantelpiece and there, standing alone, was a bronze bust of what evidently was Mr. Ban Johnson of Cincinnati. "I appropriated it," she said. "It has been my inspiration. It changed my character."

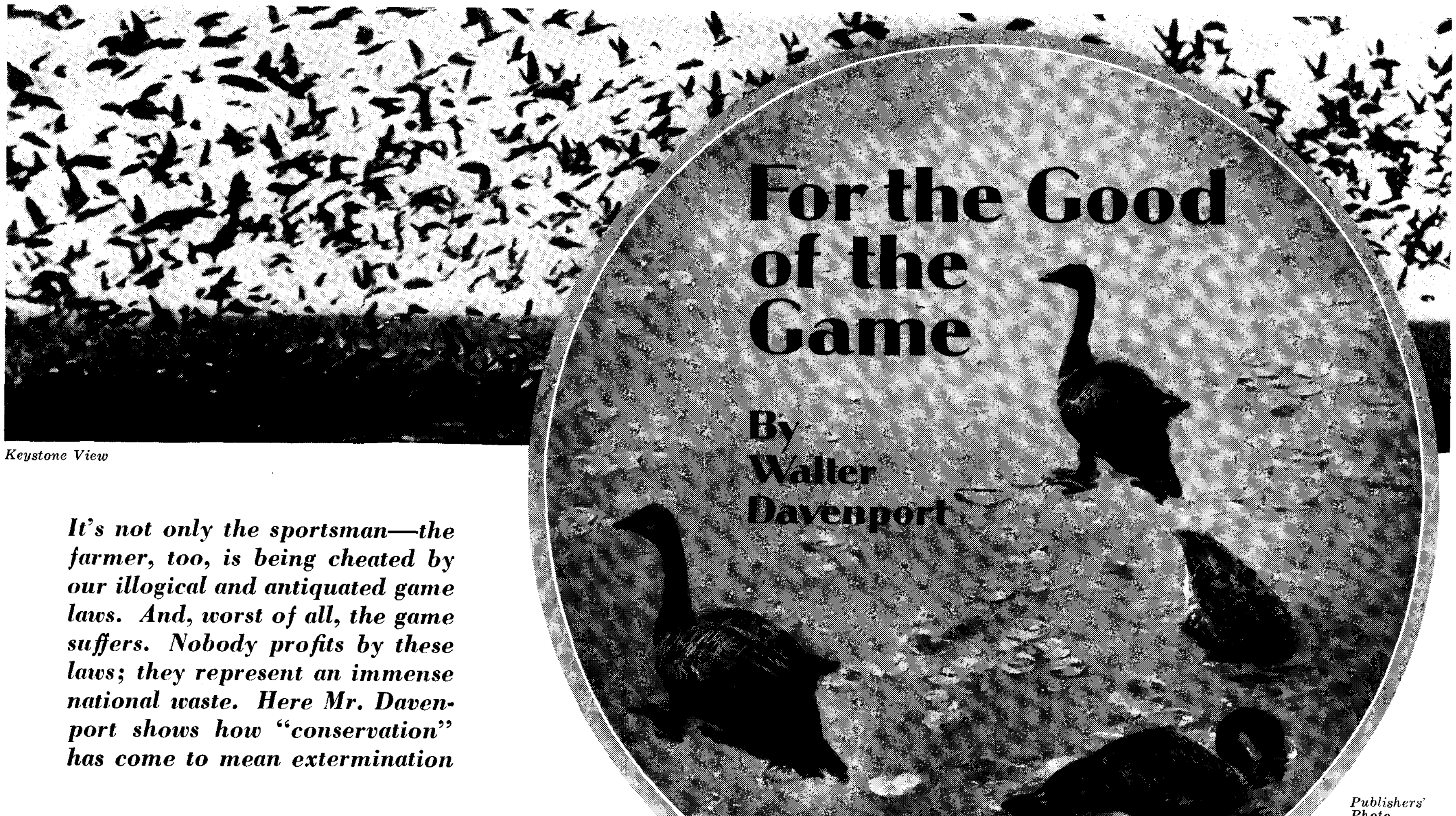
"Yeah," said Tim to me. "You sure did something when you sent us that!"

I stepped closer. The bronze gentleman seemed to need a shave. My eyes fell upon a sort of ruff about his neck. Up to that time I had no idea that ruffs were worn by baseball persons in Cincinnati. "Hum!" I mused. I put on my glasses and saw that the bust was resting upon a number of other figures. They couldn't be! Yes, they were—dead cats!

I read the inscription: *Ben Jonson. 1573-1637. "Hang sorrow! Care'll kill a cat!"*

"Oh," I remarked. I saw it all now. It wasn't the baseball person after all.

(*Continued on page 58*)



Keystone View

For the Good of the Game

By Walter Davenport

It's not only the sportsman—the farmer, too, is being cheated by our illogical and antiquated game laws. And, worst of all, the game suffers. Nobody profits by these laws; they represent an immense national waste. Here Mr. Davenport shows how "conservation" has come to mean extermination

Publishers' Photo Service

The great Canada geese, most highly prized of game birds, whose annual migration to the South is eagerly awaited by hunters throughout America

An adult prairie hen and a nest containing ten of its chicks. This bird, once widespread throughout America, is now confined to the prairie states

Photos by Dr. Alfred O. Gross, Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine

(In circle) A ruffed grouse, a once-general game bird which is fast disappearing before the onslaught of thousands of hunters

Keystone View

The pheasant, a game bird which lends itself admirably to the restocking of forests from which native game birds have disappeared

UNLESS you knew the place, you'd not be likely to ask the people of Feeding Hills why there were no more Trillipses there. But there were Trillipses there up until 1885 or thereabout, plenty of them.

The last of the Trillipses was Jonas, a bachelor, who starved to death (anyway it amounted to that) because he refused to work enough to produce sufficient food for his own sustenance. He was the last of the laziest of all families and he passed with the passing of the wild fowl and wild beasts which for much more than a century had sustained Trillipses from the cradle to the grave.

Jonas Trillips told how his great-great-grandfather had boasted that not since his twenty-first birthday—the day when legally he became a man and could chart his own course—had he moved from his dooryard for a meal. Old John, for that was the great-great-grandfather's name, passed it on for a family legend that, except in the most desperate blizzards, it was nothing at all for him to cram three drams of powder into his seven-foot flintlock, drop in a half dozen slugs of his own making from his own shot tower, and knock over a twenty-two-pound wild turkey. Whenever the spirit moved him, too.

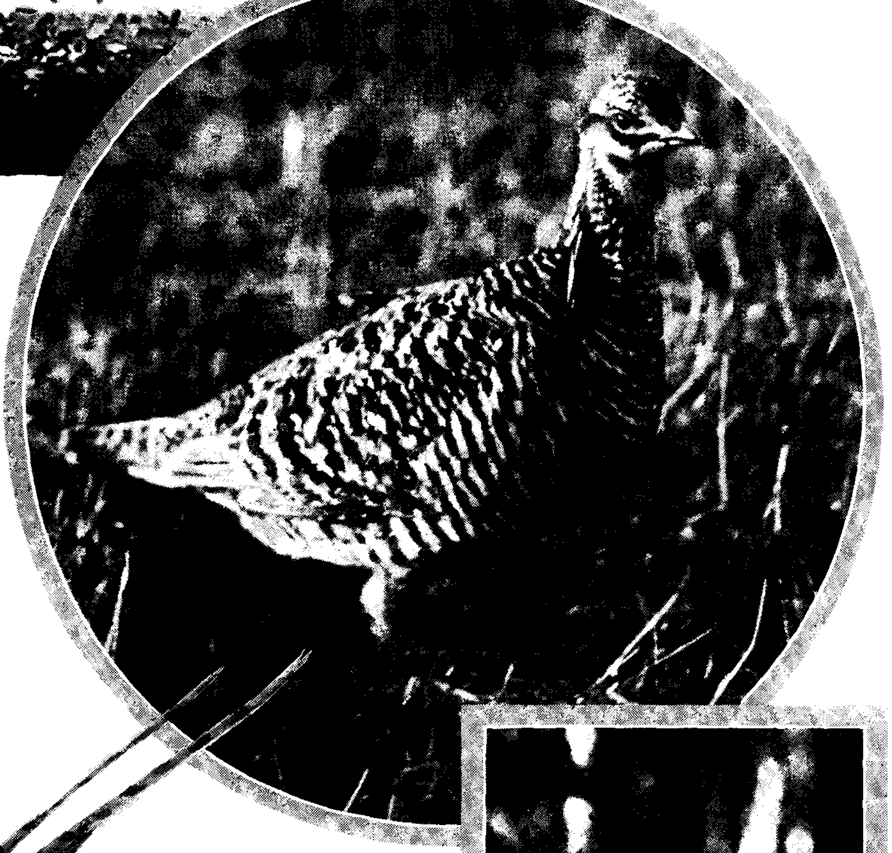
Good Shooting

It wasn't necessary to walk farther than the maple tree, ten feet from the front door of the Trillipses' house. Just lean against the tree, take aim, wait a few minutes and then let go. In fine weather it was well-nigh impossible to hunt an hour or so and fail to bag a deer, six or eight brace of dusky duck, a bear and—well, wild turkeys, of course.

Jonas Trillips' great-grandfather and grandfather followed in old John's reluctant strides, living off nature.

But slowly—so slowly that it wasn't until Grandfather's time that they noticed it at all—the wild turkey began to vanish; the quail, the prairie hen, the partridge, the bear, the deer and even the sinister wolf, which was cherished for its coat and for its head, on which there was a bounty, were deserting the

Part of a flock of 40,000 blue geese rising from a feeding ground on the Rainey Wild Life Sanctuary at Abbeville, Louisiana



The last of the heath hens! This bird is the sole known survivor of the great hosts of its species once inhabiting northeastern America, and which, unless a mate can be found will soon be extinct

foothills. It is all very well for us, at this distance, to say that this disappearance of game was inevitable in such reckless slaughter; but they didn't notice it as such until Jonas Trillips' own father found that he had to hunt all day for two days' food and sometimes failed. Furthermore (and this we get from the printed annals of the Trillips tribe), the farmers were turning to the village stores for their stout clothing, and bearskins were being fetched from the Far West and from Canada at ten dollars apiece. Think of that!

We cite this doleful tale because it dramatizes a situation that was general. Not until our wild game was so near to extinction that one could become familiar with it only by accident, or visits to the zoo, or to the cultivated estates of wealth, did America decide to do anything about it. Then, with the duck and the deer, the partridge and the plover, and all the rest of the wild herds and flocks close to extinction, what with heedless shooting and lack of effort to assist the birds in their brave but futile fight against vermin, came great talk of restocking and restricting, preserving and rehabilitating.

Not that the government, which at that time did not deceive itself that personal habit and preferences could be regulated by Federal prohibitions, purposed doing it. The government, hotly seconded by a score of unofficial organizations, urged upon the states the adoption of codes protecting what remained of America's wild life.

In consequence, we have forty-eight amazing codes of laws, one for each state, the purpose of which, loosely speaking, is the protection and preservation of game—fish, flesh and fowl. They overlap, they contradict, they hold forth at mystifying length on game which no longer exists. So few were scientific (here and there they've been improved) that until very recently they have been little more than sentimental flubdub.

A Legislative Standby

Laws were passed without question or debate—hundreds of them—merely to satisfy the large numbers of kind-hearted ladies and gentlemen who were only too eager to do something for "our feathered friends." It was all so simple that legislators were forever offering game-protection bills, hoping thereby to soften enough hearts at home to stave off small-margin defeats. It is told, for example, how a young aspirant to the Illinois legislature went to the late Uncle Joe Cannon seeking counsel.

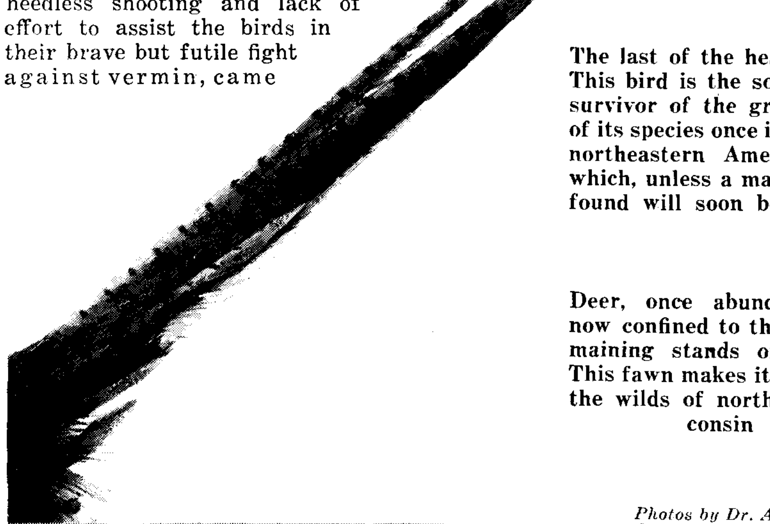
"Somehow," said he, "I don't seem able to impress Mrs. Lightnee at all. She's awfully influential down in her end of the district and she's awfully rich. She says she is going to work for the other side."

"She's easy," scoffed Uncle Joe. "Just find out how many bird-conservation bills the other fellow aims to offer if elected and then write twice as many and make them twice as useless. Then take them to her and ask her if she'll help you put them over. And don't duck when she tries to kiss you; in this game you got to stand for things like that."

And, as usual, Uncle Joe was right.

Thus thousands of laws were passed by the states. They were adopted in the name of conservation; what they really were was prohibition. Now and then calm minds offered bills seeking true rehabilitation or restoration; but the more sentimentally inclined countered with legislation making it illegal to sell birds for breeding purposes, their cry being that breeding and sale of game birds was "un-American" or words to that effect. And such prohibiting legislation was adopted here and there for no better reason than that it was cheap. It would cost money to restore and rehabilitate game. It cost nothing to forbid. Nothing, that is, except the

(*Continued on page 62*)



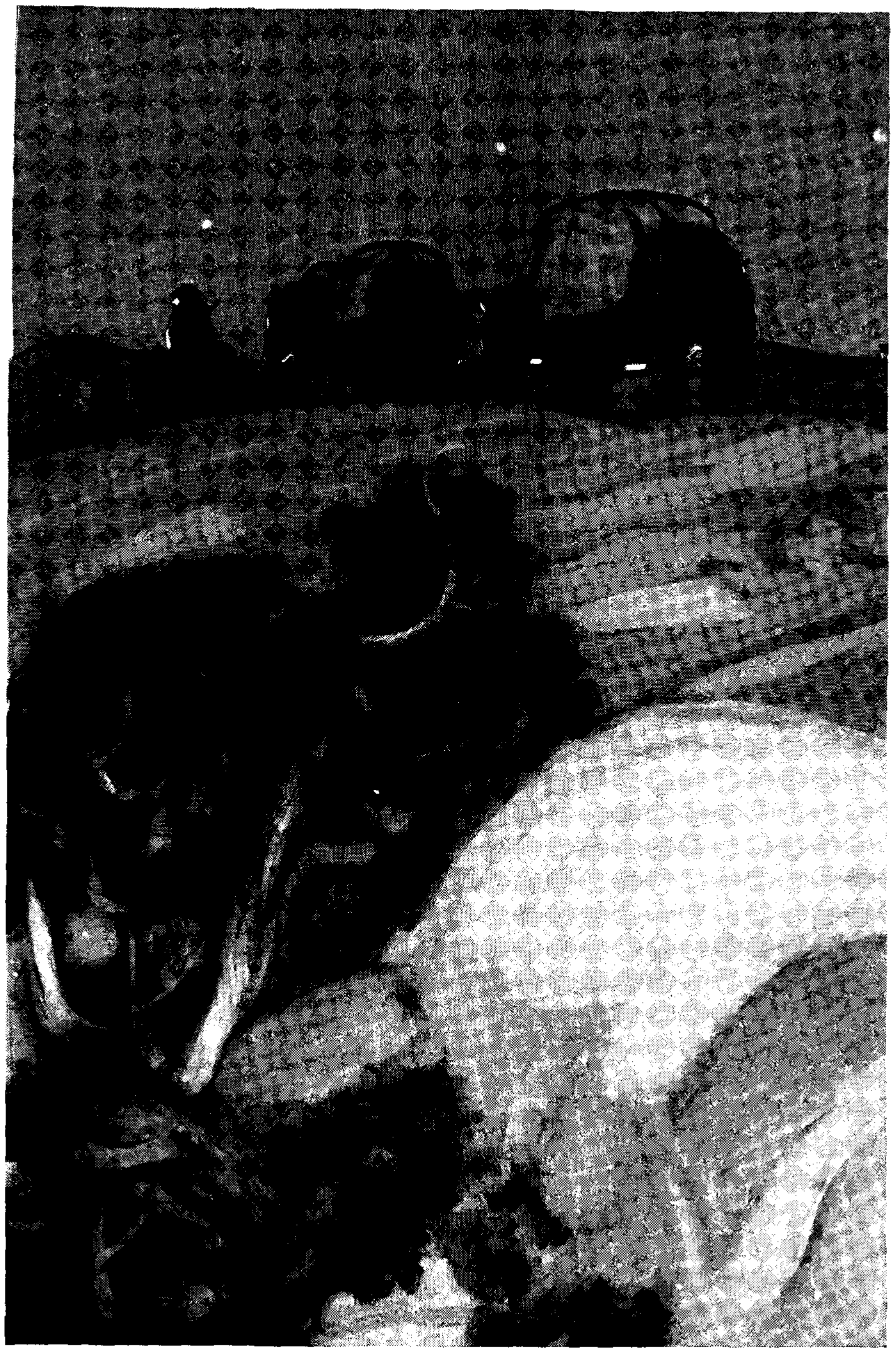
Deer, once abundant, are now confined to the few remaining stands of timber. This fawn makes its home in the wilds of northern Wisconsin

Photos by Dr. Alfred O. Gross, Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine

A friendly, downy, woodcock chick only a few hours old but almost ready to step out on his own. At the right is a nesting adult woodcock

Robbers' Roost

By Zane Grey



Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

The Story Thus Far:

HAVING learned that the wild country surrounding his recently purchased ranch—The Star—is infested with gunmen and cattle thieves, Bernie Herrick, a wealthy Englishman, tries a daring experiment in the hope of insuring himself against depredations: he hires the desperadoes!

Among his new employees are two bitter enemies: Hank Hays and Bill Heeseman, both dangerous, and both possessing powerful followings. Herrick, regarding Hays as trustworthy, makes him his superintendent.

A stranger—who gives his name as Jim Wall—arrives. He is young, a dead shot and a superb rider. He admits he has had some trouble in Wyoming and has fled the authorities. Hays offers him a job and he takes it. After which—when a noted gunman is about to kill the superintendent—he saves his life.

By the time Wall goes to work his eyes are wide open. Hays has told him, quite frankly, that he and his men are plotting to rob Herrick; and that, sooner or later, a sanguinary war with Heeseman and his gang is sure to come. The young man exhibits neither horror nor fear. . . . But he does not like Hank Hays. . . .

Herrick's sister, Helen—a twenty-two-year-old English girl—comes out to visit the ranch. Wall, acting on Herrick's orders, meets her when she arrives. He is amazed at her beauty—never before has he seen so lovely a creature; and the thought of what may happen to her, among men like her brother's hirelings, shocks him.

On the way to the ranch-house Wall makes a desperate effort to convince the girl she is in danger—that the men she now finds herself among are dangerous. She only laughs at his fears. . . . She has brought an express package to Herrick—a large sum of money. Hays knows of the arrival of that package. But, watching the man closely, Wall is sure the ruffian is interested, primarily, not in the money *but in the girl!*

And then begins a great drama: Wall (acting on orders from Herrick) riding with the girl almost every day, amazing her with his skill with a revolver, thrilling her (while trying to frighten her) with his stories of the wild West and its lawless characters, trying in vain to convince her that she is really in great peril—while Hank Hays observes them through jealous eyes and weaves his secret, sinister web!

VI

BARNES and another of the cowboys had taken the horses for the Herricks up to the house. To Jim's honest dismay he espied Helen riding ahead, with the cowboys behind leading her brother's mount. Herrick was not coming. The hounds bounded and cavorted about her, keen for the chase.

Miss Herrick looked far less proud and unattainable in the boy's riding garb she had adopted. Moreover, it had transformed her, yet her femininity appeared more provokingly manifest than ever.

Barnes turned Herrick's horse over to a stableboy, and with his companion fell in behind Miss Herrick, who rode out upon the valley. Jim joined them, and they trotted their horses together.

"Why didn't Herrick come?" asked Jim.

"He was rowin' with Heeseman," replied Barnes, soberly.

"You don't say! What about?"

"Reckon I don't know. They shet up as I come along," returned the cowboy. "But I seen enough to calkilate somethin's wrong. They was on the porch. Herrick looked sort of peevish. He didn't want his sister to go huntin' today, I heard thet. An' she said right pert she was goin'."

"How did Heeseman look?" went on Jim, ponderingly. Something was up. For two days Heeseman's outfit had been through hauling timber.

"Dead serious, like he was tryin' to persuade the boss to somethin'."

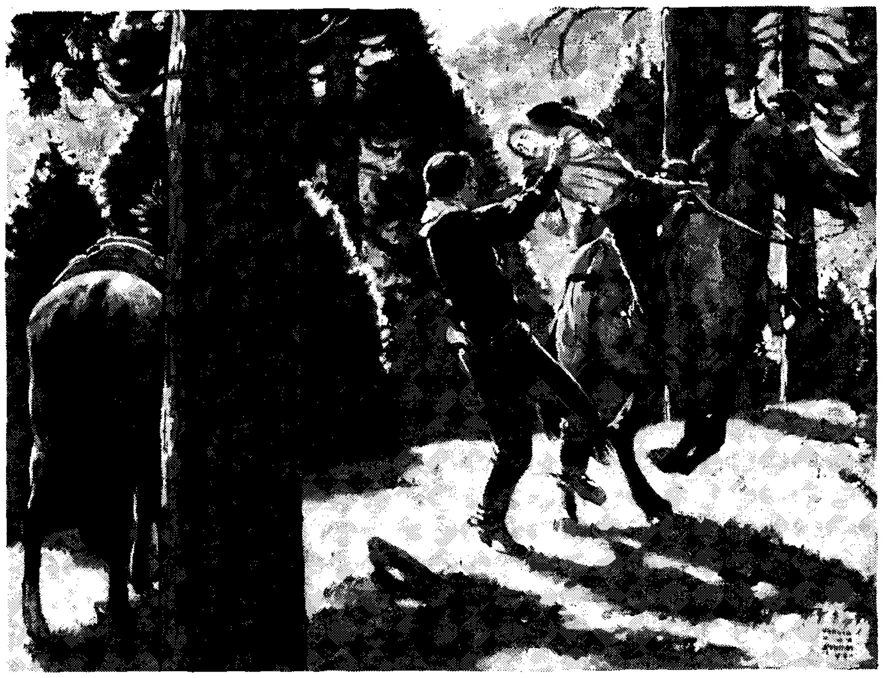
JIM lapsed into silence. What turn would affairs take next? It was getting warm around Star Ranch.

Each day the hunters had to ride farther afield to find game. Jack rabbit chasing had grown too tame for Miss Herrick; besides the rabbits had run off down the valley.

Three or four miles out the hounds jumped a coyote from a clump of sagebrush, and the chase was on. At first the hounds gained, but after a mile or so the coyote kept the distance even between them. At what was only fifty feet the chase was noisy, fast and exciting. The coyote led toward the low, wooded slope to the west and gained it, where the chase slowed up as far as the riders were concerned.

The cowboys took the lead, then came Miss Herrick, while Jim brought up the rear. It was a long, gradual ascent up to an open ridge, where pine trees alternated with clumps of chaparral; very fragrant and picturesque country.

Here the hounds jumped a herd of deer. Despite the yelling of the cowboys they dashed up the ridge with a chorus of wild yelps and barks. Barnes and his companion rider gave pursuit, trying to call them off. They all passed out of hearing.



His iron clutch fastened in her blouse. One lunge dragged her from her saddle

Jim caught up with Miss Herrick, who waited in an open spot among the pines. Flushed and disheveled, with her sombrero on the pommel, panting from the arduous ride, she made a distracting picture.

"Hunt's off for us, Miss Herrick," said Jim. "The cowboys will be hours catching that pack."

"Too bad! But wasn't—it fun—while it lasted," she replied gayly. "I'm glad the coyote—got away. I had designs on—his bushy tail."

"Shall we ride down?" went on Jim, uneasily. He had been alone with this girl on a couple of brief occasions, just long enough to realize the danger of such a fateful accident as this.

"Let us rest the horses. I'm out of breath myself."

Jim dismounted to tighten his saddle-cinches. He felt queerly helpless and impatient to be on the move.

"Wall, take a look at my cinches," she said.

"May I ask you not to call me Wall?" he queried, with unreasonable resentment. He hated the way she addressed him occasionally. "I must remind you I'm no butler."

"Pray pardon me," she rejoined, in surprise. "I presume I should address you as Mr. Wall?"

"Yes, if you're too stuck up to call me Jim," he said, rudely.

She lifted her chin and deigned no reply. And that infuriated him.

"While I'm at it I'll tell you this, too," he went on doggedly. "You must not ride around alone again. I've had no chance to speak with you. But I told your brother. He laughed in my face. He is a damned fool."

"Mr. Wall, I will not listen to such talk," she spoke up, spiritedly.

"Oh, yes, you will," he flashed, striding over to her horse. "You're not in an English drawing-room now, confronted by a disrespectful butler. You're in Utah, girl. And I am Jim Wall."

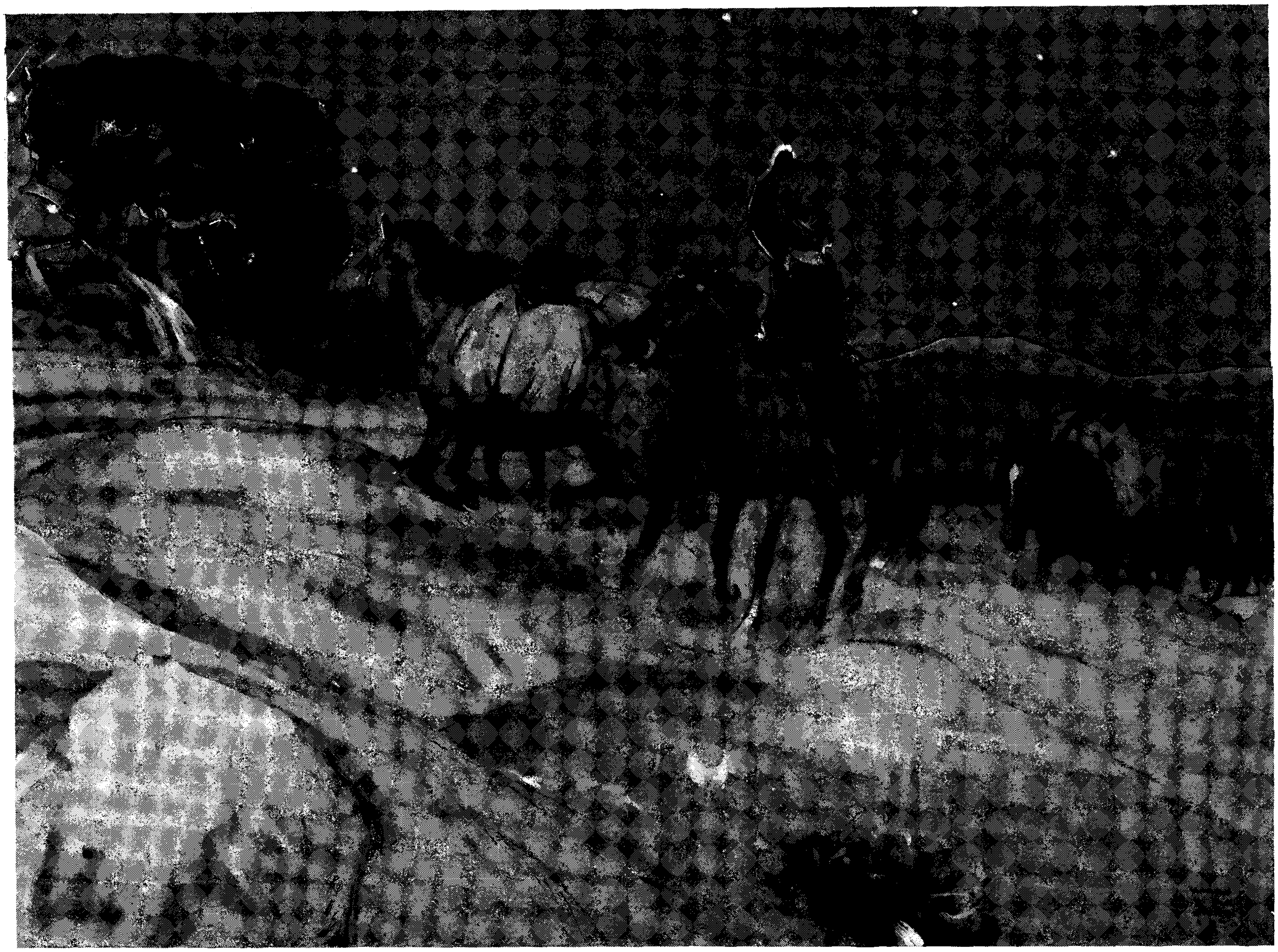
"That last is obvious, to my regret," she returned coldly. "Will you please be so kind as to tighten my cinches? It will be the last service I shall require of you."

"THANK the Lord!" ejaculated Jim, in grim heartiness. "All the same I'll tell you. If you were an American tenderfoot, it wouldn't be hard to make you understand. If you were Western, you would not need to be told. But as an English lady of quality, who *thinks* class, *her* class, will protect her anywhere, you need to be jarred. . . . It's wrong for you to ride around alone on this range like any wild tomboy."

"Why? You intimated this on our way from Grand Junction. But you do not give me any concrete reasons why it is wrong."

"Some of these men might kidnap you for ransom."

"Nonsense," she retorted, contemptuously.



The steady clip-clop of hoofs broke the silence, and seldom was a word spoken, except to a lagging pack horse

"Or one of them might waylay you with worse intention."

"Mr. Wall, I still believe *your* intention is good, but you grossly exaggerate the dangers out here, if there are any. Bernie asked Heeseman about this and was assured that you, being from Wyoming, maligned Utah."

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" laughed Jim, at himself as much as at that information. "What do you say, Miss Herrick, when I tell you that Hank Hays has been watching you from the ridges, riding the lonely trails, biding his chance to waylay you?"

She paled at that, or at his piercing look and change of tone.

"I don't believe it," she said, presently. "For some reason you are overzealous on my behalf. It is becoming absurd."

"You think I lie?"

"Mr. Wall, I didn't call you a liar," she returned, in annoyance. "I did say— "

"And you'll go on riding alone when it suits your royal fancy?" he queried, witheringly.

"That is no longer any concern of yours," she replied, at last stung. "But I certainly shall ride when and how I please."

"Then you're as big a damn' fool as your nincompoop brother," declared Jim, hotly. "Here I am, the only man in this Star outfit with honesty enough and guts enough to tell you the truth. And I get insulted and fired for my pains."

She sat her horse mute. Jim laid a strong hand on her pommel and shook it.

"Your saddle's loose. Will you oblige me by getting off?"

"I can ride it back," she rejoined, icily.

"But your blanket will slip out. The saddle might turn with you. . . . At that it might be a good thing for you to fall off and hit your head on a rock."

SHE removed her boot from the stirrup. "Tighten the cinches then—and hurry."

Jim complied expeditiously enough, but in doing so he accidentally touched her. Something like fire shot through him at the contact. Under its stimulus he looked up to say a few more words to her, words to mitigate his offense and protest his sincerity. But they were never uttered. She had bent over to fasten a lace of her boot, and when Jim raised his head it was to find his face scarcely a foot from her red lips. Without a thought, in a flash, he kissed them, and then drew back, stricken.

With startled movement she jerked erect, her face flushing scarlet.

"*How dare you!*" she cried, in incredulous amazement and anger.

"My God, I didn't mean that!" ejaculated Jim. "It just happened. I—I don't know—"

She swung her leather quirt and struck him across the mouth. The blood spurted. The leap of Jim's fury was as swift. He half intercepted a second blow, which stung his neck, and snatching the quirt from her hand he flung it away. Then his iron clutch fastened in her blouse. One lunge dragged her out of the saddle. He wrapped his other arm around her and bent her back so quickly that when she began a furious struggle it was too late.

His mouth hard pressed on hers stilled any but smothered cries. There was a moment's fierce wrestling. She was no weakling, but she was in the arms of a maddened giant. Repeatedly he kissed her lips, long, hard, passionate kisses.

Suddenly she collapsed heavily in his arms. The shock of that—its meaning—pierced Wall with something infinitely more imperious and staggering than bitter wrath. He let go of her. Reeling away from him to collide with the pine tree she sank against it, slid to her knees, and thrust out with a repelling gesture of hands spread toward him.

"There—my English lady—maybe that will convince you!" he panted, hoarsely. His chin quivered and there was terrific commotion in his breast. "Now get up."

She obeyed him, slowly, with one hand clutching nervelessly at the bark of the pine, the other at her breast. There was blood on her lips and cheeks; otherwise her face was like alabaster.

"I think I must have been in love with you—and wanted to protect you—from men worse than myself," he went on, huskily. "I hope to God this will be a lesson to you. . . . Your brother was crazy to come to Utah—crazier to let you come. Go home! Go before it's too late. Make him go. He will be ruined shortly."

She wiped the blood from her cheeks, and then shudderingly from her lips.

"You—did that—to frighten me?" she presently whispered, in horror, yet as if fascinated by something looming.

"Get on your horse and ride ahead of me," he ordered, curtly. "Now, Miss Helen Herrick, one last word: Don't tell your brother what I did to you till after I'm gone. . . . If you do I'll kill him!"

SHE left a glove lying on the ground. Jim made no effort to recover it. His horse had grazed a few paces away, and when he had reached him and mounted Miss Herrick was in her saddle. Jim let her get a few rods in advance before he followed.

The excess of his emotion wore off, leaving him composed, and sternly glad the issue had developed as it had. The situation had become intolerable for him. It mocked him that he had actually desired to appear well in the eyes of this girl. How ridiculous that one of a robber gang should be vain! But he was not conscious that being a thief made any difference in a man's feeling about women. He knew that he could not command respect or love; but that

(*Continued on page 50*)

Coaching Men

Knowledge of football is not enough. A coach needs a dozen other assets to make a success of his job. These episodes in the career of Knute Rockne prove that clearly. Here's what a coach has to think about and do in order to turn out winning teams

By Knute K. Rockne

Notre Dame's famous football coach, Knute Rockne, and the squad with which he started his 1930 season

P. & A.

PSYCHOLOGY has its place in football, but not to the extent many football fans believe, otherwise schools would profit more by turning over the coach's job to the professor of philosophy. When I hear the football coach of some mental capacity referred to as a deep and serious thinker, as a master mind who evolves game-winning strategy that by a single brain-wave conquers tremendous opposition, pardon me if I smile. My mind goes back to one of the most dramatic flashes of gridiron intelligence in the hitherto unrecorded annals of the game.

In a non-college town in the Wabash Valley there was an outbreak of football fever. It reached its crisis in a love affair between the town belle and two young men who had spent four years in high school and about ten years thereafter talking about their prowess as substitute backs on the high school team.

One was named Joe, and he was principally distinguished for the most artistic chrysanthemum haircut in the county. The other was named Ed, and he planned to be a dentist if his dad didn't insist on his going to a veterinary college.

Joe wanted to show the girl that his list of high school achievements was more authentic and glowing than Ed's. Ed, likewise, desired to demonstrate that his record had been better than Joe's.

Ed was the more resourceful—at first. He organized a football club and called it after the town. They met two or three local towns and vanquished them in contests evidently staged to determine who knew least about the game. This enterprise on Ed's part made him solid with the girl. Joe was about to be shelved when he had a mental attack, and a subtle one. Shut out of organizing another football team to rival Ed's in that town, for Ed's outfit, after winning three games straight, had received enthusiastic endorsement from the Chamber of Commerce, Joe went to a near-by town. Among other resources this town was famous as the seat of the county home for the feeble-minded. Joe sold the authorities the idea that football would be an excellent thing for the inmates. He was promptly appointed coach, manager and quarterback.

Almost as promptly he issued a challenge to Ed's club, which was accepted. The day came when grandstands were filled to overflowing and Joe's team of queer ducks lined up against Ed's combination of local talent. To make the occasion colorful the girl sat in a field box and Ed wore a bright red sweater to baffle the players from the nut college.

Through three quarters the teams played each other to a standstill. Excitement was immense and while orthodox football was more or less pushed into the discard all the customers had a good time. Between Joe and Ed, however, there was more than a mere game at stake. The winner of the contest would also—by the laws of romance—be winner of the girl.

They redoubled their efforts in the final quarter, driving their teams on with inspirational cries and nifty slugging in the scrimmages. In a burst of energy Ed got the upper hand on a fumble by an asylum player who imagined he was a Spanish ring bull and dropped the ball to charge at Ed's red sweater.

The Touchdown Express

Ed's team scored a touchdown. Only five minutes remained to play and Joe's forces were furious. Precious seconds slipped by. Defeat stared Joe in the face—almost as mockingly as Ed's bright red sweater.

Joe had another brain wave. On the sidelines was a member of the nut college rooters, hissing and pumping his arms, giving a perfect imitation of a Big Four locomotive. Indeed, had you asked this gentleman what he was he would have replied that he was a Big Four locomotive. As a matter of fact, he had been an engine driver until a fireman did something unfriendly with a shovel.

Calling time out, Joe went to the sidelines and addressed the human locomotive.

"Special ordered down the line," he said, "from Logansport to Wabash. Steam's up and we're ready to go."

The big fellow followed Joe on the field; took his position as fullback. Joe cried signals, got the ball and passed it to the newcomer.

"Green lights," he thundered. "Blow the whistle, let her go!"

For a moment only the human locomotive stood still while Ed's players and spectators marveled in anticipation of what was about to occur. The fellow hissed, spouted sounds like escaping steam, pumped his arms like pistons and with a mighty roar started down the field. Players dropped in his wake. Only Ed finally remained, his bright red sweater a target in the sun. Ed was stunned. The human locomotive ate up the yards, and back of him, his chrysanthemum head butting over any opposition players who were indiscreet enough to arise, Joe charged on triumphant.

Ed Flags a Score

All appeared lost for Ed. The human locomotive was twenty yards away, fifteen, twelve. Then Ed had a masterful inspiration—the sort that can come only to the naturally great psychologist. As the human locomotive, eyes fixed ahead at the goal line, came snorting up —huge and irresistible—Ed didn't tackle. He tore off his red sweater, made a noise like a foghorn, waved the sweater in the breeze. The human locomotive applied brakes, stood still, then shunted back—back—back, trampling Joe and his chrysanthemum haircut in his re-

Wide World

versed path, until he wound up with a safety and two more points for Ed.

While, as they say in Wall Street, I have the facts of this unique play on good authority, I cannot guarantee them. Still, the story illustrates the highly dramatic brand of psychology which the master football coach is supposed to have at his finger-tips. In which case I cannot pretend to qualify as a master coach. A smart running backfield—I've discovered—is better than any number of psychologists in winning football games.

Yet psychology is very important to the coach in his relations with his players, his opponents and the alumni who seem to be so influential with both. He must have some understanding of the minds of various types of boys if he is to elicit the best there is in any boy who tries to make the football grade. He must also understand public opinion regarding the school and its athletic reputation as it exists in the community where the school is located. Likewise, he must—if he wants to be successful or even hold his job—analyze the alumni attitude and decide when he should give them what they want and when he should oppose them for wanting too much. A great deal of the coach's work and more than a great deal of the coach's woes await him far from the gridiron's madding crowds.

Just before game time a good football coach knows what the physical condition of his boys is. He knows just about how much football they know mentally. But there's one thing he does not know—what's in their hearts. Generally this is most important of all.

The football coach must know the emotional reactions of every one of his boys. He must furnish tests so that he can find out before the big games all about the psychological processes of every individual upon whom he relies, or he's in for some disappointing shocks.

Every season, for instance, I find material that shines on the practice field but falls down in the test of a real game. Last year I had a typical case. A Western youngster had all the earmarks of a great broken-field runner for the halfback spot. He was a sensation in practice games where visiting alumni saw him.

An Unsung Hero

The same alumni wondered why this lad was never used in big games. It was because he failed in small games. When he got the ball, he tightened up, lost control of his nerves as the grandstand bellowed, and also lost his speed. He received innumerable chances. It wasn't his fault; yet, although he never played in a major game to win his letter, that lad did a very real service for the school because his fleetness as a ball carrier in practice games gave the first team first-class opposition.

The opposite psychological case to the practice athlete is the firing-line competitor. We meet several of these each season. In his way, George Gipp was one. By firing-line competitor I mean a lad who may be indifferent during tests and tryouts, but who comes through in the acid test of competition against quality.

In 1928, Jack Elder, fastest of Notre Dame backs, fumbled half the time he carried the ball in practice games. He was weak on forward pass defense, he couldn't block. But out in California, the last game that year, he found himself. It will be remembered that his most spectacular play last season was a forward pass he stole from the Army to turn into a one-man touchdown. Elder had become a firing-line competitor. Chevigny, a great Notre Dame halfback and our backfield coach at present, used to give an imitation of Leon Errol when he was with the scrubs. His idea of a broken-field run was to trip on a blade of grass and fall prostrate. But he came through splendidly when the big games stirred him to his heart.

About the worst dub I have ever encountered in a practice game was Johnny Weibel. He was one of the greenest chaps I ever saw come out on our field. But he was a strong boy, so we used him in the scrubs, although he impressed me as being preternaturally lazy. I studied him for a long time and decided that Johnny had contempt for practice. He evidently figured—as most competitors do—that he should save his energy for the real games. And this almost defeated his ambition, for it is doubtful if Weibel would have had a chance to play for Notre Dame in fast company. He had been relegated to third-string guard. Even then I was disinclined to use him. But in a game with Army, Harvey Brown, a regular guard, had his elbow twisted in a play and was yanked out. The second-string guard withstood three hard plays and limped off the field with a sprained ankle. Having nothing else to do I sent in Weibel.

Weibel Comes Through

Smythe was the Army quarterback—and a smart one. He must have seen my stoic look of disappointment when two guards came to the injured bench one after the other. Army was battering its way towards our goal line at the time. They were about twelve yards from a touchdown when Weibel went in.

I watched the play closely and saw Weibel crouch low, teeth gritted, when Smythe shot a play at him. Army gained a little. Smythe tried another spot in the line and gained more. Then he went back to Weibel with the ball on Notre Dame's four-yard line and massed mobs yelling for a score. Weibel steadied himself for the shock and stopped the Army's charge. It was fourth down, two to go. Smythe smiled. I knew his next play would go right at Weibel. It did—and what a pile-driving smash! I expected to see Weibel flat and finished. The whistle blew and there was Weibel—the Army back prostrate before him and the ball still two yards from Notre Dame's goal.

An assortment of teams using different styles of attack and defense give a coach plenty of opportunity to test the qualifications of different players—especially those whose temperaments he finds it not so easy to analyze.

Tricky Temperaments

Take the boy who is so high-strung and nervous that from Wednesday on he cannot sleep through worrying over the coming game. What shall be done with him? A good coach tells him on Wednesday that he's not going to play. The high-strung lad is disappointed and naturally sullen or resentful; but he relaxes and sleeps well at night. Twenty minutes before game time the coach tells him: "I've changed my mind. You're going in."

Immediately the lad becomes high-strung and keyed up—but this is the proper time for that. The coach might also keep this fellow out of the game until, we'll say, the start of the second quarter.

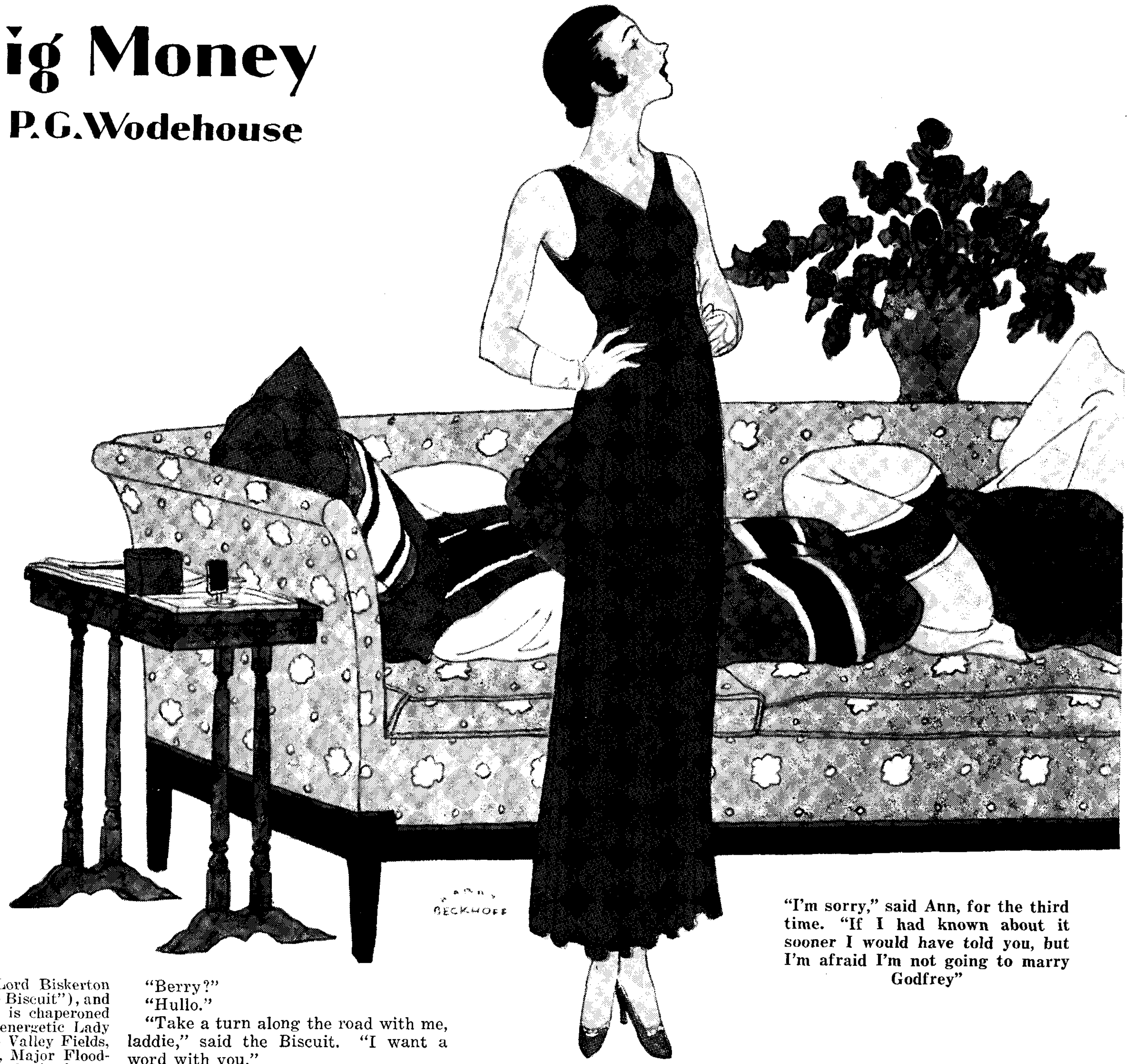
Then there is the big, powerful, phlegmatic chap who just will not put out, will not become aggressive and cross the line of scrimmage. He is just too friendly with everybody to play football well and, in business later on, will probably get to be known as a good-natured sap. What can be done to arouse this lad from his self-satisfied, lethargic state of mind? A good coach will go to him just before the big game and say, "John, your teammates and the student body and the alumni think you're afraid. I'm the only friend you've got. I'm sticking with you and putting you in that game today. Now what are you going to do? Show me up? And have these other people give us the horse laugh?"

If the lad has any character at all the result will be an irresistible, pile-driving, headlong-charging, irrepressible

(*Continued on page 28*)

Big Money

By P. G. Wodehouse



"I'm sorry," said Ann, for the third time. "If I had known about it sooner I would have told you, but I'm afraid I'm not going to marry Godfrey"

The Story Thus Far:

HAVING just learned that The Dream Come True, a copper mine adjacent to his own Horned Toad mine, is (contrary to the general belief) worth millions, T. Paterson Frisby, American financier residing in London, receives a most agreeable surprise. His secretary, young Berry Conway, informs him that he—Berry Conway—owns the mine, believes it to be worthless, and is anxious to sell it!

Mr. Frisby, much pleased, at once lays his plans for getting the mine dirt cheap. Unfortunately for the gentleman, however, they miscarry—due to the scoundrelly machinations of one J. B. Hoke (his agent), who, having bought the mine—for J. B. Hoke—forces Mr. Frisby to consent to a merger, which will enable both of the philanthropists to make fortunes on the sale of the stock. . . .

Ann Moon, niece of T. Paterson Frisby, arrives in London; likewise, Kitchie Valentine, one of her friends. Ann promptly gets herself engaged to a gentleman of title—the charming but impecunious Godfrey, Lord Biskerton (known to his friends as "the Biscuit"), and stays in London, where she is chaperoned by his lordship's aunt, the energetic Lady Vera Mace. Kitchie goes to Valley Fields, a suburb, to visit her uncle, Major Flood-Smith. And the excitement begins! . . . To escape his creditors until marriage puts him in funds, the Biscuit lets it be known that he has the mumps; after which he flees to the country, where (as "Mr. Smith") he takes a house near his dearest friend—Berry Conway. And then—

He meets the lovely Kitchie Valentine, a neighbor. Kitchie is engaged. But what of it? His lordship likes the young lady. And Kitchie likes his lordship. They find the country delightful! . . . Meanwhile, Ann—much puzzled by her beloved's sudden disappearance—has met a most dashing young man (name unknown), who is (so he says) a member of the romantic secret service. She has, in fact, lost her heart to him; and the young man has reciprocated, most heartily. . . . The young man (who does not know Ann's name) is none other than Berry Conway!

Ann goes to Valley Fields to call on Kitchie. To her surprise, and delight, she meets her young secret service hero—our Berry. They talk. They confess their love for each other. They tell each other their names. After which they prepare to drive up to London for dinner. But Berry is worried. "Ann Moon!" he thinks. "Somehow that sounds *familiar.*"

IX

MULBERRY GROVE slept under the night sky. Up and down it, smoking a thoughtful cigarette, paced Godfrey, Lord Biskerton. He appeared to be in sentimental mood. From time to time he gazed up at the stars and seemed to think well of them.

Rapid footsteps turned the corner. He advanced to meet the newcomer.

"Berry?"

"Hullo."

"Take a turn along the road with me, laddie," said the Biscuit. "I want a word with you."

Berry would have preferred to slip past and postpone this interview. He was conscious of an extreme discomfort. Since his departure from Mulberry Grove in Ann's car, many things had been made clear to him. He knew now why the name Ann Moon had sounded familiar.

Few things in life are more embarrassing than the necessity of having to inform an old friend that you have just got engaged to his *fiancée*. It is a task that calls for coolness of head and the quiet marshaling of the thoughts, and Berry would have wished to sleep on this thing and go more deeply into it on the morrow. But the Biscuit, apparently mistrustful of his ability to hold his companion purely by the magic of his conversation, had seized his elbow in a firm grip.

"Yes, old boy," he said, "I want your counsel. Where have you been all night?"

"I went out to dinner. At a place called Mario's."

"I know it well," said the Biscuit. "I've taken Ann there."

It was a cue, and Berry knew that he ought to have accepted it. He did go so far as to open his mouth, but the words refused to come.

"Nobody should go to Mario's," said the Biscuit, "without trying the *minestrone*. Did you have *minestrone?*"

"I can't remember."

"You can't remember?"

"We had some sort of soup, I suppose," said Berry desperately, "but I was so . . ."

"We?" said the Biscuit.

"I was with a girl," said Berry. It seemed monstrous to refer to Ann in that casual way, but still it was the technical description of her.

"*The* girl?" asked the Biscuit, with sudden interest.

"Yes."

"So you've met her again?"

"Yes."

"And how's everything coming along?"

BERRY plunged. If this thing had to be done, it was best to do it quickly.

"We're engaged," he said.

"Fine!" said the Biscuit. "So you're engaged? Well, well!"

"Yes."

"Just to this one girl, I suppose?"

"What do you mean?"

"You always were a prudent, level-headed fellow who knew where to stop," said the Biscuit enviously. "I'm engaged to two girls."

"What!"

The Biscuit sighed.

"Yes, two. And I'm hoping that you may have a word of advice to offer on the subject. Otherwise, I see a slightly tangled future ahead of me."

"Two?" said Berry, dazed.

"Two," said the Biscuit. "I've counted them over and over again, but that's what the sum keeps working out at. I started, if you remember, with one. So far, so good. A steady, conservative policy. But complications have now arisen. You may have heard me speak of one Kitchie Valentine?"

"The kid next door?"

The Biscuit frowned.

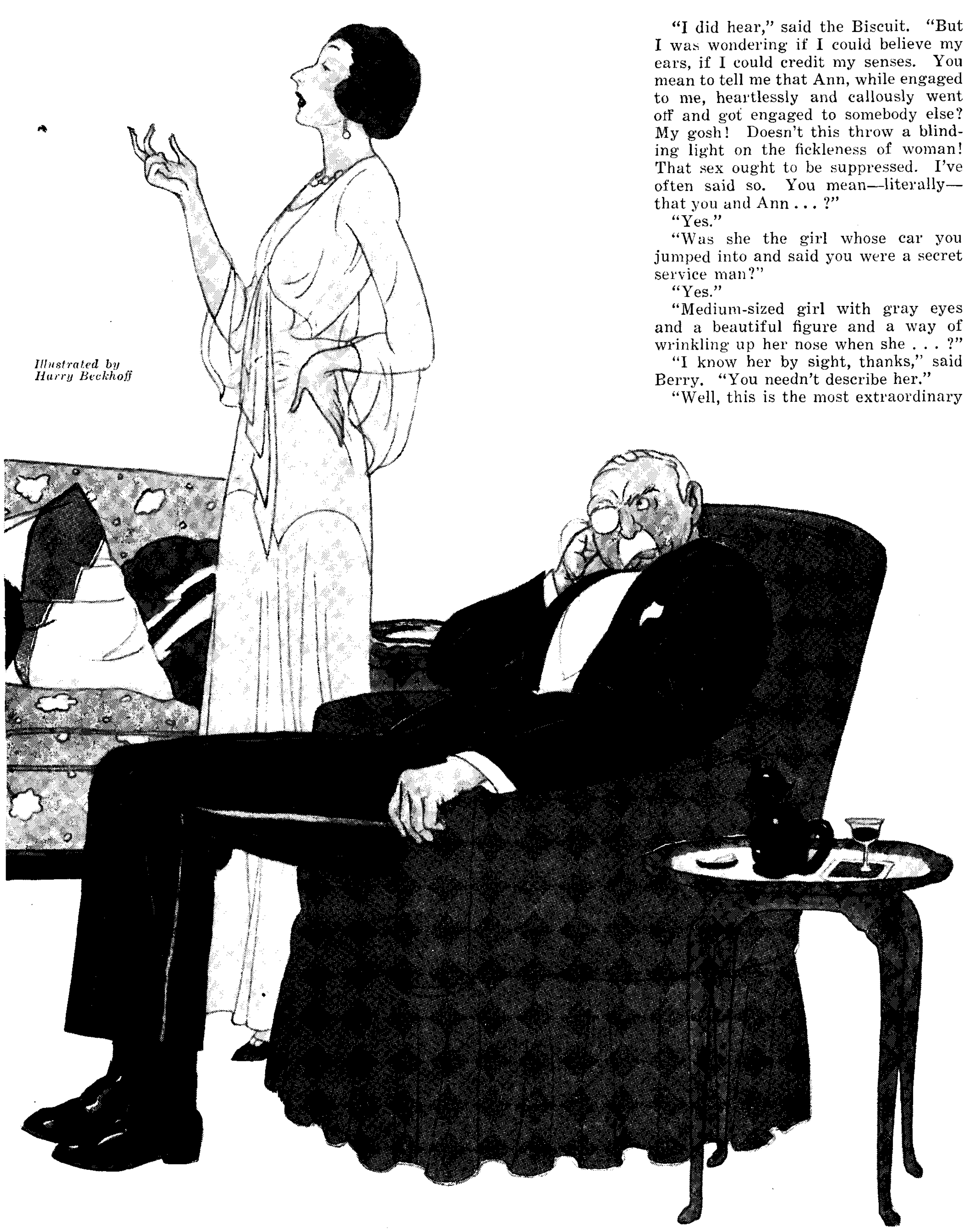
"Don't call her the kid next door. The angel next door, if you like, or the adjoining seraph."

"Biscuit, let me tell you . . ."

"No," said Lord Biskerton with gentle firmness. "Let *me* tell *you*. I added young Kitchie to the strength tonight. Somewhere near the end of Roxborough Road, under, if I remember rightly, the third lamp-post from Myrtle Avenue. It happened like this."

"Biscuit, listen . . ."

"It happened like this," said Lord Biskerton. "Until recently she was engaged to a bounder of the almost incredible name of Merwyn Flock. How she ever came to do such a cloth-headed thing, I cannot say, but such are the facts. He's an actor, and some day, if all goes well, I hope to pop over to America, where he performs, and fling a hearty egg at him. The low hound! He chucked her, Berry," said the Biscuit, wrestling with a rising emotion.



Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

"He took that loving heart in his greasy hands and squeezed it dry and threw it away like an old tube of tooth paste. She got a letter from him tonight, saying that he had just married some actress or other but hoped they would always be friends. 'Can't we be friends?' he said. There's a song with that title. I've sung it in my bath."

"Biscuit . . ."

"I thought she seemed a bit under the weather when we were starting off for the pictures. Not at all her old bright self, she wasn't. She was depressed during the six-reel feature film, and the two-reel Mickey Mouse didn't get a smile out of her. On our way home she told me all. And, believe me or believe me not, old boy, I hadn't got more than about halfway through the cheering-up process when I suddenly found that we were linked in a close embrace, murmuring soft words of endearment, and two minutes later I discovered with some surprise that we were engaged. That's life."

"Are you fond of her?" asked Berry. It was, at the moment, all he could say.

"Of course I'm fond of her," said the Biscuit with asperity. "I love her with a passion that threatens to unseat my very reason. I can see now that it was a case of love at first sight. The moment I set eyes on her, I remember, something seemed to tell me that I had found my mate. Oh, don't make any mistake about it, my lad, we are twin souls. On the other hand, that doesn't alter the fact that I'm engaged to two girls."

"But you aren't."

"TUT, tut!" said the Biscuit, annoyed at his friend's denseness. "Count them for yourself. Kitchie, one. Ann . . ."

"I'm engaged to Ann."

The Biscuit clicked his tongue.

"No, you're not, old boy," he said patiently. "Don't try to cloud the issue by being funny. You're engaged to this girl of yours, whatever her name is."

"Her name is Ann Moon."

"What!" cried the Biscuit.

"You heard."

"I did hear," said the Biscuit. "But I was wondering if I could believe my ears, if I could credit my senses. You mean to tell me that Ann, while engaged to me, heartlessly and callously went off and got engaged to somebody else? My gosh! Doesn't this throw a blinding light on the fickleness of woman! That sex ought to be suppressed. I've often said so. You mean—literally—that you and Ann . . . ?"

"Yes."

"Was she the girl whose car you jumped into and said you were a secret service man?"

"Yes."

"Medium-sized girl with gray eyes and a beautiful figure and a way of wrinkling up her nose when she . . . ?"

"I know her by sight, thanks," said Berry. "You needn't describe her."

"Well, this is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard in my life," said the Biscuit.

He brooded for a while in stunned silence.

"Perhaps it's all for the best," he said at length.

"I think so," said Berry.

"In fact," said the Biscuit, now definitely perking up, "you might describe it as a consummation devoutly to be wished."

"That's just how I was going to describe it."

"Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes," said the Biscuit, with growing satisfaction. "I see now that it is the best thing that could possibly have happened. The momentary spasm of pique and chagrin is over, and I can face facts. I realize now that Ann never did care a damn for me."

"She likes you. She said so."

The Biscuit smiled sadly, and emitted five more yeses.

"But we were not affinities. I saw that from the start. She had a way of looking sideways at me suddenly and looking quickly away again as if she had hoped I wasn't true but was reluctantly compelled to believe that I was. She would never have been happy with me. It was only the fact that I proposed to her at Edgeling at the exact moment when the sunset and the ivied walls had made her feel all emotional, that ever caused her to accept me. Take her, old friend, and my blessing with her. Take her, I say. Take her."

"All right," said Berry. "All right—I'm going to."

The Biscuit uttered a sharp exclamation.

"But are you?" he said significantly.

"I am."

"You think you are, which is a very different thing, old boy. Have you considered? Have you reflected? Have you tried to realize your very equivocal position?"

"What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? Why, you've ensnared her heart under false pretenses. You must see that for yourself. Dash it, you offer this bird . . ."

"Don't call her a bird."

"YOU offer this charming and idealistic girl a secret service man, complete with mask and gun and dripping with romance, and she books you on those terms. What's she going to say when she finds that you are in reality an inky devil with paper cuff-protectors who works in a city office?"

"Yes," said Berry dismally.

"What do you mean, yes?"

"I mean I had thought of that."

He stared unhappily through the railings at the ornamental water. It looked cold and depressing. A breeze had sprung up, and was sighing through the trees with what an hour ago he would have considered a lovely whispering, but which now seemed to bring with it the suggestion of a sneer. Forlornness had suddenly come into the night.

"You think she will be annoyed when she finds out?"

"Annoyed?" said the Biscuit. "I should think she would chew your head off."

"I shouldn't mind that," said Berry, "if she didn't refuse to have anything more to do with me."

There was a silence.

"I am going to chuck my job with old Frisby tomorrow," said Berry. "Then I shall go off somewhere—to America or somewhere—and try to do something worth while."

THE Biscuit, a sympathetic soul, became encouraging:

"An excellent idea. Go West, young man, shoot a couple of Mexicans and send her the skins, and, who knows, all may yet be well. The main thing is that on no account must she ever know that you were her uncle's office boy."

"You wouldn't tell her?"

"Tell her!"

"I hate the feeling that I'm lying to her."

"It would be fatal, fatal, absolutely fatal, old boy," said the Biscuit vehemently. "At the present stage of affairs, utterly fatal."

"But she's got to find out sometime."

"Sometime, yes. But let it be later, when the links forged by the laughing love god have grown stronger. You haven't studied the sex as I have, laddie. I know women from beads to shoesole. Never confess anything to a girl till you have consolidated your position with her. A girl learns that a comparative stranger has been fooling her, and she hits the ceiling. But later on it is different. Later on, she simply says to herself, 'Oh, well, hell! It's only old George,' or whatever the name may be. 'I always did think him a bit of a loony, and now I know.' And she curses him

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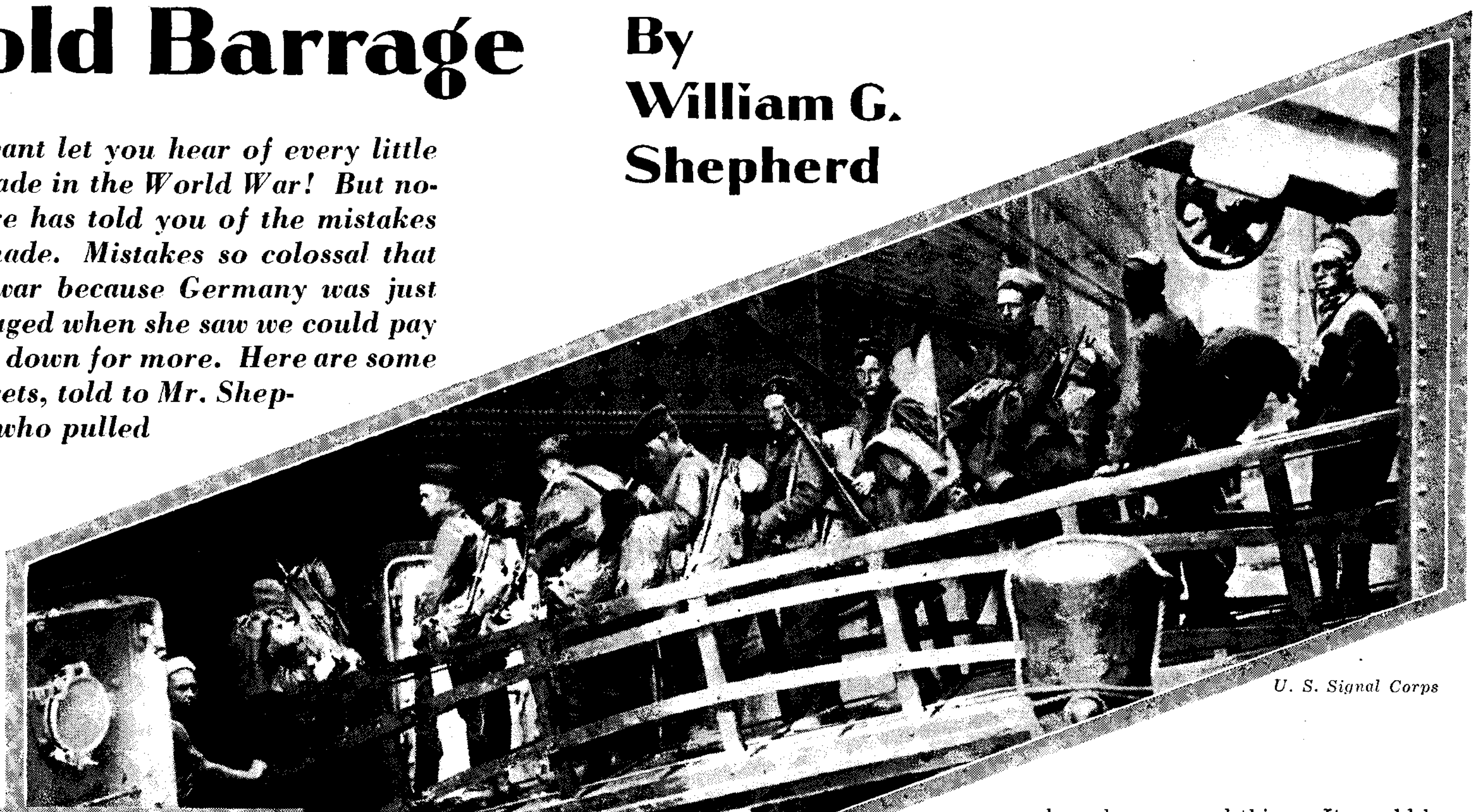
The Gold Barrage

By William G. Shepherd

Your top sergeant let you hear of every little mistake you made in the World War! But nobody heretofore has told you of the mistakes the big boys made. Mistakes so colossal that they won the war because Germany was just plumb discouraged when she saw we could pay for 'em and dig down for more. Here are some choice war secrets, told to Mr. Shepherd by a man who pulled the strings



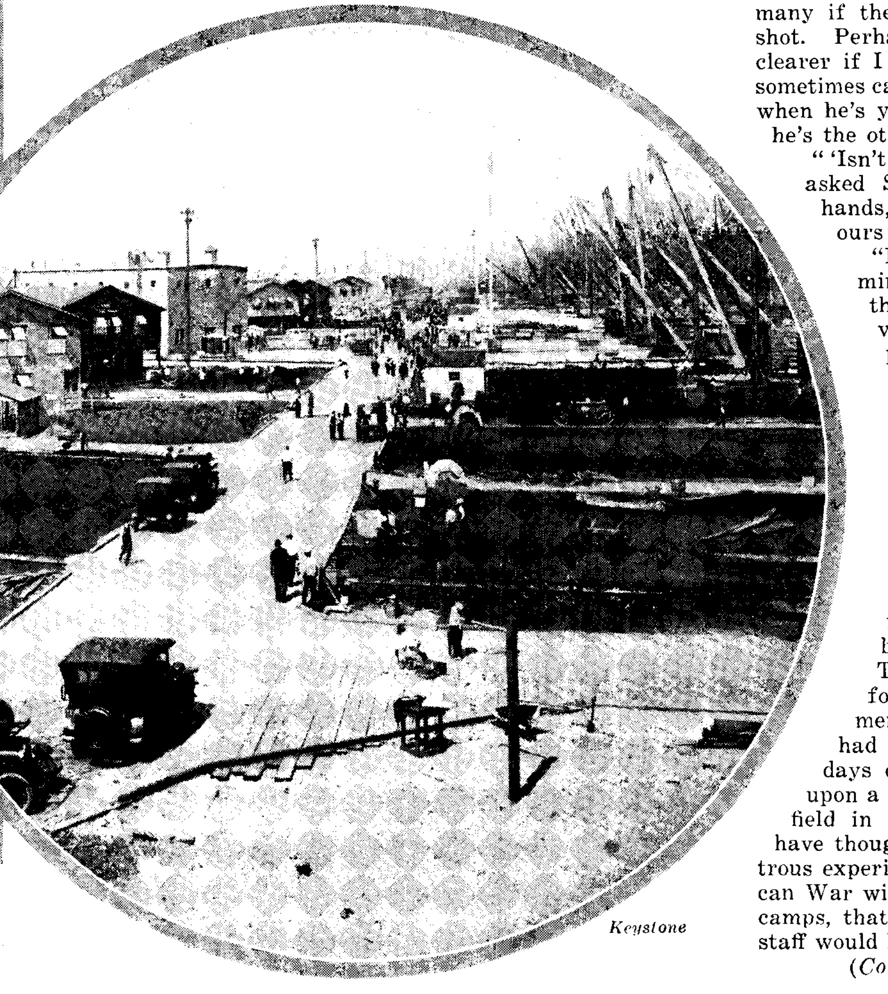
Partially trained American soldiers embarking during the hasty troop movements in the critical days of 1917

U. S. Signal Corps

HERE IT IS
55 WORKING DAYS
THE WORLDS RECORD
SKINNER & EDDY BOYS
WANTS YOU TO BEAT IT IF YOU CAN

Keystone

This 8,800-ton steel ship was built and launched in 55 days for a new record in Seattle, in 1917



The U. S. government shipbuilding yards at Hog Island at the height of war-time activity

Keystone

IN a certain little room in the Capitol building at Washington six senators sat daily and fought the war-behind-the-scenes of the Washington sector. They were Senators Martin of Virginia, Shafroth of Colorado, Hardwick of Georgia, Warren of Wyoming, Smoot of Utah and Underwood of Alabama.

The late Oscar W. Underwood once told me about that little room and what went on in it. This is the first time that its secrets have been revealed.

"I sometimes think," he told me, "as I look back upon those days, that one smart enemy spy at our keyhole would have been a good thing. It would have justified the enemy in ending the war sooner, to hear of the billions in credit we had to spend. Yet there was another side to it. We were all guessing. But so were the army and navy heads who came to us with their plans. None of us knew much about the war. One day an officer came in and asked for a million dollars for the army secret service. 'We shall have to spend a large sum for agents,' he said.

"'Agents,' exclaimed Senator Shafroth. 'What do you intend to do with agents?'

"'Why, we must send a good many of them to Germany!'

"'To Germany,' exclaimed Shafroth. 'My God, man, don't you know that if you send agents to Germany they'll be arrested and put in jail? We're at war with Germany!'

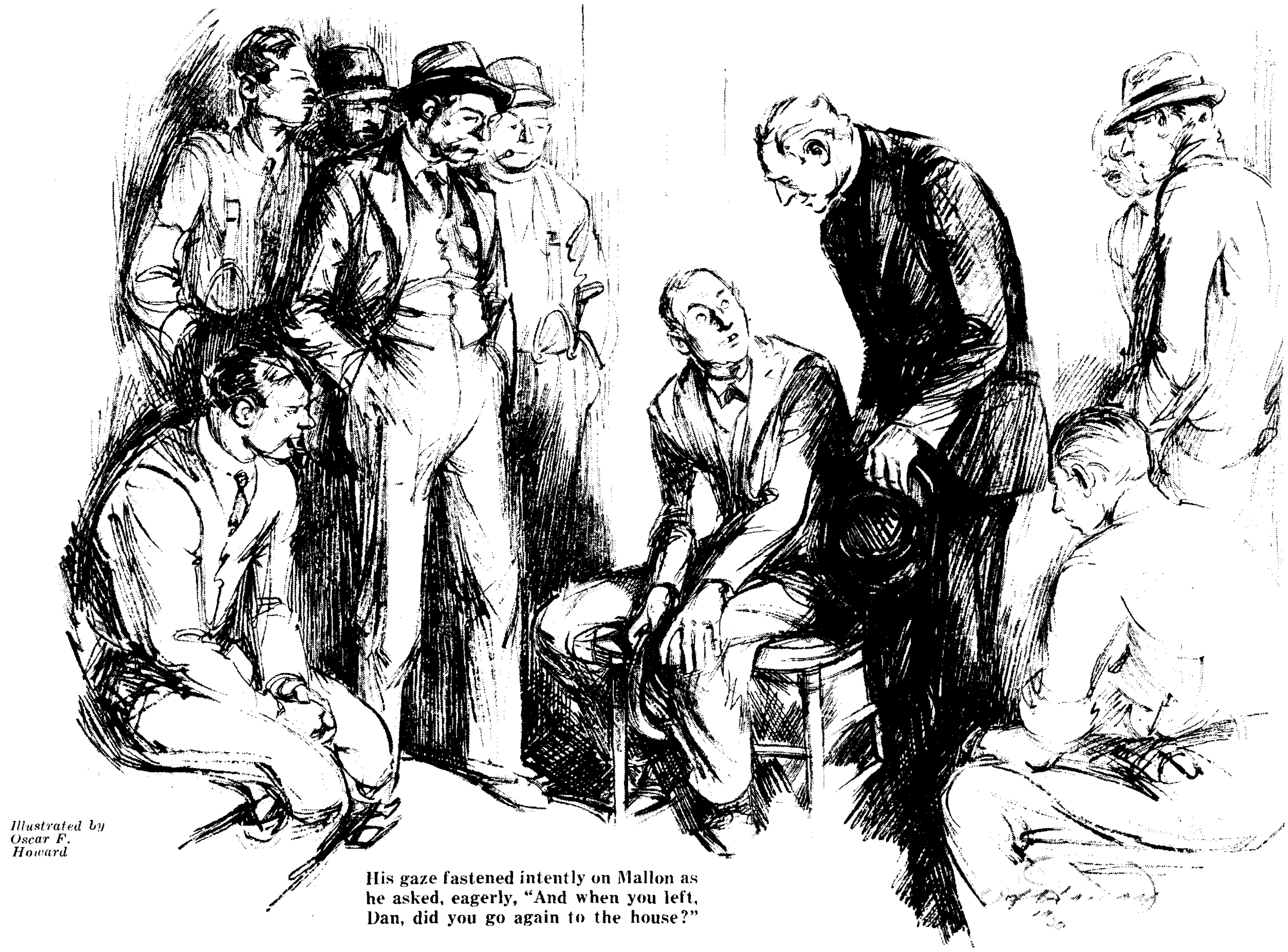
"'Senator,' the officer explained gently, 'they'll not only be arrested in Germany if they are caught. They'll be shot. Perhaps it will make things clearer if I tell you that "agents" are sometimes called "spies." He's an agent when he's your man; he's a spy when he's the other fellow's man.'

"'Isn't there some way, Colonel,' asked Shafroth, throwing up his hands, 'for a mighty nation like ours to fight a war without spies?'

"It took the colonel twenty minutes to explain to Shafroth that one spy, securing advance information, might possibly save the lives of thousands of men. Then Shafroth voted with us to give the colonel his million.

"It's only fair, after I've used a senator as an example of how little civilians knew about the war, also to show you how little the general staff of the War Department knew about it. Civilians—the draft boards—raised the army. Then to our amazement we found that the War Department, the general staff of which had been in existence since the days of Roosevelt, had not fixed upon a single camp site or training field in the United States. You'd have thought, after the army's disastrous experience in the Spanish-American War with miserable, disease-ridden camps, that the last thing the general staff would have neglected would be the

(*Continued on page 32*)



Illustrated by Oscar F. Howard

His gaze fastened intently on Mallon as he asked, eagerly, "And when you left, Dan, did you go again to the house?"

The Saving Mark

Remember this strange story the next time you're tempted to convict someone on circumstantial evidence

By Frederick Skerry

"MURDERED with a blunt instrument in the hands of person or persons unknown," was the verdict of the coroner's inquest shortly after old Henry Skelton was found in the room back of his shop, his white hair matted red from the wound in his head.

"Person or persons unknown!" Of course that was the legal view of it; somebody must be arrested, tried and convicted before the law could put a name to the murderer. But to the townspeople the problem was not so obscure. As well say that the sum of two and two was unknown. Skelton was murdered; well, why look farther than Bart Mallon?

A score of people had heard the row between them at noontime, when, meeting on the street, Mallon demanded payment for work that Skelton declared remained unfinished and would not be paid for until completed. He had berated Mallon roundly as a fool, a drunkard, a good-for-nothing and what not. This was unjust, for Mallon was not what is commonly called a drunkard. Nor was he a good-for-nothing in the sense that Skelton's own son was. But fool he may have been—though it was cruel to call him that.

People made allowances for Bart Mallon. Since the death of his twin brother, Dan, eight years before, he was as one lost in the world, drifting, uncertain and not a little terrified. It was as if the mother of them had only enough endowments for one child and Nature, economical as always, made one bright and one simple instead of two subnormal intelligences. At any rate, it worked out all right, since Dan had plenty of brains. And being the elder—if only by a few minutes—he took the place of the mother who had died bearing them and, after the father died, had for years watched over and protected his brother.

IT WAS the memory of Dan Mallon's whole-hearted devotion—even to renunciation of marriage—that made the townspeople indulgent towards Bart and his vagaries. Yet, though he was—or had been thought to be—harmless, and useful in small tasks that required little intelligence, he was a liability; sometime the town would have to take care of him. Now, however, by means of the special Providence which seems to look after such persons, the job had been done. Of course Bart Mallon was drunk when he killed Skelton—he was able at times to get hold of moonshine—and that would mitigate his punishment. Confinement in a state institution would be the utmost severity allowable by law.

And that would not matter much to Bart. With Dan's death he had sunk to little more than an automaton, utterly careless, without directing power. Why, even the slate slab, with the newness of Dan's brief epitaph scarcely worn off, lay flat in the grass that waved high above the lot in the burying-ground. The promises to set it up again, exacted of Bart by Father David, had yet to be fulfilled.

Sought by Constable Peel, grown suddenly important, Bart Mallon could not be found. The little house, once tidy but now drab and unkempt, remained dark and empty throughout the evening, and this unwonted absence increased the suspicion that pointed to Bart. Shortly after eleven, however, he appeared, much as usual save for a slight unsteadiness, the black coat that he reserved for special occasions and the dust that covered it.

Without protest or resistance he accompanied the constable to the back room of Garvin's store, where the loungers awaited the culmination of a rare excitement. A vaguely expectant gleam lit Mallon's eye as he surveyed the group that confronted him, but it died quickly under the boring stares and the silence, and he sat, bent forward, apathetic, in the chair that Peel dragged forth.

"Bart Mallon," intoned Peel, conscious of an audience, "you are arrested for the murder of Henry Skelton, of this town, and I warn you that anything you say may be used against you."

But only the name "Henry Skelton" conveyed anything to Bart Mallon. Blinking up at Peel, he nodded reminiscently. "Owes me a dollar," he grumbled. "Said I didn't clean all the shed—he put stuff in afterwards."

"Gosh!" somebody exclaimed. "He don't remember a thing about it!"

"Keep quiet, will you?" cautioned Peel. He turned to Mallon. "Where've you been, anyhow, Bart? I've been lookin' for you all evenin'."

"Me? I went up to Father David—he'll make Skelton give me my dollar."

"But Father David's away—been away all day. You never waited there all this time, Bart."

"Oh, no. Dan called me—and I stayed with Dan."

THERE was a hopeless shaking of heads at this, and somebody groaned, "Good God!" Peel, after a moment's hesitation, swung about and started for the store and met Father David in the doorway.

"What's this I hear?" inquired Father David, glancing over Peel's shoulder.

In a few words Peel told him, adding, "I was just going to telephone to Ware for the sheriff."

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Coaching Men

Continued from page 23

fighting machine who will surprise everyone, and himself most of all, by what he can actually do when fired up. Many big linemen have found themselves by this process.

When he has a practical knowledge of the psychology of his own players the coach's mental equipment is still far from complete unless he learns something of the temperament or psychological mannerisms of players—particularly of star players—who are on teams he is to oppose.

One of the most versatile and dangerous Army men was Lighthorse Harry Wilson, the charging halfback. He played havoc with our line because he mastered a feinting get-away that was hard to stop once it was started. Our problem was to reach Mr. Wilson before he could start.

Outwitting Mr. Wilson

I observed that the dangerous Wilson had a habit of blushing just before he went into action, which led to the belief that the calling of his number by the quarterback tautened his nervous system. Our own line was warned to watch him closely. Sure enough, whenever Wilson flushed, it was just before he charged through with the ball. Even with this tip-off it was hard enough to arrest his progress; before we learned this symptom of his impending activity we had lost many, many yards.

The institution known as "scouting" is supposed to be a source of all necessary information about his opponents to the varsity coach. Enthusiastic alumni of a school are often self-appointed football scouts. As a rule, their enthusiasm is in inverse ratio to their knowledge of the game and their powers of observation in spotting innovations or clever deceptions in the play of the schools they are scouting.

Back in 1915, when I was assistant to Jess Harper, part of my job was to do his scouting. We were to play Nebraska, and so Jess wired Jumbo Steihn, Nebraska coach, that I was going out to scout their Kansas Aggie game. I did.

I came back with two mysterious bits of information.

Nebraska's great threat was a fine halfback named Chamberlin. In the Kansas Aggie game he scored touchdown after touchdown on wide end runs. I came back with the startling information that Chamberlin could not and did not cut back at any time.

What happened when Notre Dame played Nebraska? Right near the end of the first half Nebraska had the ball on our forty-yard line. Chamberlin took it on the next play. Our players all swung wide, over-committing themselves to what we thought we knew of the runner's habitual tactics. To our surprise, Chamberlin cut back and, with no Notre Dame player in front of him, he ran forty yards for a touchdown. I was responsible for that touchdown, not the Notre Dame team.

The second bit of startling information I conveyed to our boys was this: this man Chamberlin was left-handed. I told our boys when he licked his fingers he always forward-passed. When he did not lick his fingers he always ran. What happened? Right near the end of the game, the score was tied 13-13. The ball was in midfield in Nebraska's possession. Back it came to Chamberlin, who started off as if on an end run. Suddenly he stopped, whirled and threw a long pass to his right end, who caught the ball and ran for a touchdown. Where was our halfback assigned to cover him? He had seen that Chamberlin did not lick his fingers. Therefore, feeling sure it was to be a run, up he came, with disastrous results to Notre Dame. Chamberlin had crossed us up. *I* lost that game, not the Notre Dame team. The final score was 20-19 in favor of Nebraska.

Carnegie Puts One Over

In the fall of 1926 a scout reported to me that Carnegie Tech was ordinary against West Virginia, which sized up as strong opposition at that time. My plans made it necessary for me to be in Chicago at a Big Ten conference and the Army-Navy game on the day we met Carnegie Tech. Down in Pittsburgh, our boys were prepared for the usual tough battle. They got an unusually tough one. Carnegie Tech had been playing possum for the scout I sent there, holding Harpster, their bright, particular star, under wraps. He cut loose like a thunderbolt against us.

Sitting between Tad Jones and Pop Warner at the Army-Navy game, I received a wire from Pittsburgh. It bore the doleful news that Carnegie Tech had beaten a great Notre Dame team 19-0.

"Too bad," said Pop Warner.

"Tough luck," commiserated Tad Jones.

"Come behind the stands," I invited both, "and give me the kicking I deserve."

But scouting—and the tricks of the trade—work both ways. Last year many Notre Dame enthusiasts wondered why our forward pass game was not very much in evidence. I knew, although ill in bed, that they were scouting all our major games—and we won all of the earlier ones without the pass. That was kept under cover until we met Southern California. Their scouts reported that Notre Dame's pass game was of no consequence. But we completed five long passes that won that game.

So, too—again earlier in my acquaintance with what scouting can do to fool both friend and foe—in 1921 we played exceptionally orthodox football. For a purpose. Our leading opponent was the Army, which believed what its scouts reported—that our game was strictly orthodox. This, in turn, meant that we would follow the rules that guide smart teams and never dream of passing in our own territory. When the Army halfbacks, observing our orthodox game, stayed up to the line of scrimmage, they remained there once too long. Castner, fullback, faked a line plunge but instead the quarterback passed the ball to Mohardt, who shot it forty yards to Kiley, who raced thirty yards through unoccupied territory for a touchdown.

And while scouting has brought me—as it brings every coach—disappointments, I've had valuable tips that helped to win games. In 1924 we learned through the scout route that Carnegie Tech had adopted a man-to-man defense, and that the center, fullback, left halfback and quarter were fast runners. Their right half was a grand blocker but a slow runner. Play during the first half verified all this. So Crowley was sent into the defensive right halfback's territory, where he ran him ragged all afternoon, catching all the passes Stuhldreher sent his way.

Football science has a place for legitimate scouting, just as it has a place for psychology; but where the emphasis is overlaid these by-issues of the game defeat their own ends. Really, the thing that is wrong with scouting is the word scouting. I suggest that in its stead we use the word research, or, as it might better be defined—the making of every game a football clinic. Everybody in every game is interested in what others do with it, especially when those others are future opponents at the game. When scouting is done over and above board, and one school announces it will have an official representative to see a public exhibition by another school, we all know where we stand. Then there can be no innuendo that there was secret scouting, spying or other betrayal.

We are all curious as to what our competitors are doing. The city editor of the New York Times is most interested in the first edition of the Herald-Tribune. The grocer on one corner wants most to know what his rival on the other corner is going to sell certain lines at; physicians in a community are most eager to know what new therapeutic apparatus some professional brother is introducing and department store heads are persistently inquisitive as to what their competitors will have a sale in next. So research men are continually finding out what additions to scientific knowledge are being made by other research men—and increasing or improving the discoveries of others.

Why should not this same process prevail in football?

A Coach's Best Assets

Naturally, a coach's ingenuity in improvising new plays is part of his assets. He can't patent his inventions, but he should be protected by mutual trust. Really, there are no new plays any more than, in humor, there are any new jokes. All are variations of old principles—but it is in the new touch, in the novel ways of performing old plays, in new deceptive tactics applied to old routines, that the surprise element, which is the best stuff in football, is to be found.

The most loyal support a coach can have—support he should cherish and hold—should come from the student body. When the coach knows his business that support is never failing. Faculty may criticize, alumni may criticize, newspapers and neighbors—but never have I heard the student body criticize in either victory or defeat.

Yet of late there has been detected a tendency, especially in élite schools, to substitute social life with caste implications for athletic prestige and campus

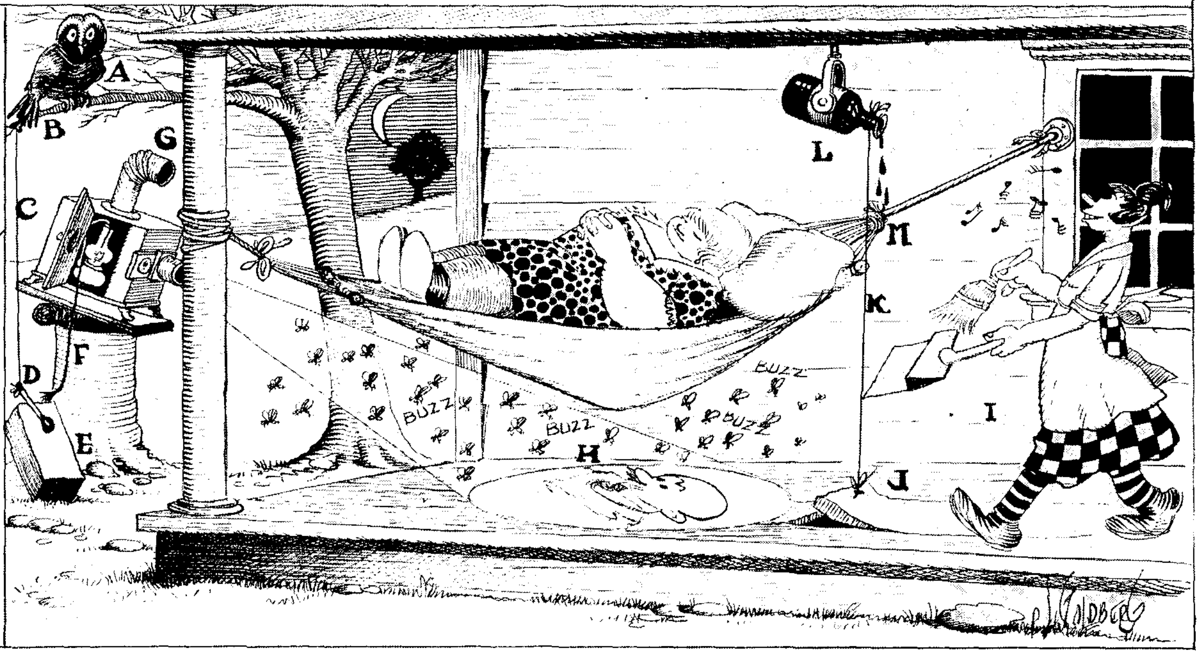
(Continued on page 31)

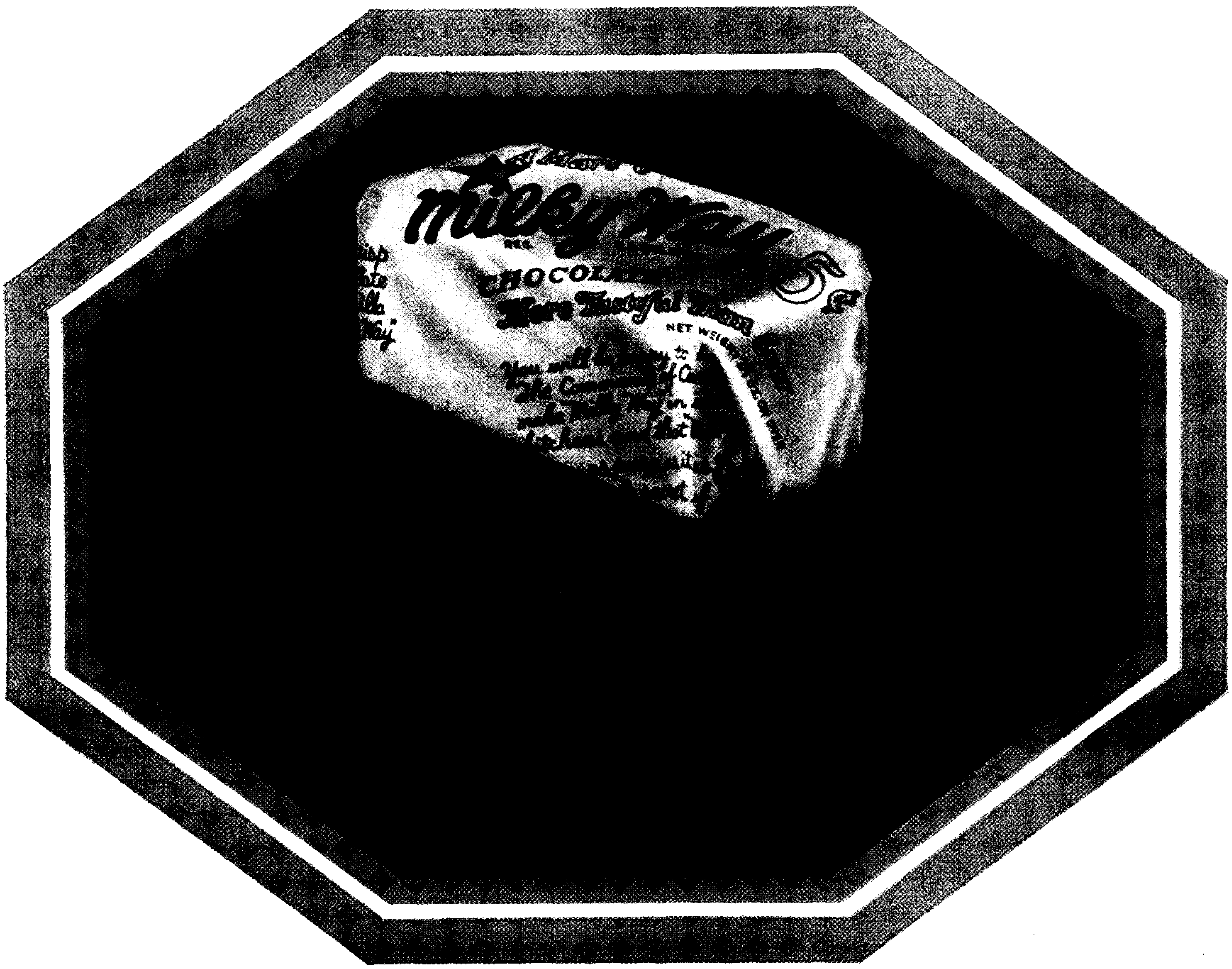
The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

PROFESSOR BUTTS GOES TO A CHIROPRACTOR AND, WHILE DOUBLED UP IN A KNOT, THINKS OF A PATENT WHOLESALE MOSQUITO-DESTROYER. OWL (A) FLIES AWAY INTO THE NIGHT CAUSING BRANCH (B) TO VIBRATE AND PULL CORD (C) RUBBING MATCH (D) AGAINST BRICK (E). AS MATCH LIGHTS FROM FRICTION IT IGNITES FUSE (F) WHICH LIGHTS LAMP IN MAGIC LANTERN (G) AND THROWS PICTURE OF BALD HEADED MAN (H) ON FLOOR OF PORCH. HUNGRY MOSQUITOES SEEING BALD HEAD GATHER FOR A BANQUET AND BUZZ SO LOUDLY THAT HIRED GIRL (I) THINKS SOMEBODY IS SAWING WOOD. SHE RUNS IN WITH DUSTPAN TO SWEEP UP SAWDUST AND STEPS ON LOOSE BOARD (J) WHICH CAUSES STRING (K) TO UPSET BOTTLE OF ACID (L). ACID EATS INTO ROPE (M) CAUSING IT TO BREAK. HEAVY OCCUPANT OF HAMMOCK CRASHES ON MOSQUITOES KILLING THEM WHOLESALE.

OF COURSE, THIS WILL NOT DO FOR DAYLIGHT MOSQUITO-KILLING AS THE OWL WILL NOT FLY AWAY UNTIL EVENING. A FEW MOSQUITO BITES DURING THE DAY WON'T DO ANY HARM BECAUSE YOU CAN GET PLENTY OF EXERCISE SCRATCHING THEM.

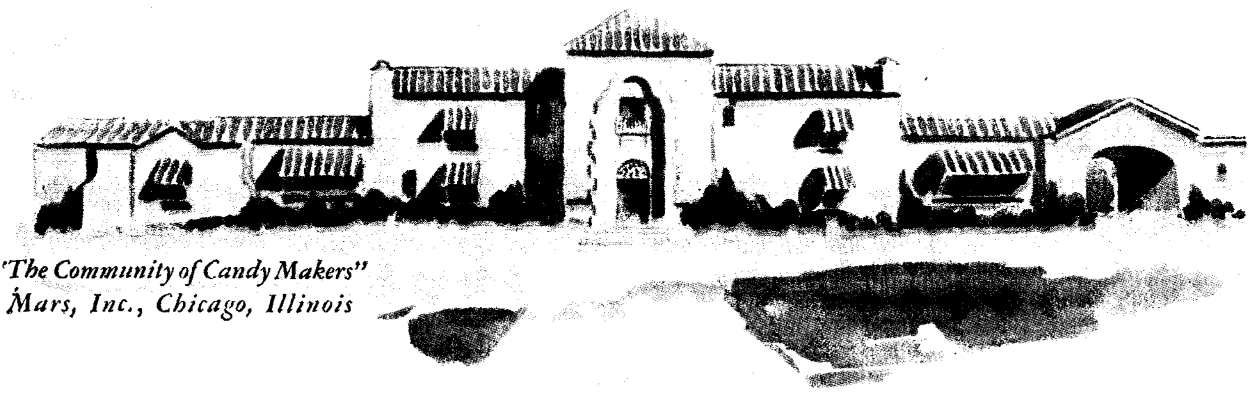




MOTHERS, if you saw how it is made, you would *insist* that your children eat only Milky Way whenever they crave candy. Of course, no insisting really is necessary, because it is already the outstanding favorite of children as well as grown-ups. Everyone is quick to recognize that there's something unusual in its goodness; a satisfying taste that only *quality* can give.

How spotlessly clean... those sunlit kitchens of "the community of candy makers." And how wonderfully wholesome those ingredients... among them whole milk, malted milk, soft creamy caramel (that can only be made from pure, fresh cows' milk) and *real milk* chocolate.

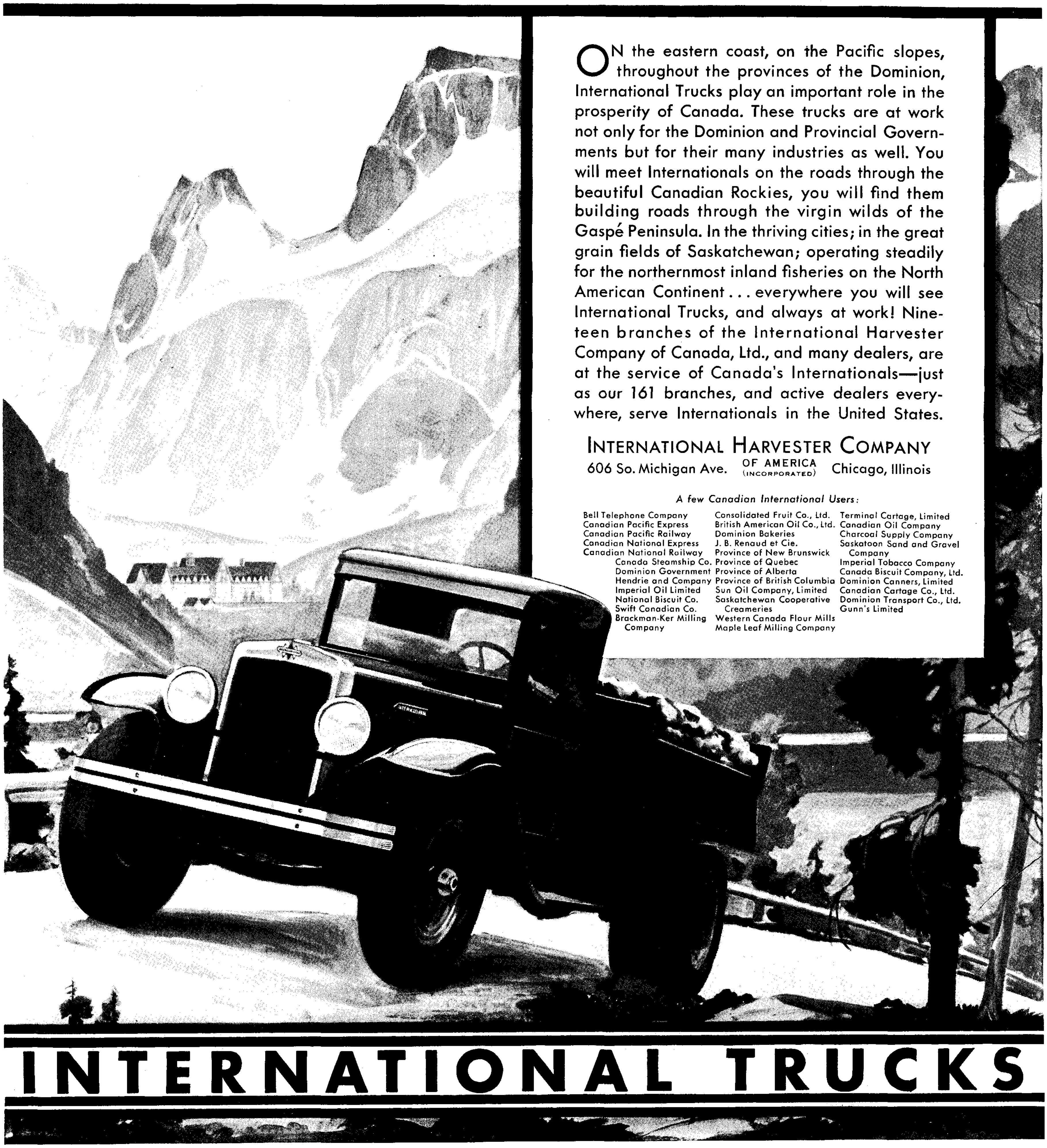
Is it any wonder that the quality tells in the taste? Is it any wonder that it not only *tastes* good, but really *is* good? Imagine how good one would taste right now!



"The Community of Candy Makers"
Mars, Inc., Chicago, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL

Canada, like the U.S.A., Uses Internationals Everywhere



ON the eastern coast, on the Pacific slopes, throughout the provinces of the Dominion, International Trucks play an important role in the prosperity of Canada. These trucks are at work not only for the Dominion and Provincial Governments but for their many industries as well. You will meet Internationals on the roads through the beautiful Canadian Rockies, you will find them building roads through the virgin wilds of the Gaspé Peninsula. In the thriving cities; in the great grain fields of Saskatchewan; operating steadily for the northernmost inland fisheries on the North American Continent . . . everywhere you will see International Trucks, and always at work! Nineteen branches of the International Harvester Company of Canada, Ltd., and many dealers, are at the service of Canada's Internationals—just as our 161 branches, and active dealers everywhere, serve Internationals in the United States.

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INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

Coaching Men

Continued from page 28

activity—a movement led by lounge lizards.

Several years ago out at Notre Dame a group of mezzanine-floor high hurdlers presented as their candidate for president of the senior class one of the nicest boys that ever appeared on a campus. So nice, indeed, that whenever I met him I never knew whether to kiss him or slap him. The opposing candidate was a campus leader, not an athlete, but a real he-man mentally—an orator, debater and a hard worker in many extracurricular activities. But he waited table. The pretty boy won in the election and Notre Dame had gone cake-eater.

To meet this situation, at the football mass-meeting the following fall I announced that Notre Dame, in harmony with the spirit prevailing on the campus as evidenced by the senior election, would pursue a new football policy. As the result of this policy, I said, Notre Dame would play their highly respected rival Northwestern as usual, in 1935. However, I added, you boys will be alumni by that time, and those living far away and picking up the morning paper the day after the game, to read about it, will turn, not to the vulgar sporting sheet—oh, my, no—but to the society column. And the account will be somewhat as follows:

Baffling Old Bickerdash

"Receiving at fullback for Northwestern was M. Bickerdash Pix III, of the famous North Shore family. The entire Northwestern team was gayly clad in purple-mauvette tunics, and about the waist was a white girdle with a Louis XIV buckle.

"Kicking off for Notre Dame was T. Fitzpatrick Murphy, who is better known to his cronies as Two Lump, as he always asks for two lumps of sugar in his orange pekoe. The Notre Dame team also presented a striking appearance with their green shirtwaists and their headgear resembling a woodsman's toque. Giving a very neat appearance without being at all gaudy was the fact that their hip-pads were trimmed with georgette. Hanging from the necks were pendants, lavalliere type, on which was engraved the motto of the university: 'Fight fairly but furiously.'

"Precisely at two-thirty the referee, dressed in regulation costume of plus fours and crêpe de Chine blouse, blew his whistle. Two Lump met the ball squarely and sent it soaring down the field right into the arms of Bickerdash, who, catching it, brought it back five, ten, fifteen yards before he was tagged by a deft tag on the shoulder by Nouveauriche Gilhooey, the Irish left end. Northwestern lined up and tried three running plays to no avail. Notre Dame's tagging defense was impregnable. So, on fourth down, old Bickerdash dropped back from a kick formation and sent a long spiral soaring sixty yards down the field to old Two Lump, who was tagged right in his tracks. He couldn't move.

"Then, as Notre Dame took the offensive with the ball, they found, to their dismay, that Northwestern was just as clever at defensive tagging as they were. As a result neither team could gain at all, so all throughout the first half a punting duel resulted between old Two Lump and Bickerdash, neither gaining any advantage. Between halves both teams had tea.

"Up until within about five minutes of the end of the fourth quarter it looked as though it were destined to be a tie game, which, you know, is so unsatisfactory.

"Suddenly out of rhythmical gavotte, a sort of a hidden-ball evolution, old Bickerdash broke loose and went streaking up the sidelines with a clear field to the goal-posts. The Northwestern stands were mad with pandemonium; but in the Irish stands was deathly stillness because it looked like sure defeat for Notre Dame. But they failed to reckon on the resourcefulness and resiliency of mind of old Two Lump. Now when Two Lump, who was back playing safety, the last man on defense, saw Bickerdash streaking towards the goal line and no one there to stop him, did he give up and become panicky? Not old Two Lump. With a *savoire faire* for which he was justly famous, he cupped his hand and he called in a loud clear voice that could be heard all over the amphitheater:

"'I say, Bickerdash, old thing, there's a terrible run in your stocking.'

"Imagine the intense embarrassment and mortification of poor old Bickerdash. What could he do to hide his discomfiture but drop the ball and sneak away to the clubhouse, and the game was saved."

This story had the effect I hoped for, of restoring the normal balance in our masculine democracy, so that today while social events have their place they are not paramount and the old school continues to turn out men of culture, character and courage.

Next to faculty and student support, I'm strong for alumni enthusiasm.

About the biggest job any coach has on his hands is to take alumni enthusiasm and put it into right channels—to curb, for example, the zealous alumnus who takes it upon himself to visit the presidents of important schools and demand to know why they do not include his Alma Mater in their football schedule. The head of a great Eastern university once wrote me asking what he should do with such a fellow. I wired him forthwith:

"Throw him out."

Towards the sempiternal alumnus who follows the team wherever it goes, pursuing its star players with a fervid friendliness, the coach must be more charitable. Notre Dame has several of these perpetual college boys on its roster of fans. One I know makes it his life work to follow the team. In a game once, remarkable for the verbal hostility leveled at our players, it didn't look as if we had a friend in the place, when suddenly a raucous voice began a series of yells that let us know our alumni were not unrepresented. This one-man cheering section shouted so prodigiously that he won over a large number of neutrals and before the end of the game we were in possession of a lustily vocal proportion of the spectators.

The Old Grads Growl

This chap was a blessing. I have known alumni to be the opposite. When we played Indiana a few seasons back, it was hard going. The game should have been easily won, if comparative scores in past games meant anything—and, as a rule, they don't. But the Indiana boys, to their credit, were handily winning. Sensing the loss of this annual game, the Notre Dame team stiffened and we managed to squeeze through with a touchdown victory.

It seemed to me to be an occasion for rejoicing at the banquet following the game—which turned out to be one of the hardest-won victories on any of our schedules. I observed, however, that a few alumni at the dinner were anything but elated. Making inquiries I learned that these old grads had made considerable bets to the effect that their old school would win by at least three or four touchdowns. This was confirmed by the growlings of some of the disappointed gamblers.

When they called upon me for a speech that night, the boys got one. I was bristling, and, I fear, laid into those inconsiderate chaps with a vehemence that shocked them. They were reminded that boys who went on the gridiron and gave the best there was in them were entitled to better than money support. It didn't add to the harmony of the occasion; but it provided one fine chance for one coach to do what at some time or other every coach would like to do—put the gamblers in their places.

Angling for Support

With the old grads and the neighbors, the coach must build good will for the benefit of his team. It's fatal to high-hat the people of the community where the school is located. Accept the support of Rotary, Kiwanis and the rest—they provide a background of enthusiasm which is bound to inspire the players. And welcome criticism.

I make it a rule never to take criticism too seriously. Walking into a barber shop a day or two after a game, especially a game in which we've been defeated, it takes the edge off everything to bow to the assembled barbers and customers and ask jovially: "Good morning, how are all the coaches today?"

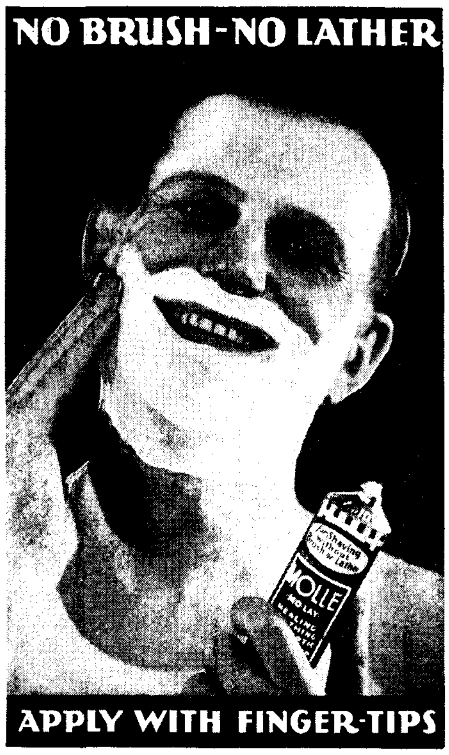
No matter if the fans are alumni, neighbors or just plain customers at the gates, they seem to like bigger and better scores. For my part, they'll get the best games that can be given by the material in hand. But it is folly to pile up scores at the expense of weak opponents just to gratify the vanity of followers. It's unfair to the opposite team and to one's own players. A game won by a point is none the less won, and better to watch than a one-sided contest.

I have found that the best relations prevail when opposing teams are treated with scrupulous fairness. When they lose they appreciate not being martyrized to make a football holiday, and when they win there's nothing they admire more than an utter absence of alibis on the part of the defeated college and coach.

But in football, as in everything else, it's impossible to please everybody. Bask in the sunshine of a winning schedule, a difficult schedule—and those are the only schedules worth while, for "buffer" or rest games induce a letdown that, in turn, brings casualties—or win your way through a half dozen tough assignments, and just as you are congratulating yourself on results some busy soul is preparing a brickbat to aim at your lifted head.

Some day there will be an exhibit in some American museum. It will be the forlorn figure of the coach who pleased nobody. And next to it will be another—and more forlorn exhibit—the preserved remains of the coach who tried to please everybody.

Another article by Mr. Rockne, Gipp the Great, will appear in Collier's for next week



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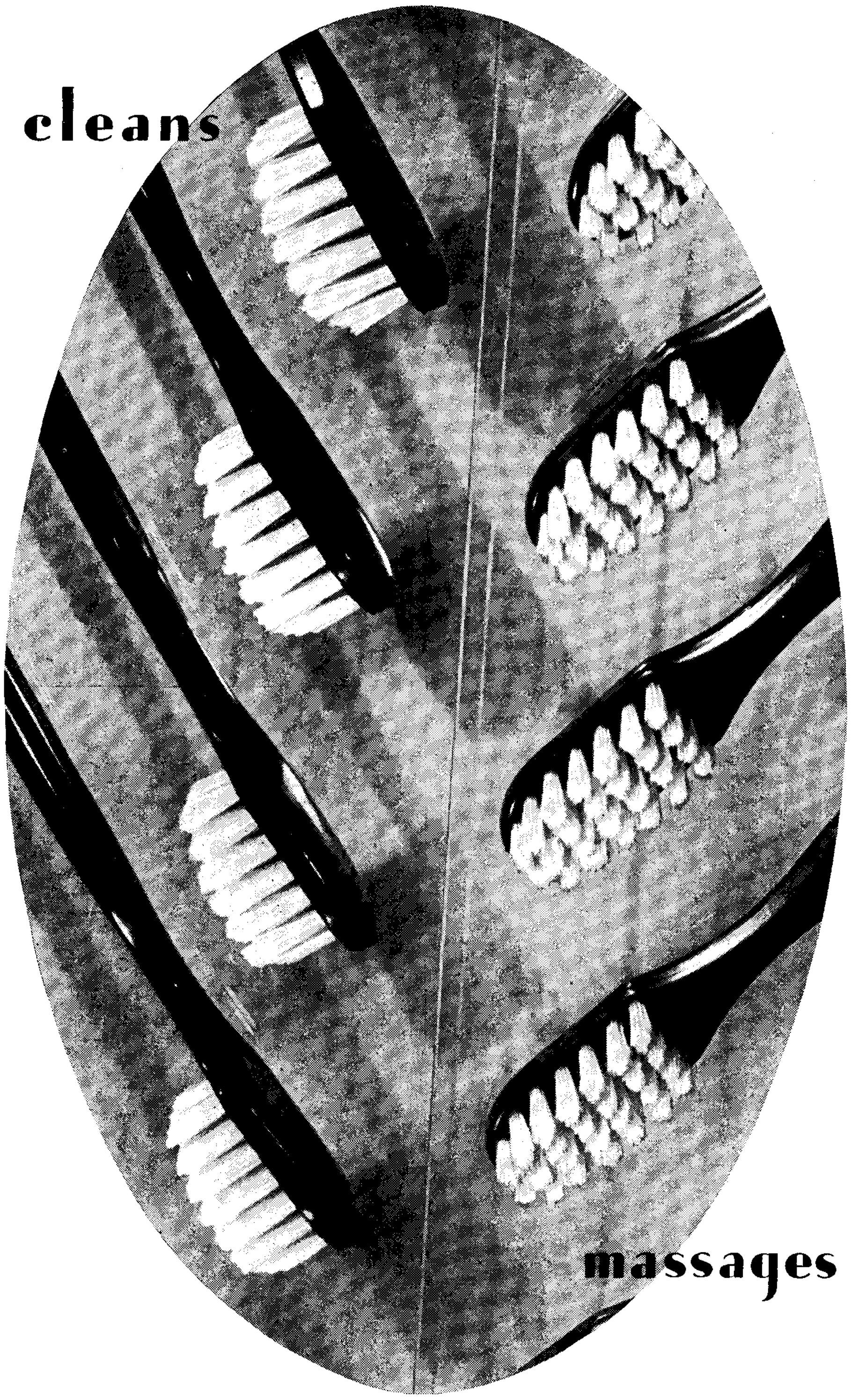

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Tek
the modern
TOOTH BRUSH

The Gold Barrage

Continued from page 26

selection of camp sites. But they had, and now they were forced to rush General Leonard Wood all over the country selecting sites.

"One of the first things we did was to grant a sum of one hundred million dollars to be spent by President Wilson at his own discretion. This encouraged other officials to ask for huge blind sums for their departments. I remember a rebuff given to Secretary of War Newton D. Baker, who wanted $50,000,000 but finally was willing to take only $5,000,000. However, blind appropriations ended with that to the President.

When Time Meant Lives

"This ability of ours to draw upon great credit sometimes blinded us to the value of time. Even President Wilson himself, with his vast knowledge, made one big mistake of that kind:

"We appropriated at first six hundred million for airplanes. What we should have done was to send off for blue prints of the war planes which our Allies were making, and set to work to produce them in American factories. But for some reason President Wilson got it into his head that our Allies' planes weren't good enough. He insisted that we create a new war plane, new from wing to engine. He imposed this enormous task upon an amazingly able group of experts. But, meantime, we might have been building thousands of the planes devised by our Allies, which were good planes, built on a basis of war experience and constantly improving.

"Consequently, we spent hundreds of millions—which *wasn't* the main thing—and almost a year and a half—which *was* the main thing—devising an airplane which never reached the front.

"When we went into the war we had no plants for taking nitrogen from the air and there was a time when one third of all our ships—sorely needed elsewhere—were devoted to carrying nitrate from Chile for gunpowder. That's why we built the dam at Muscle Shoals, and the nitrogen-making plant.

"We built a whole town for the manufacture of poison gases and in the fall of 1918 we had an enormous supply of the deadliest of gases ready to ship. But practically none of it ever reached the front. Too late. Then, because that gas was so deadly and so useless in times of peace, we had to appropriate many more thousands of dollars to have the whole lot *taken out into mid-Atlantic* and sunk.

"And now, the matter of these doughboys who trained and trained—and trained, but never got to France. The war ended with them still training—experts at bayonet practice, gunnery, drills, poison-gas routine and all the rest, as finished soldiers as any nation on either side could show. Here's how that happened. It was another mistake in the time element.

"We didn't have enough ships to move all our own troops, and Great Britain needed her ships for carrying food. Herbert Hoover said England was only eight weeks distant from starvation at any one time.

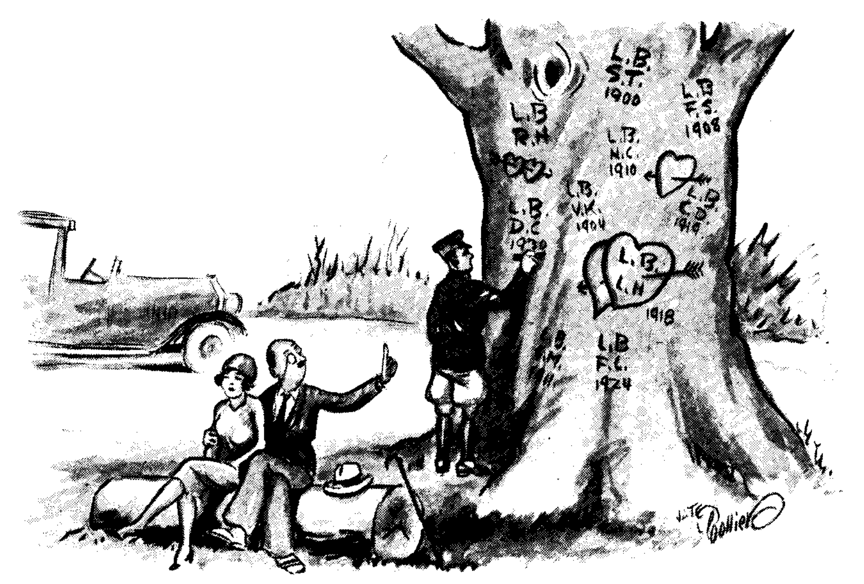
"The Battle of Amiens, in the spring of 1918, changed the situation. The enemy broke through and it looked as if the Channel ports were about to fall into his hands, separating France and England. It was then Haig announced, 'We are fighting with our backs to the wall.' The British were desperately frightened and turned a great fleet of erstwhile food ships toward the United States. With my own eyes I saw ninety-six British ships in the roadway at Norfolk. We had to fill those ships with American troops as quickly as possible, for they had to get back to food-carrying or Britain would be starved.

The Price of Ships

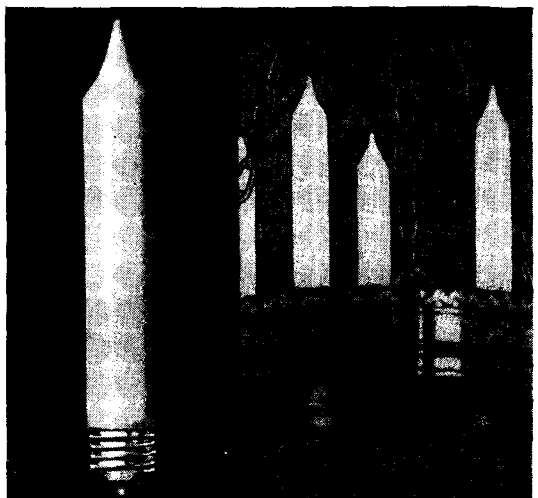
"We didn't have time to send off to Texas or other interior points for soldiers who had been training for long months. We didn't have railroad facilities to face such a crisis. Every hour was precious. So the soldiers, trained or untrained, nearest the seaboard were piled into those food ships.

"We had to take steps to correct that situation. Ships were the only means. Our government decided to build its own ships, believing that the price of $80 a ton offered by the United States Steel Corporation was too high. Well, we had first to build yards, towns, plumbing, lighting, pavements, all living conveniences and facilities for thousands of employees. At last we got to the actual building of the ships. When we got through, the ships had cost us—not $80—but from $250 to $300 a ton!

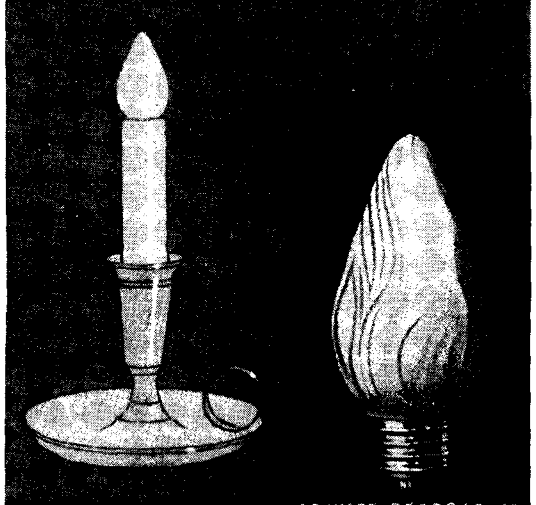
"There are mighty fleets of those ships rusting away today in the Potomac and Hudson Rivers. There they are, aces we never had to use because the other fellow knew we had 'em, and gave up the game. But if we hadn't had 'em—"



"Ah, yes, Hawkins, put two hearts and an arrow under it"

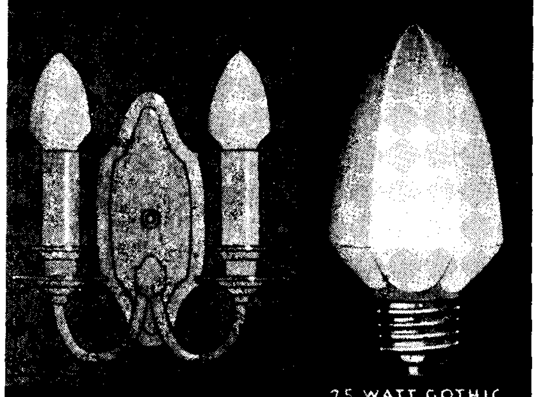


25 WATT CANDLE



25 WATT DECORATIVE

25 WATT MODERNISTIC FLAME



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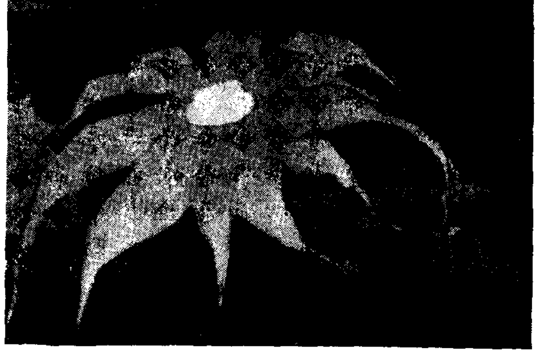
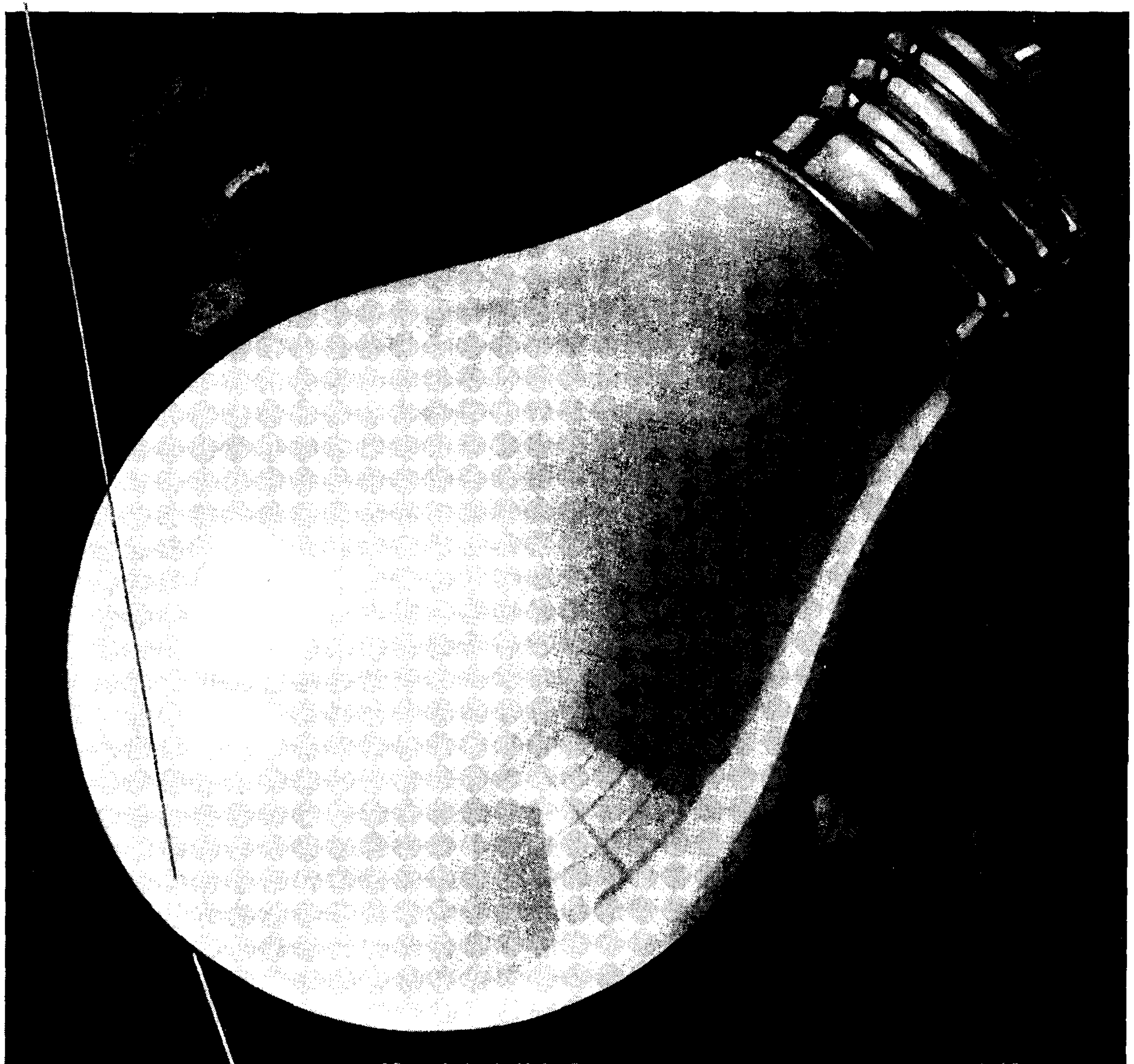


MAZDA—NOT THE NAME OF A THING BUT THE MARK OF A RESEARCH SERVICE



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LIGHTING, most inexpensive of all decorative effects, is by far the most important. For less than the cost of even the most inexpensive piece of furniture *an entire home* may be transformed from the dull and the drab and the commonplace into a dwelling place where tired nerves relax . . . where old furniture takes on new beauty and added charm . . . where hospitality and cheer beckon like an outstretched hand and a warm smile of welcome.

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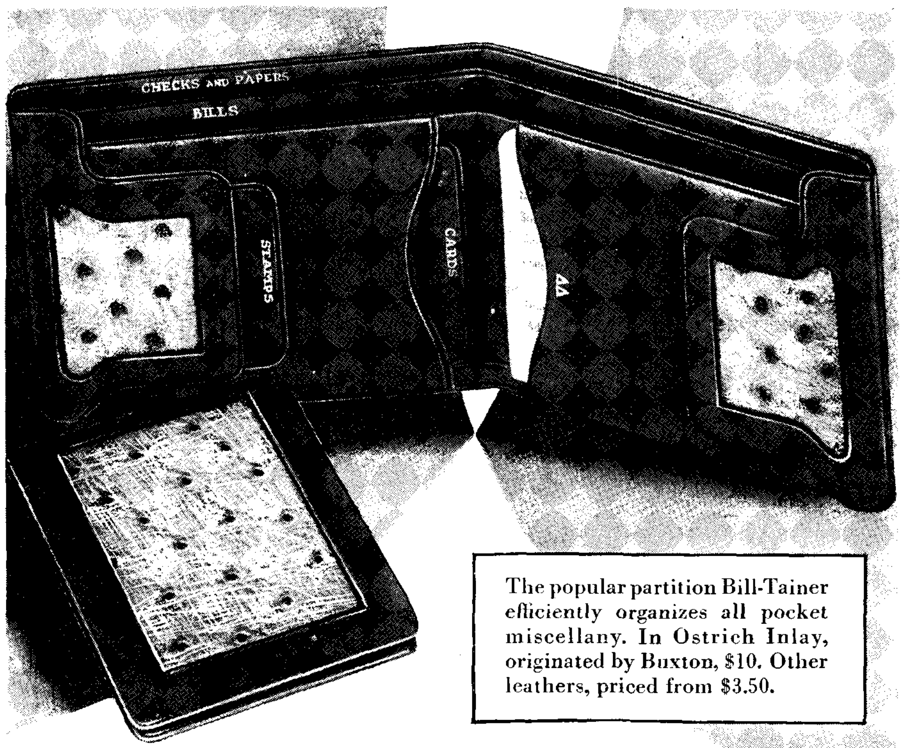

The popular partition Bill-Tainer efficiently organizes all pocket miscellany. In Ostrich Inlay, originated by Buxton, $10. Other leathers, priced from $3.50.

Choose either style

for a long-wearing billfold . . . without a stitch to rip or tear

The One **is distinguished by capacity without clumsiness . . .** ***The Other*** **has the smart new "cutaway" pockets . . .** ***Both are made without a stitch to rip or tear!***

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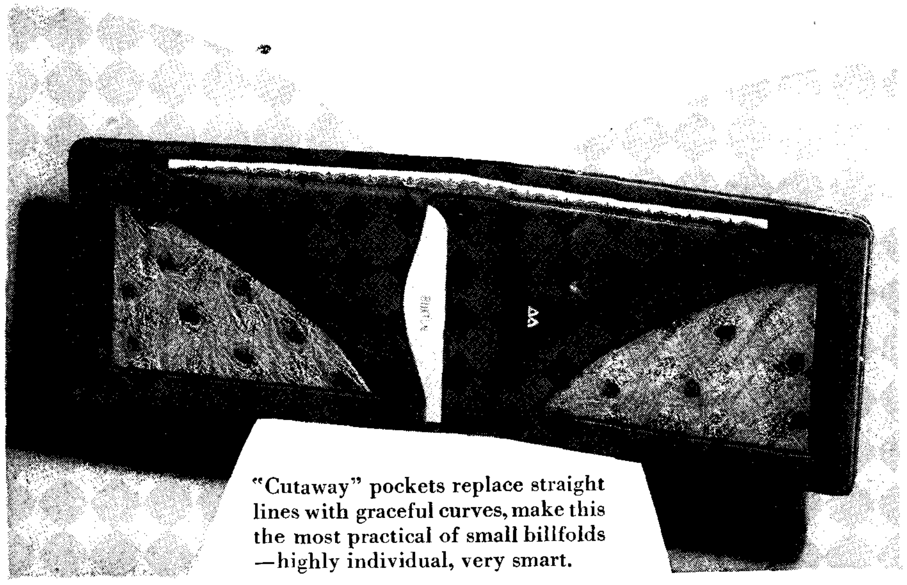
And this folding construction permits the Bill-Tainer to expand freely. Empty or full, it is always flat and shapely.

In several styles. In the staple leathers, and some handsome new ones, $2.50 to $15. At most dealers', or write Buxton, Inc., 510 Main Street, Springfield, Mass.



"Cutaway" pockets replace straight lines with graceful curves, make this the most practical of small billfolds —highly individual, very smart.

Buxton

New trade-mark identifies the genuine Buxton Bill-Tainer

BILL-TAINERS

Not a Stitch to Rip or Tear

A Lot on the Corner

Continued from page 9

soapsuds and sorrow. Restlessness overcoming him, he took his putter from the bag and looked at it fondly. It was a brass putter and it gleamed hopefully in the afternoon sunshine, as though half expecting a bit of action, and Ben presently strolled out to the vacant lot that was still his property, if the bank hadn't taken some complicated legal step.

He found a semi-bald spot back near the alley and knocked the ball around listlessly, hitting against small pebbles, roots and defunct food containers and stirring up a cloud of dust. In disgust he went for the garden hose and sprinkled freely. In the morning, having nothing better to do, he ran a lawn-mower over the ground and knocked down the taller weeds. He bought some seed warranted to grow grass that would stay green and with a bread knife from the kitchen he dug a small, round hole and chucked in a tin can that had once housed salmon. Again he telephoned to that sterling life-saver, Doctor Johnson, who was trying to make a shut-in of him.

"Doc," he said firmly, "I have been making a little sort of putting green on the lot next to my house. It'll be all right, won't it, if I putt on the lot next door to my own home?"

The doctor thought it over.

"Well," he said grudgingly, "if you will confine yourself to putting, I can see no harm in it. Go ahead."

"It's a good thing you said that," Ben returned, "because I was going ahead anyhow."

The first green on the vacant lot came along hopefully and, having nothing better to do, Ben seized the mower and smoothed another spot.

"My putting," he said, "has always been terrible and now I shall get to be a great putter."

The grass came up timidly, knowing that, as vacant-lot grass, it had no standing in the community, but Ben refused to wait for it. He commenced putting while it was still baby grass and his life was no longer an intolerable bore. Passers-by lingered to gaze at the gray-haired fellow, busily intent upon his pastime, and on a sunny afternoon he looked up at the sound of a voice.

"Hello, Alice," he said, grinning.

"Hello, Ben," she returned. "What kind of tomfoolery is this?"

"I'm putting," he said. "And I'm getting good, too." Then he told her about his heart—and *why* he was putting.

THEY chatted as old friends will and Ben admitted that the amusement world was struggling along without him and that apparently he was done as a maker of entertainment for his fellowman. As he gossiped he continued to putt at the can with the grave absorption of the expert who realizes what a true art putting is.

"I'm on the side lines, too," Alice said with a grimace. "Too old for the movies and too proud to beg. You wouldn't believe that I haven't had even an extra's job in three months. The trouble is there are too many women in the world and they all seem to be young and beautiful."

"Well," said Ben, "I made two hundred pictures in my day, and that's a life work. There remains still the matter of eating and a roof over the head. But you'll have plenty of jobs, Alice, for you are a first-class actress."

"You are a first-class liar, Benjamin, but a good friend. What are you doing with the little ball? That is the silliest game I ever saw a grown man play."

"I told you I was putting, didn't I?" Ben demanded indignantly. "Putting is the most difficult part of golf."

"All you do is knock it into that little hole. Any simpleton could knock a ball into an open hole. Why don't you make it more interesting; that is, if you have to do it at all?"

"Interesting! My good heavens, woman. It is interesting. It's fascinating. And, anyhow, what would you do, with your woman's clear intuition?"

"Well," Alice answered thoughtfully, "why don't you put something in front of the hole, so the ball can't roll in so easy?"

"If you think it's so easy," countered Ben—nevertheless, there began then one of the first conferences in history with regard to how a person could make putting a more interesting spectacle.

"Why not dig a little ditch here," Miss Walsh suggested, "so you would have to roll the ball into it and out again?"

"Alice," said Ben severely, "you cannot change the game of golf."

"You're not playing golf. According to your own admission you are a retired old invalid, leading a quiet life on Mulford Avenue. What has that to do with golf?"

BEN growled, but having the desire to humor a friend, he dug a ditch across the face of the green, and at Alice's suggestion raised the cup, placing it upon a small mound, so that the ball would roll down hill if it missed the can.

On her way down to the corner store the actress stopped, looked on and applauded, and in time the neighbors began to betray signs of interest. They desired to know what in the world those two people were doing with that vacant lot. Across the street was a firehouse with red doors and shining trucks that back-fired. Firemen have time for anything, especially matters they do not understand.

"What is this?" demanded a veteran smoke-eater, a fire-extinguisher named Gilfoy.

"I used to know what it was," said Ben. "But I don't now."

"Let me take a whack at it, will you?" requested Mr. Gilfoy, having no fires that morning, and taking hold of his first putter, using nothing but the nozzle grip familiar to all firemen, he knocked the little ball. A near-by fireman said anyone could see Gilfoy was without skill, took the putter away from him, and tried his hand. Ben walked into the house and came forth with three rusty putters. A small and not very intelligent crowd assembled, the same people that gaze into excavations where a steam-shovel is at work. The second day's crowd was larger than the first and it was Alice who thought of adding two or three more greens, as the bystanders seemed interested.

"Let's hire a carpenter," she said to Ben, and the first carpenter was thereat employed to help put in holes on what was becoming, unsuspected by any mortal, the first peewee golf course.

"Dang if they don't seem to be interested," Ben said incredulously, staring at the pioneer peewee fanatics.

"And I will tell you something else, Ben Bissell," cried Alice, whose enthusiasm was rapidly mounting. "They'll pay money to putt."

"Who will?"

"All these people."

"Don't be foolish, Alice. Whoever heard of anybody paying money to putt?"

(*Continued on page 37*)

WHIZ GOLD BAND ANTI-FREEZE
(DISCOVERY)
WOULD HAVE SAVED THIS SALESMAN'S DAY

Whiz Gold Band is the unique and perfect formula for anti-freeze!

No boiling away
No evaporation
No high cost
Perfect protection

While many anti-freeze solutions evaporate or foam away, Whiz Gold Band Discovery stays right on the job all winter long to protect you from the trouble pictured above—trouble which threatens every car when cold weather comes. *And Whiz gives this complete and care free protection on 1 economical filling!*

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Play safe. Protect your car with Whiz, the *best known anti-freeze in the world to those who are careful of their cars.* Drive to your nearest dealer now. Buy with equal confidence from the drum or from the can. Get the plus protection that Whiz Gold Band gives!

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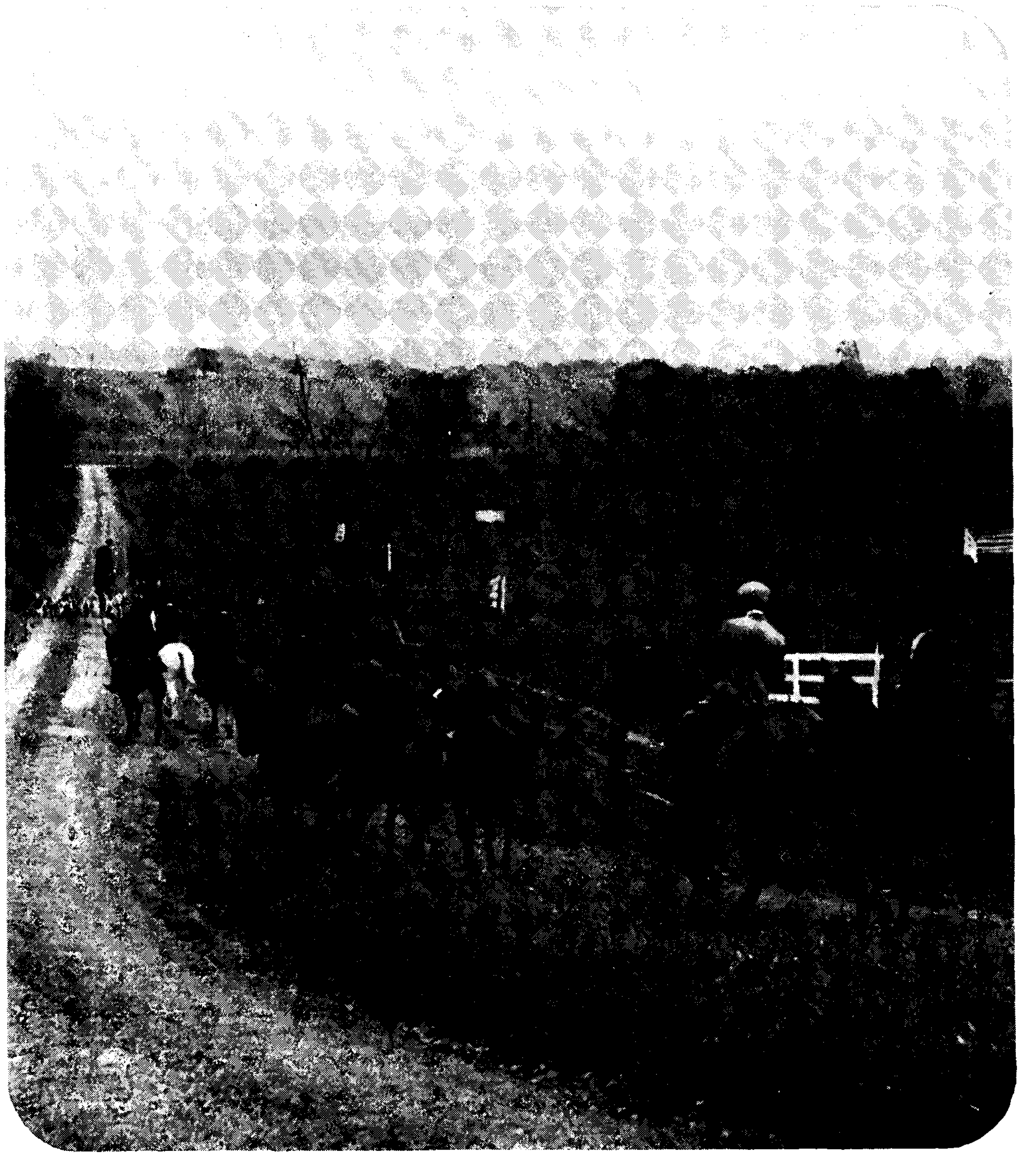
Whiz Gold Band (Discovery) Anti-Freeze is Certified by the Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory

Hounds to their Kennels . . . tired Horses to the Barns

. . . Now happy Sportsmen will Live over each Moment of the Run



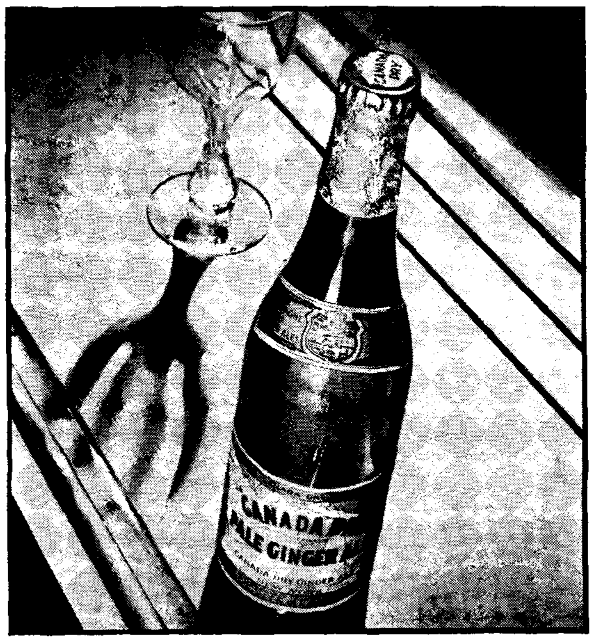
ACROSS the fields they rode, over meadow, jumping brooks, through woodland . . . eight miles of galloping in the keen autumn air . . . eight miles of danger and taking a chance . . . eight miles of sport . . . and after they found, then they bore the brush in triumph back to the club house, living again each moment of the day.

These are fox-hunters. These are sportsmen. These are the sort who find that matching quality of sportsmanship, basic excellence, in their favorite beverage, "Canada Dry," the Champagne of Ginger Ales.

With good reason they find basic excellence, for this fine old beverage has won the approving nod of connoisseurs the wide world over. Its very foundation is "Liquid Ginger"—which we make from selected Jamaica ginger root by a special process. This process is exclusively controlled by us and, unlike any other method, retains for "Canada Dry" all of the original aroma, flavor and natural essence of the ginger root. Rigid laboratory control assures uniformity, purity and highest quality. A special process of carbonation conserves its sparkle long after the bottle has been opened.

Such a marvelous beverage is the favored one in many places . . . London . . . Paris . . . New York . . . the Houses of Parliament at Ottawa . . . and in countless homes throughout this country and Canada.

Its zest brings pleasure to any occasion . . . its graciousness, like that of an accomplished hostess, makes itself quietly but surely felt. Its inimitable flavor adds distinction to Thanksgiving dinner. Order "Canada Dry." The Hostess Package of twelve bottles is a convenient way always to have it on hand.



HAVE YOU TRIED — ?

Canada Dry's Sparkling Orange. A remarkable new carbonated orange drink. Made from pure fresh orange juice, and containing the natural fruit pulp—a true orange beverage. Ask for it where you buy "Canada Dry."

Canada Dry's new Golden Ginger Ale. Never before have you tasted a golden ginger ale with such a marvelous flavor. The secret of its delight comes from an exclusive process of beverage making. Buy it where you buy "Canada Dry."

"CANADA DRY"

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

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A Lot on the Corner

Continued from page 34

"They're interested, aren't they? You can tell that by the way they stand and comment. People will pay for anything that interests them."

"Shucks," said Ben. "Not one of them is a golfer. Look at them. Look at the old ladies present—old ladies and old gentlemen, with nothing to do."

"Like us," murmured the actress. "But no matter. Even if they are old, they can putt, can't they?"

The employed carpenter was Al Hayes, and Al was a fellow of versatility and ideas. When it slowly penetrated his understanding, he bubbled with proposals, many of them grotesque and horrible to Ben, but attractive to Alice Walsh.

BEN walked around the corner and surveyed the scene, a busy one. Al was working.

"What is the doghouse for?" Ben asked, looking at the rapid construction of what was clearly a small dog's residence.

"It isn't a doghouse," Alice explained. "It's a hazard. On this hole you will have to putt through it in order to fall into the cup. Isn't it cute?"

"Heck," said Ben, only he used the grown-up form of that childish word.

"It isn't as easy as you think," Alice informed him. "Take a putter and try it."

In another week Ben Bissell decided to abandon his former ideas, take a hand actively, and put in five small holes, each with its set of obstructions. Mr. Hayes was a plain lunatic about obstructions and personally suggested a wooden bridge on the third hole, over which the ball bounded upon its holeward course. When the layout was ready, Ben hired a youth to stand on Mulford Avenue with putters in his arms.

"How much ought we charge?" he asked the faithful Alice.

"Twenty-five cents," she replied instantly, hoping it was a sensible suggestion; and that became the opening price. On the first day the putter boy took in forty-six quarters and that many inquiring souls batted their way around Ben's homemade amusement park, which was very crude and foolish-looking, the same as the first steamboat. On the second day more investigators took putters by the handle and after beholding for three days Ben ordered Carpenter Hayes to round up two stonemasons and a man with a rake, and walk down Mulford Avenue five blocks to a point where Ben owned another vacant lot, a corner.

"It might catch on down there," he said.

"It surely will catch on," Alice encouraged, and the two of them stepped into Ben's Number Four car—the one Charlotte had left him—and hurried into town to talk with a concern that supplied persons with gravel, earth and seed. A nine-hole course was begun, with Al running things and already beginning to regard himself as not a carpenter at all, but an architect and designer of amusement for the human race. Meantime, Course Number One, with its five blowsy holes, was doing a fair business, nothing to boast about, but still enough business to show that the traffic was there if it could be uncovered. The firemen putted free, because they lived across the street and were in at the birth.

The bank then called Ben on the telephone. The same man spoke, the man with the pleasant voice and the bad news.

"What about it?" he asked, intending to start out immediately and sell another of Ben's empty properties.

"Hey," said Ben in some excitement. "You lay off, will you! Never mind disposing of any more of my real estate, because I'm doing something. I have a new business under way and maybe I will pay off you Shylocks down there."

"What sort of business?" the bank man asked coldly, knowing Ben.

"Putting," Ben said loudly.

"Pardon me," said the man. "Doing what?"

"Putting," Ben repeated. "Hitting a ball with a small stick."

"Are you trying to spoof an old-time banker?" asked the distant voice.

"All right," Ben replied testily. "Don't believe me. Go on over and look at my lot on Mulford and hire yourself a putter. I took in seventy dollars last week. You think I'm a liar, don't you?"

"Certainly," agreed the man. "Nobody is going to pay seventy dollars to putt."

"That's what I thought," Ben admitted. "Remember what they said about Christopher Columbus? Don't sell any more of my lots, because I'm going to use them."

The financial institution agreed to postpone action and see if Ben was joking and very soon the second course was ready. Al Hayes did himself proud, assisted by day laborers with shovels and picks. This course contained real sewer pipes, some colored rocks and a group of croquet wickets to impede the progress of the rolling ball.

"Why not put a fence around it?" Ben queried, and a wire enclosure sprang up overnight to keep enthusiasts from sneaking free putts. Ben ordered a neatly printed sign reading: "This Putting Course Will Open Saturday Night," and at the opening at least forty persons were on hand, most of them being the kind that will try anything once.

For the ensuing thirty days Ben and Alice studied the situation and Ben suggested they hire a manager and open an office on Mulford Avenue.

"We're in business now," he told her. "This looks like something."

He had forgotten the weak heart and no longer putted, now that he was enabling others to putt. He dropped in frequently at the bank and that soulless concern glanced through his weekly statement of results and admitted there might be something in the new game.

WHEN the Mulford Avenue office was opened, a sign appeared over the door. It said, in curly gold letters: Bissell & Walsh.

"What's that for?" the lady asked.

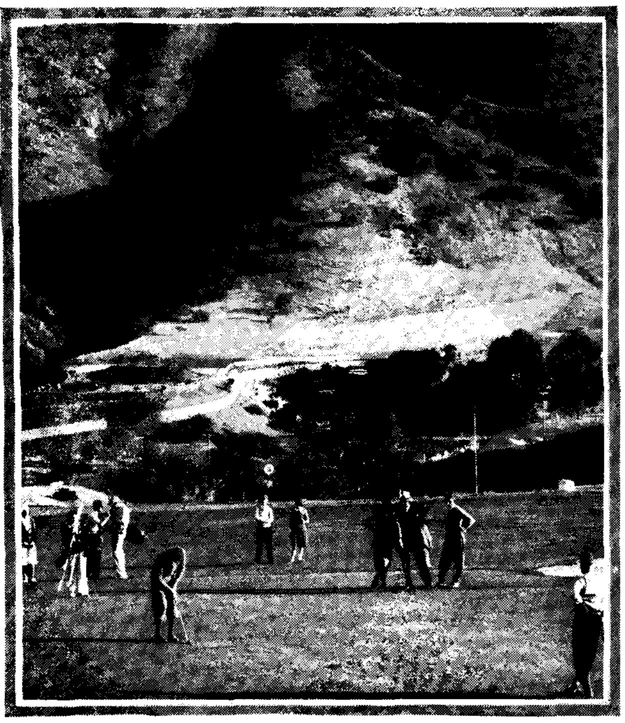
"You began it," Ben said. "Anyhow, you're lucky for me, Alice. I always said so."

"Don't talk nonsense, Ben," Alice replied, but she was delighted nevertheless and the sign remained aloft.

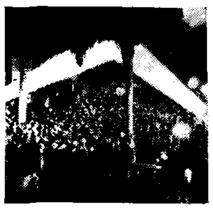
Money came in steadily, not in great sums, but with pleasing regularity, and Ben found himself employing people. He mowed the weeds off vacant lots, turned loose the masons and concrete men and opened Putting Courses Three, Four and Five. Names came later on, but at first they were mere numbers. Our town began to hear about the fool enterprise and to learn that persons were putting golf balls at night beneath electric lamps. Sharp-eyed gentlemen having money to invest looked over the layouts of Bissell & Walsh and went into the peewee golf business at a single

(*Continued on page 40*)

Foreign "color"


Every outdoor sport . . . all winter

The blue Pacific


Gay Hollywood

Oranges and snow-peaks

A desert canyon

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why travelers who know the whole world choose this for their winter playground

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Mile-high mountains close-by, for another kind of play, in scenes of inspiring beauty.

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Over 60 evergreen golf courses . . . every sport in new and thrilling settings.

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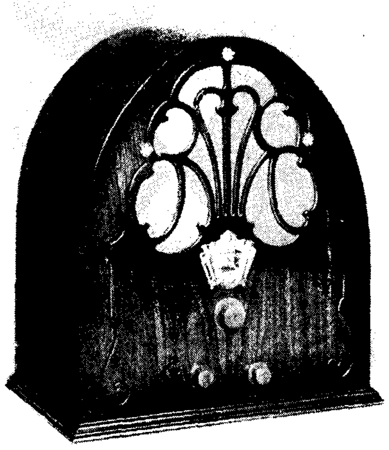

SCREEN GRID BABY GRAND
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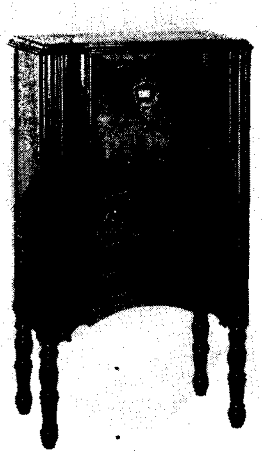

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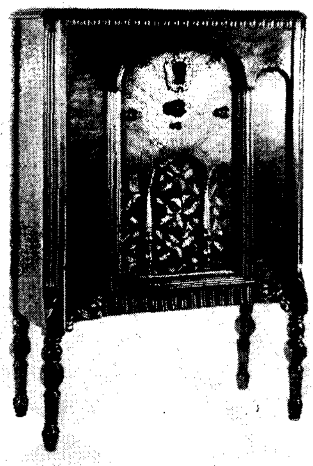

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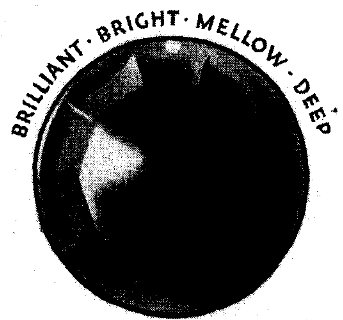

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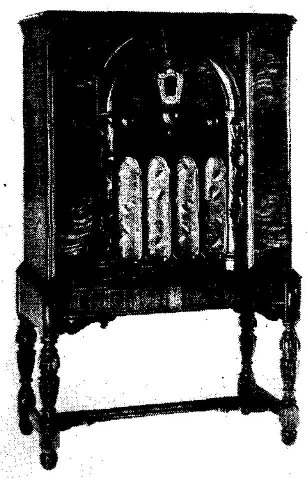
Radio's newest miracle of the air. This button on the front of the set instantly gives the tone quality YOU prefer. It controls *station tone* and also reduces interference noises. "Brilliant," "Bright," "Mellow" or "Deep" shades of tone now at your finger tips



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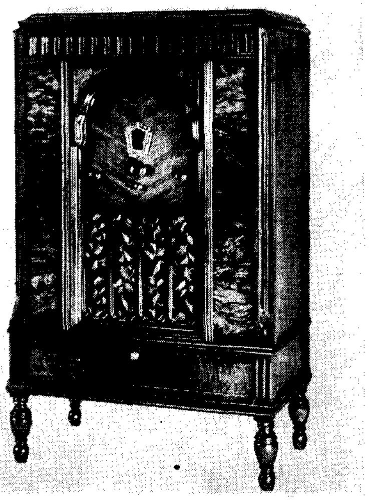

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RADIO-PHONOGRAPH
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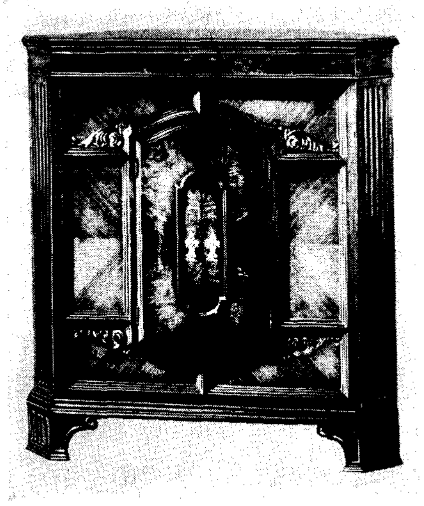

CONCERT GRAND
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SHEER quality—miraculous radio reception—has caused a landslide of popular approval for Philco. By hundreds and hundreds of thousands, the people have turned to Balanced-Unit Philco for this newest and finest form of home entertainment. Today, it is the largest selling radio in the world.

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Leopold Stokowski

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*My name is*____________________
*Home address*________ Street ________ City ________ State
*Business address*________ Street ________ City ________ State

A Lot on the Corner

Continued from page 37

bound. Ben and Alice, having shoals of suitable corner lots and an early start, led the business and their daily receipts increased, slowly at first and then with a rush.

Ben purchased a new blue automobile and insisted that Alice have another like it, being a full partner in a going concern and a busy woman, what with a new course opening every day or two.

Then came the epidemic of bantam golf courses, when it seemed as if every man, woman and child in our town had taken a putter in his hands. In the midst of the excitement, with some saying it was a passing fad and others prophesying a long life, another and unrelated business enterprise cocked an eye to windward and decided that peewee golf might be a very nice game, but that it was not doing the movies any great good.

"We better do something about this," a movie conference determined. "A good many of our customers are now out of an evening chasing a golf ball through a galvanized pipe."

AND among the fretful concerns that looked at vacant seats in their theaters was the mighty Big A Corporation, behemoth of the movie trade, soulless and unsentimental in its dealings with the individual employee. The Big A owned and still owns many, many theaters in our towns and recently a person could drop off to sleep in a plush orchestra chair and not be found for two days. Mr. Merritt is a high-salaried officer with the Big A and earns his high salary by plugging leaks.

"We will have to take a hand in this golf racket," he assured his people. "Who owns most of these blinking peewee courses?"

"Ben Bissell," said a voice.

"Not our old Ben Bissell?"

"The same man. He has little putting joints all over the place and they tell me he's getting rich."

"Then that will be easy," said Mr. Merritt of the Big A. "Let us summon Ben Bissell."

Upon being summoned, Ben drifted into the Big A offices for the sheer pleasure of telling his former employers to go fly a kite and was astonished to learn that the movies yearned to take up a side-line business.

"We'll buy you out, Ben," Mr. Merritt explained.

"You can't do that," said the ex-director. "I have more corner lots than you can shake a stick at and have only scratched the surface of what appears to be the gold-mine business of the era."

"We must go into it," a gentleman said patiently.

"It's a free country," Ben said.

"If you won't sell out, let us buy a half interest in your business," they begged him. "We can then sell our patrons a ticket to see our movies, with a stub on it, and when they finish with the movie, they can go out and play miniature golf the rest of the night."

Ben considered the proposal.

"If you don't accept," they threatened, "we will go into the golf business anyhow and you will have a rival instead of a powerful friend."

"I'll talk it over with Alice Walsh," Ben promised.

"Alice Walsh! What has she to do with it?"

"Oh, nothing," said Ben. "I just like to talk things over with Alice."

This conference took place some time ago, about a week before Charlotte Bissell announced her engagement to a man named Simmons, who owns twenty-two billiard parlors and is spoken of as wealthy. Since the advent of peewee golf a man must be wealthy to keep twenty-two billiard parlors open. The Big A Corporation is now in the miniature golf business, associated with Alice Walsh and Ben Bissell, persons once discharged for good reasons. Ben has two new automobiles and a home in the hilly section where the nice people live. The bank is sitting back and never even thinks of foreclosing on Ben, for his weekly receipts are simply fantastic—all from miniature golf, with a dash of movie money thrown in.

"I always said you were good luck for me," he told Alice recently, pausing on Atlantic Avenue to watch a crowd stand in line and hire putters for a round on the Shady Pastures Golf Links, where the price is thirty-five cents a whirl.

Alice looked pleased.

"And I have been thinking of something else, too," he mused, while Alice continued to smile.

"What is it, Benjamin?"

"I have that large house up there on the mountain, and it is too big for a person to live in alone. There must be sixteen rooms in the new house."

"What are you doing?" Alice demanded. "Proposing?"

"Marriage," Ben admitted. "I am not a frightfully romantic soul, but I do like you, Alice. I admire you beyond words and—"

"And you would hate to lose your lucky piece."

"No. Not just that. But—but—"

"I will consider a proposal of marriage," his partner said gravely. "If your intentions are serious and honorable, you may proceed."

He did so.

One hundred thousand excited citizens in our town played at peewee putting the night Ben Bissell asked Alice to have him, weak heart and all. Two hundred new golf balls were batted out of bounds and lost forever beneath passing automobiles or retrieved by bright-faced lads, who disappeared immediately. Twenty thousand happy wives knew exactly where their husbands were that evening, for lo, there they were, socking the little ball down a felt flume between rails of new concrete, or waiting with ill-concealed impatience at the sixth hole while doddering old dames essayed in vain to roll the pill up a green hillock into a hole no larger than a sugar bowl.

ALL over the glorious United States of America is heard the chastened hiss of the golf ball rushing along green highways of felt and the statistics daily grow more huge and unreliable.

Every twenty-four hours a new dinky links blossoms forth and another unsightly lot loses its For Sale signs and becomes a cheery garden spot, blazing with lights, brilliant with yellow and orange awnings, overstuffed chairs for the weary, radio harmony, beautiful ladies in evening gowns and damsels squealing with delight over a first hole-in-one. Our town is behaving like a middle-aged spinster who suddenly has decided to be a gay thing.

Last Sunday's paper gave two pages to the peewee epidemic and contained an interview with Mr. Ben Bissell, to whom it referred as the Peewee King. In one corner was a handsome portrait of Ben, with a border drawing showing twenty thousand maddened fanatics crashing into a dinky links with putters raised, and upon each countenance the eager glow of people who have found something new to do.

"RHEUMATISM OF THE GEARS" IS A MIGHTY EXPENSIVE DISEASE!

Take your gritty Summer grease from the gear box now. Prevent trouble . . . save money. Get Winter Grade Whiz before icy weather arrives!

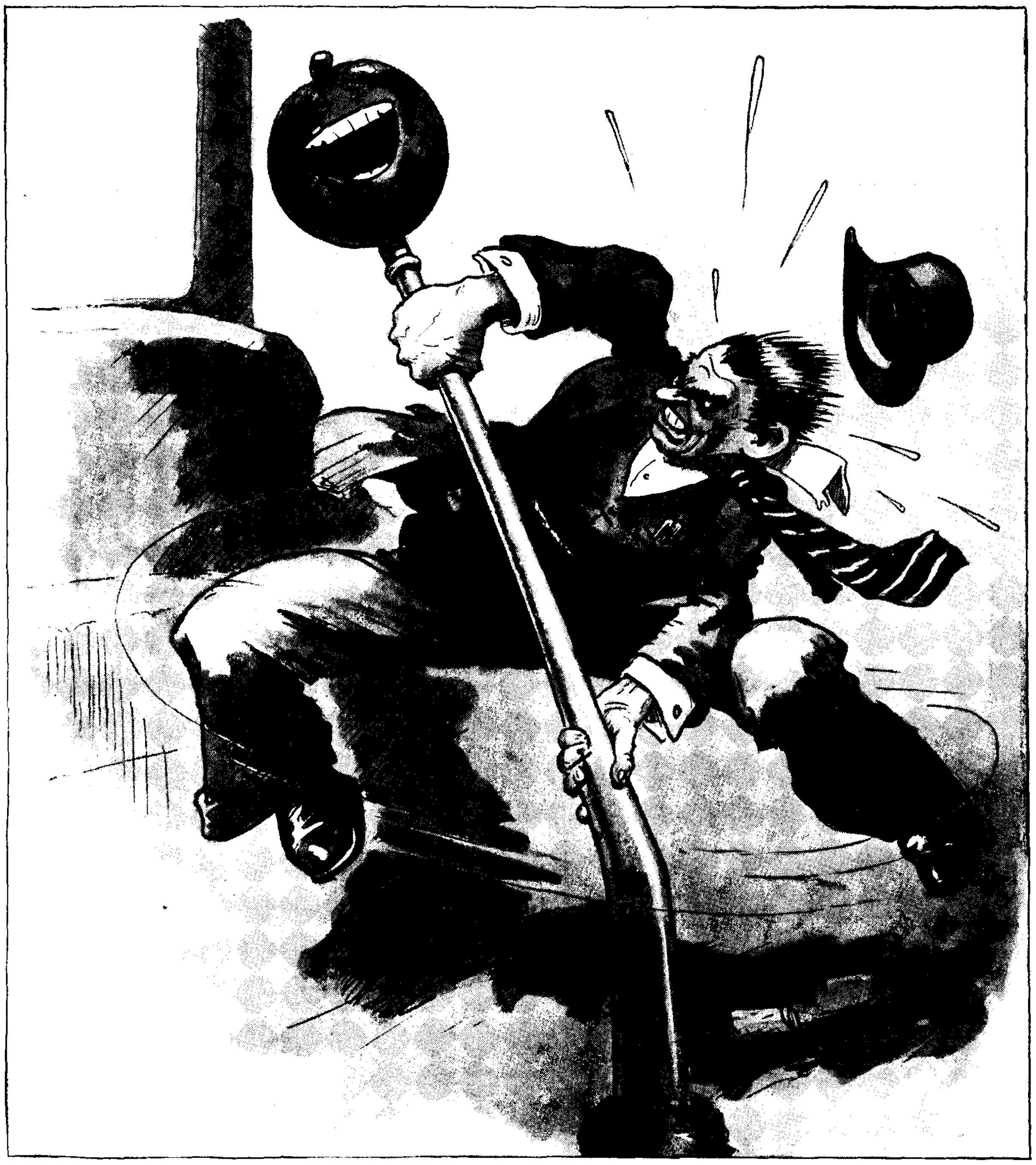
SUMMER driving has given the grease in your gear box a terrific beating. Right now it's laden with grime—and the first icy blast will chill it to a thick, hard mass that causes noisy, gnashing shifts and brings on "rheumatism of the gears!"

To try to save money by using old, frazzled grease may cost you a $100 or larger repair bill. For badly lubricated gear boxes and differentials cause 40% of all major repairs. Have your gearing checked, cleaned and flushed right now . . . before cold weather comes. Fill your gears with soft, soothing Winter Grade Whiz—and your car will perform like new!

"Rheumatism" robs Horsepower and runs up Repairs!

Bad gear grease in your transmission or differential can cause serious and costly damage . . . *particularly in cold weather.* For gears that are already badly off with heavy grit-encumbered summer grease are hampered even more when winter chills and hardens that dirty residue.

That's the way "rheumatism of the gears" starts. Faulty grease congests the gears and their balky operation puts a strain upon the engine and may cause a loss as high as 40 out of 100 horsepower.



Don't be a gear wrestler all Winter long. Make them meek and manageable with Winter Grade Whiz Lubricant!

Free Flushing Days at Whiz Stations!

Most good garages and service stations handle Whiz and are offering free flushing days now! They'll clean your gears and differential while you wait and fill them up with Whiz . . . the richest, creamiest Gear Lubricant in the world. No charge for the *service.* You pay only for the gear lubricant.

Whiz won't let power waste away. For on the coldest days Whiz starts to flow the instant the gears start to spin. With Whiz Gear Lubricant "rheumatic gears" are out of the question.

Whiz Gear Lubricant is made as carefully as the very finest motor oil. If we charged $5 a pound we could not make it any better. Unlike cheap grease Whiz contains no *tar* or *rosin*, *pitch* or *asphalt.* It doubles the service of cheap greases, and because it does so, it guards your gears and differential for 5,000 miles.

THE R. M. HOLLINGSHEAD CO., CAMDEN, N. J.
AND TORONTO, CANADA.

Whiz

GEAR LUBRICANT

"Higher, Father, higher! You won't let me fall!"

Health! The glorious ability to laugh and be happy even when the world throws you further than Dad used to!

What is the easiest and safest way to gain it?

Clean inside-well outside!

and they look it!

★

© 1930 Stanco Inc.

THIS business of being *well,* which is the thing that makes life worth living, is not as difficult as most people make it. According to the doctors, the rules for most of us are few and simple: eat, exercise, and sleep right; keep yourself internally clean.

Doctors pretty well agree that (barring germ diseases) most illness and headache, most drowsiness and lack of pep and ambition, most cases of seeing the world through blue glasses generally, are due to failure or inability to keep "clean inside." One famous British physician goes so far as to say "auto-intoxication (the self-poisoning that goes with this failure) is perhaps the most important factor in the production of disease."

Just as the doctors agree in blaming this condition for most of our sickness, so they agree also on the safe way to relieve it—keeping clean inside by the Nujol type of treatment. Crystal-clear Nujol is not a medicine at all. It contains no drugs. It is not absorbed, and therefore *cannot* make you fat. It is colorless and tasteless, and children love it.

The tonic effect of Nujol on the whole body is due to the way it helps you without the weakening effect of drugs. As Nujol is harmless as pure water, many doctors advise taking it as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face. Why? Because it's common sense that if you keep as clean inside as you do outside, you *increase your chances* of keeping well—and therefore happy—all the time.

Nujol

Nujol
Nujol

health

Two things you have to remember if you want to enjoy "Nujol health." One. Don't expect results overnight. This is nature's own method, and nature is never violent. Your body will respond gratefully and normally, and day by day you will feel better as this soothing treatment takes effect.

Two. Be sure you get Nujol. Your druggist has this pure and drugless product in a sealed package, trademarked "Nujol" to protect you.

Here's a way to get a result you know is good for you, without using drugs you know are bad for you. It may make all the *difference in* your life between success and failure, between happiness and unhappiness. Why don't you try Nujol, and begin tonight?

An Exercise for Business

Continued from page 11

there is today. Banks hold money, corporations hold money, the people hold money. That is the trouble, the money is held instead of circulated. A beautiful system of piping, a plentiful supply of fluid, but the whole mechanism fails to function for want of the pumping power of publicity to tell the world of our better goods, lower prices and greater service. I have strong sympathy and support for any sound plan to reduce the choppy action of business and promote greater smoothness and steadiness of growth. No purpose could beckon more imperiously. But I have especial interest in the use of advertising as this sorely needed governor of business. Advertising requires no novel mechanism. All the apparatus is available. Though it is capable of illimitable improvement, the fundamental principles of advertising are clearly established; its practice is a well-known art. The basic cause at which the jobless should shake their fists is not that too few mills are running but that too few advertising campaigns are running.

Help Yourself!

One proposed plan for reforming bad times is to increase public works. That policy is wise. The need, however, is not merely for works but for workers; and the way to make people work is to arouse wholesome desires through worthy advertising. Another proposal is to slash prices to make a national bargain day. Advertising, however, should make every day a bargain day, through quantity prices resulting from the greatest merger we can imagine—the merger of mass production and mass consumption.

By advertising I do not refer to "cheerio" copy proclaiming a nonexistent prosperity, but advertising to sell existing products. Don't advertise that red is black until advertising has turned red into black. Each business man, it seems to me, can best promote national welfare by upbuilding the business which he knows best—his own.

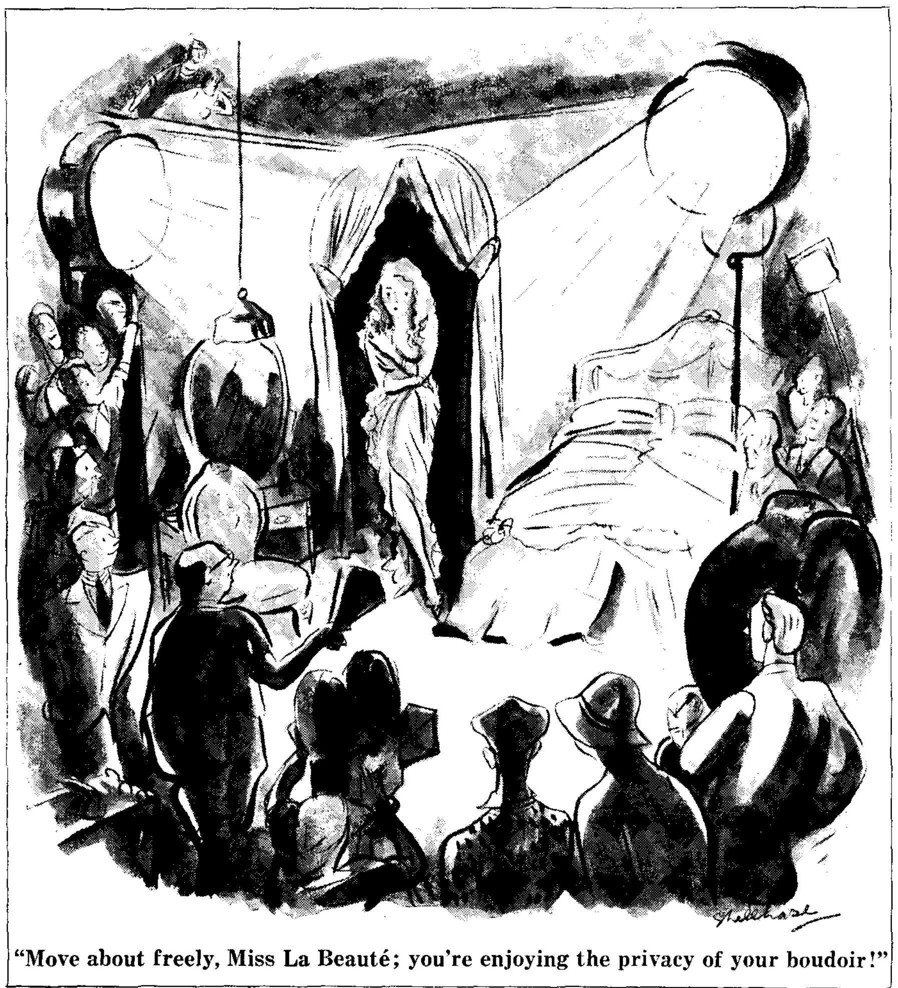
Not from any high-flown altruism but with their own skins at stake the public ought to give their most effective support to advertisers of true mass production and mass consumption. Almost my first word on the subject was to limit true mass production and mass consumption to products of merit contributing to the lasting welfare of society, produced at maximum wages and sold at minimum prices. This means patronage of the best advertisers.

For advertising pays only as it pays the public. A consuming public that would not back up a program along these lines would be devoid both of social responsibility and intelligent self-interest. It has not been my experience and observation that the American consumer is deficient on either score.

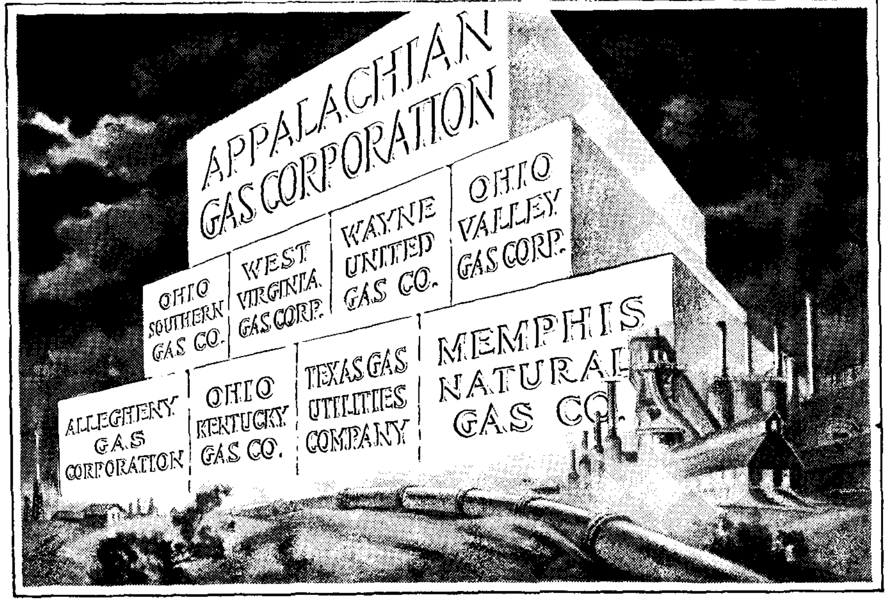
Of course the country will eventually revive from the hard times of 1930 as it has from similar spells in the past. Let us not overlook, however, the new element in our latest depression; namely, the grief that attends mass production without mass consumption. Here is a novel factor and one that may yet prove to be of major importance. It may well temper any easy assumption that we shall pull through somehow if we trust to luck. I prefer to trust to giving good measure—and advertising.

As one who has studied business depression in life rather than in libraries, I see in current conditions the call for advertising. It is the way out from the present situation; it is our hope of making mass production our economic salvation instead of the dynamite that may wreck the works.

If you don't like such conditions as we have been going through, you need not *grope* for the way out. The exit is plainly marked. I urge the public to help speed up the circulation of money—and thereby help themselves.



"Move about freely, Miss La Beauté; you're enjoying the privacy of your boudoir!"


APPALACHIAN GAS CORPORATION
OHIO SOUTHERN GAS CO.
WEST VIRGINIA GAS CORP.
WAYNE UNITED GAS CO.
OHIO VALLEY GAS CORP.
ALLEGHENY GAS CORPORATION
OHIO KENTUCKY GAS CO.
TEXAS GAS UTILITIES COMPANY
MEMPHIS NATURAL GAS CO.

Eight Growing Natural Gas Companies

form the foundation for investment in

APPALACHIAN GAS CORPORATION

IN the Appalachian Gas group are eight growing companies, each of which, in proportion to the investment of Appalachian Gas Corporation therein, forms a keystone in the corporation's capital structure.

Companies in the Appalachian Gas Corporation Group include Ohio Southern Gas Company, West Virginia Gas Corporation, Wayne United Gas Company, Ohio Valley Gas Corporation, Texas Gas Utilities Company and Ohio Kentucky Gas Company (the foregoing being subsidiaries) and Memphis Natural Gas Company and Allegheny Gas Corporation (in which substantial minority interests are owned).

Each of these companies has a well-defined and constantly enlarging market. Except in one instance, they produce the major portion of the gas they sell, purchase the balance and transport the gas through their own lines to their respective markets.

Long term contracts with important public utility and industrial companies which hold an important position in the country's economic development afford to the companies in the Group an assured market for the major portion of their product. The Corporation is in an especially favorable position to benefit from the steadily increasing demands resulting from the opening up of new markets for natural gas. Such basically important factors provide an investment appeal peculiar to no other comparable industry at this time.

Circulars describing the securities of this Corporation will be sent upon request.

P. W. CHAPMAN & CO., INC.

42 Cedar Street
NEW YORK

115 West Adams Street
CHICAGO

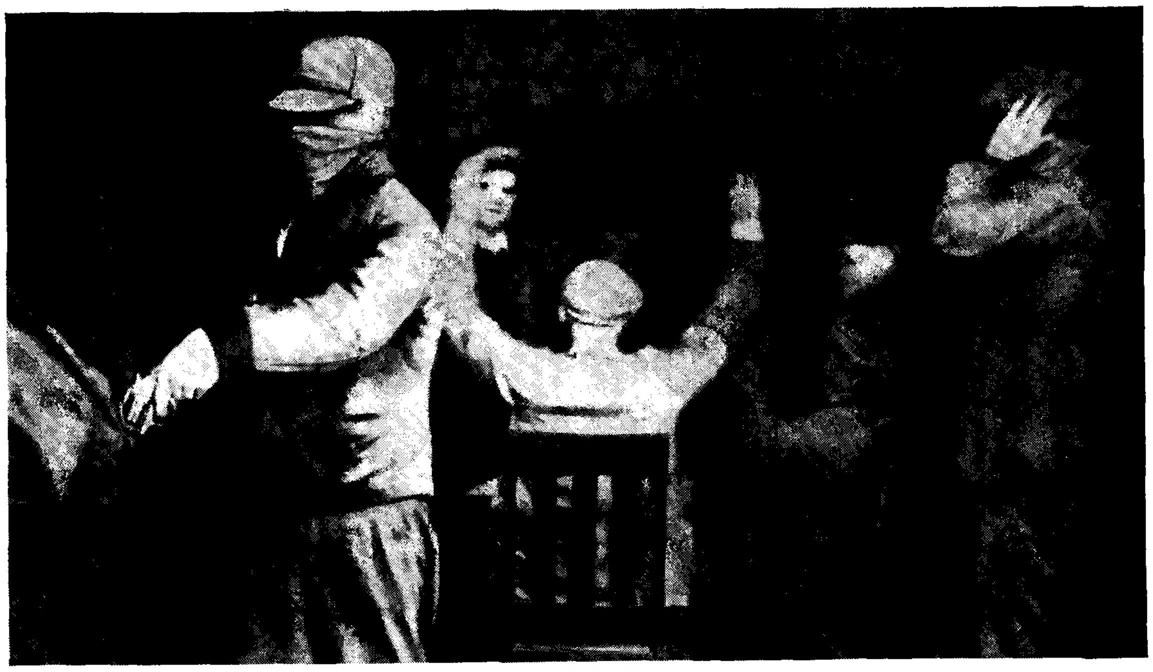
Minneapolis New Orleans San Francisco Los Angeles Seattle
Grand Rapids Cleveland Portland, Me. St. Louis Portland, Ore. Pittsburgh

Highlights *and* Shadows

36 WANT MEMPHIS WAIF . . . Three hours after the Memphis Press-Scimitar came off the presses with this picture of Little Orphan Frances, 36 people called to adopt her. It is just one of many pictures taken by the Press-Scimitar's specialist in child snapshots, Charles Schneider.

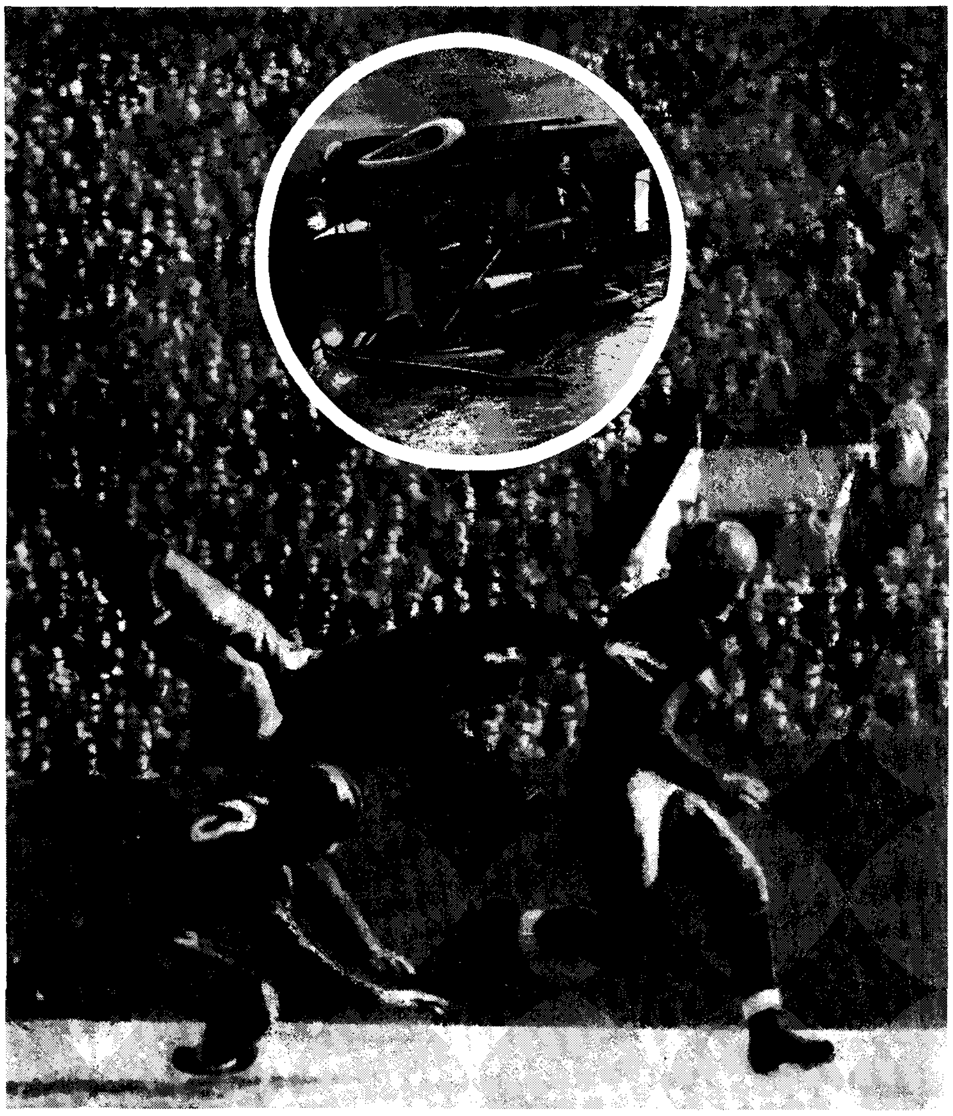
17,000 MILE GOOD-WILL TOUR . . . Directors of the Pan-American Reciprocal Trade Conference wanted to invite South American leaders to the meeting in San Francisco. Reporter Arthur Caylor (***right***) of the San Francisco News offered to deliver the invitations. Traveling entirely by air, over established transport lines, he covered 17,000 miles, visited 78 cities in 27 countries; virtually circumnavigated South America before returning.

(*Below*) **DIG FOR LOOT, UNCOVER $300,000 . . .** The President of a big business institution was in dire straits. A confidence man offered a way out. The president trusted him; turned over $300,000 in cash. The swindler skipped. But Pittsburgh Press reporters trailed him; forced a confession. Then, with picks and shovels, they became treasure hunters. The $300,000 turned up where the confession promised. *Below*, the successful loot-prospectors at work.



CAMERAMAN SNAPS "STICKUP" ARTISTS AT WORK . . . "Get out of here!" said the gang leader to Cameraman Oetterman of the Evansville Press. "Me nor none o' my mob gets photographed, see? And if we do . . . well, better look out!" But Oetterman trailed them to a roadside restaurant. There, through a rear window, he saw a holdup going on. He opened his lens, dropped a cigarette in the flashlight powder, grabbed his plate and ran. Eight bullets from pursuers pierced his car before he got to safety. But that same afternoon this picture appeared.

in Gathering the Day's News



PLANE DOWN, CAR SMASHED, BUT HE GOT THE PICTURE! . . . Cameraman Fred Bottomer, Cleveland Press, had a lot of luck the day Pitt played Ohio State. But most of it was bad. First, he hired a plane to get him to the game. It was forced down in a cornfield. Then he commandeered a car. It went into the ditch. Somehow he got there . . . and back. This epic action-shot appeared with the full story of the game . . . and Bottomer went off to the hospital for 3 months with a wrenched back and serious internal injuries. *Above at left,* Fred himself. *Above at right,* Fred's commandeered car.

(*Right*) **WASHINGTON BREADLINE WASHED OUT** . . . There hadn't been a breadline in Washington for 30 years. People wouldn't believe this one existed. A Washington News reporter, dressing the part, joined it, wrote it up. Offers of jobs began to come in. Came in faster and faster. Washington's breadline shortened . . . soon disappeared entirely.

BACK of nearly every great newspaper story . . . there is *another* story. The story of a reporter or a photographer who refused to quit under fire. The story of a staff-man who got his facts, regardless of personal hazards or hardships.

The personnel files of Scripps-Howard Newspapers are rich in such instances of brilliant individual accomplishments. These stories seldom see the light of print . . . because they are considered part of the day's work rather than the day's news.

Scripps-Howard Newspapers enjoy an unusual degree of employee-allegiance because:

> (1) These newspapers are free from all outside dictation. They are owned wholly from within. Hence they place no barriers on fearless, uncompromising and capable journalistic achievement . . . (2) Their Merit System of Promotion insures rapid advancement to the competent and loyal . . . (3) They give every employee, whether minor or major, a chance to share in the profits of his newspaper.

And when nearly 7,000 Scripps-Howard employees say "My Newspaper" . . . they mean exactly *that!*

SCRIPPS ◆ HOWARD
NEWSPAPERS

MEMBERS OF THE UNITED PRESS . . . . OF THE AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS, AND OF MEDIA RECORDS, INC.

NEW YORK . . *Telegram*
CLEVELAND . . . *Press*
BALTIMORE . . . *Post*
PITTSBURGH . . . *Press*
SAN FRANCISCO . *News*
WASHINGTON . . *News*
CINCINNATI . . . *Post*
COVINGTON *Kentucky Post*
—*Kentucky Edition of Cincinnati Post*
BUFFALO . . . . . *Times*
INDIANAPOLIS . . *Times*
DENVER . *Rocky Mt. News*
TOLEDO . . . *News-Bee*
COLUMBUS . . . *Citizen*
AKRON . . . *Times-Press*
BIRMINGHAM . . . *Post*
MEMPHIS . *Press-Scimitar*
ALBUQUERQUE . . . . *New Mexico State Tribune*
HOUSTON . . . . *Press*
YOUNGSTOWN . *Telegram*
FORT WORTH . . *Press*
OKLAHOMA CITY . *News*
KNOXVILLE *News-Sentinel*
EL PASO . . . . . . *Post*
SAN DIEGO . . . . *Sun*
EVANSVILLE . . . *Press*

NATIONAL ADVERTISING DEPT., *John E. Finneran,* DIRECTOR, 230 PARK AVE., NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • DETROIT • LOS ANGELES • ATLANTA • PHILADELPHIA • BUFFALO • DALLAS

The Man of Tomorrow has
A FACE THAT'S FIT

Tomorrow! When today's youth will be the leaders. Eagerly awaited!

Health and brains these coming men will need. Imagination, too. But health, brains, and imagination best find their reflection in a Face that's Fit!

Today, tomorrow, all through life millions of them will hold the Williams Shaving Service as a staunch ally—Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva.

They'll start their days with the Williams lather—quick, copious, cool. The coolness that comes from a perfect blend of proven ingredients. Without sting, *then* or *thereafter*. Moisture laden. Making blades seem sharper, last longer. Lather for the skin as well as for the beard. For ninety years the Standard lather. "Oh, yes, sometimes they change . . . . *but they all come back to Williams!*"

They'll finish, then, with Aqua Velva, *the* scientific blend for after-shaving. Cool contentment follows in its wake. It makes men glad they have to shave. And it does much real good.

Aqua Velva helps care for tiny nicks and cuts, unseen but there. Tones up. Invigorates. Protects. Conserves the natural moisture essential to a good complexion. *Keeps* the skin all day as the Williams lather leaves it, flexible and Fit.

Let Williams Shaving Service brighten your tomorrows.

Have you tried Williams Shaving Liquid? Very quick. Very Cool. Very new. Ask your dealer!

JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

Williams

SHAVING CREAM——AQUA VELVA

You *can't* lose *this* cap.
Williams Aqua Velva
As a luxurious finishi touch to the shave, sha some into the hand a apply to the *moist* fac
The J.B.Williams Co.
Willia s Luxu Shavi Crea LARGE SIZ
J.B.
HE J. B. WILLIAMS C ASTONBURY, CONN., U.S.

A COUPON—*For the face that would be Fit!*
THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, DEPT.C120,GLASTONBURY, CONN.
CANADIAN ADDRESS: 3552 ST. PATRICK ST., MONTREAL
Send me Free Trial Sizes of Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva. I will use and observe them.
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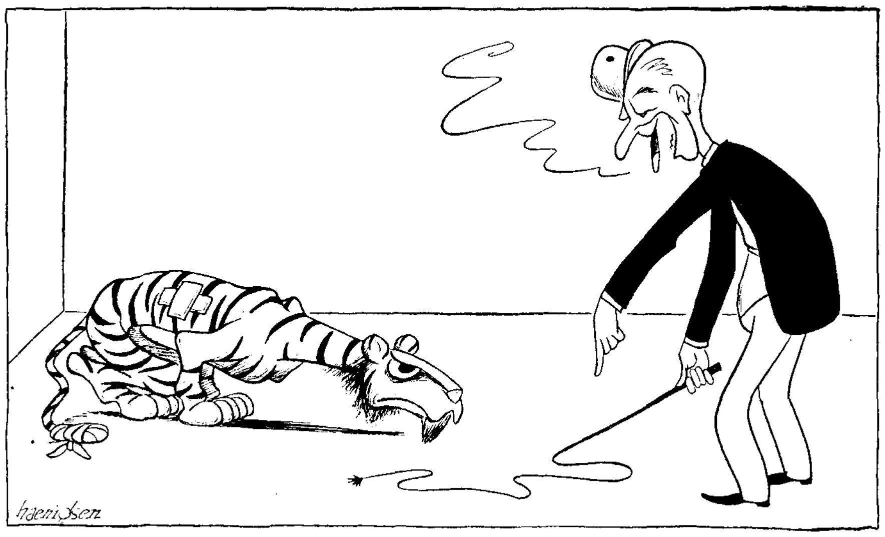


Tammany Tamer

By The Gentleman at the Keyhole

THE New York campaign leaves ex-Governor Al Smith the most powerful man in the Democratic party. The instant he made the nominating speech for Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt the public felt that his genius for politics was at work.

The whole situation changed when Smith made his attack upon the Republican party. He was not simply a former candidate for President being given the empty honor of appearing in a prominent rôle in a Democratic convention. He was a master of New York State politics giving character to the whole campaign. The whole Republican effort to win suffered under his sarcasm. With his profound knowledge of his state's affairs he bombarded the Republican campaign. The state realized at once that it was being asked to vote for a continuance of the kind of government that Smith had given it for eight years.

And Tammany itself, which had flouted Smith a year ago and elected a leader of the old type of whom he disapproved, is so weakened by its own mistakes and misdeeds that he has only to reach out to make himself master of it again. The Walker administration is crumbling into discredit and Tammany will need Smith if it is to win another mayoralty election in New York. He has what Walker has not—the admiration and the confidence of the public.

Smith Pulls the Strings

Governor Roosevelt's message to Mayor Walker that public officials must waive immunity when summoned to testify before grand juries, which demand became a part of the Democratic state platform in New York, apparently was written in at Governor Smith's suggestion. It was a bitter pill for Walker and for Curry and for the other Tammany leaders to swallow. And they no doubt knew that it was prescribed for them by the man who had sternly held Tammany up to new standards of public decency from the governor's office in Albany.

It was the first answer to the Republican campaign of 1932. This campaign is planned on the theory that Governor Roosevelt is the probable nominee of the Democratic party for President in 1932. Accordingly the Republicans nationally have begun an attack on Tammany, the opening shot of which was General Harbord's speech assailing that institution.

On nation-wide radio hook-ups the Republicans planned to keep up their anti-Tammany propaganda steadily during the next two years in the hope of raising an issue that would help their party out of its own difficulties. It counted, if Governor Roosevelt should be the nominee of the Democratic party in 1932, upon shifting the issue away from economic discontent, and from prohibition, to Tammany Hall.

Contributing to the making of this issue for the Republicans were the scandals of the Walker administration, the selling of judgeships and the ineffable folly of Boss Curry of Tammany Hall in refusing to waive immunity when called before the grand jury.

A Trap for Tammany

There is little doubt that the calling of Curry before the grand jury by Special Prosecutor Todd was part of the Republican plan to inflate the Tammany issue for 1932. And Curry stupidly fell into the trap. By refusing to waive immunity he helped create the impression around the country, where Tammany is little known and much feared, that he has guilty knowledge of the sale of judgeships in New York.

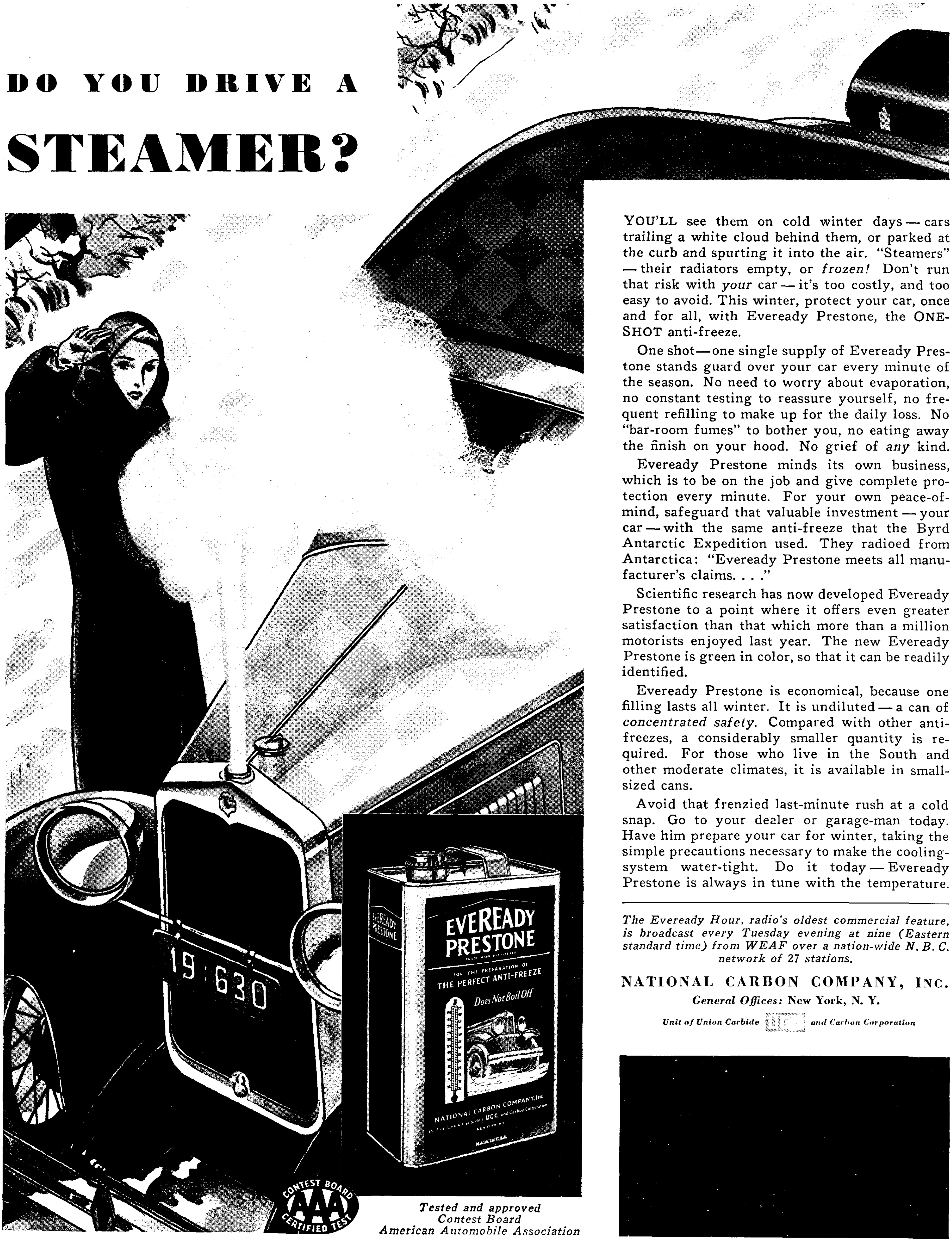
And by that refusal Curry destroyed himself and put Tammany into a position where Smith can once more dictate to it. Roosevelt, if he is to win the Presidency in 1932, must insist upon the purging of Tammany. And for this purging Roosevelt must rely upon Smith.

But Al Smith is much more than the master politician of New York. No Democrat has the following throughout the country that he has. He drew the largest popular vote, largest by many millions, that any Democrat has ever received as a candidate for President. No Democrat can be nominated and elected President who has not his ardent support. He has made over the Democratic party nationally so that now it has unmistakably a chance to win in 1932.

Smith drove the wedge into the Republican party, splitting it into wets and drys in such a way that it will be practically impossible for it to present a united front in the next national election. By declaring wet in spite of his party in 1928, he put the prohibition issue on the White House doorstep. It is no longer possible for parties to pretend that, because the President does not initiate constitutional amendments, he has nothing to do with prohibition.

And it is through his foresight and courage that the Democratic party nationally will be in a position in 1932 to take advantage of the growing belief that prohibition is a failure. No one since Andrew Jackson has ever done so much to create a powerful party as Al Smith has.

DO YOU DRIVE A STEAMER?



Tested and approved
Contest Board
American Automobile Association

YOU'LL see them on cold winter days — cars trailing a white cloud behind them, or parked at the curb and spurting it into the air. "Steamers" — their radiators empty, or *frozen!* Don't run that risk with *your* car — it's too costly, and too easy to avoid. This winter, protect your car, once and for all, with Eveready Prestone, the ONE-SHOT anti-freeze.

One shot — one single supply of Eveready Prestone stands guard over your car every minute of the season. No need to worry about evaporation, no constant testing to reassure yourself, no frequent refilling to make up for the daily loss. No "bar-room fumes" to bother you, no eating away the finish on your hood. No grief of *any* kind.

Eveready Prestone minds its own business, which is to be on the job and give complete protection every minute. For your own peace-of-mind, safeguard that valuable investment — your car — with the same anti-freeze that the Byrd Antarctic Expedition used. They radioed from Antarctica: "Eveready Prestone meets all manufacturer's claims. . . ."

Scientific research has now developed Eveready Prestone to a point where it offers even greater satisfaction than that which more than a million motorists enjoyed last year. The new Eveready Prestone is green in color, so that it can be readily identified.

Eveready Prestone is economical, because one filling lasts all winter. It is undiluted — a can of *concentrated safety.* Compared with other anti-freezes, a considerably smaller quantity is required. For those who live in the South and other moderate climates, it is available in small-sized cans.

Avoid that frenzied last-minute rush at a cold snap. Go to your dealer or garage-man today. Have him prepare your car for winter, taking the simple precautions necessary to make the cooling-system water-tight. Do it today — Eveready Prestone is always in tune with the temperature.

The Eveready Hour, radio's oldest commercial feature, is broadcast every Tuesday evening at nine (Eastern standard time) from WEAF over a nation-wide N. B. C. network of 27 stations.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.

General Offices: New York, N. Y.

Unit of Union Carbide UCC *and Carbon Corporation*

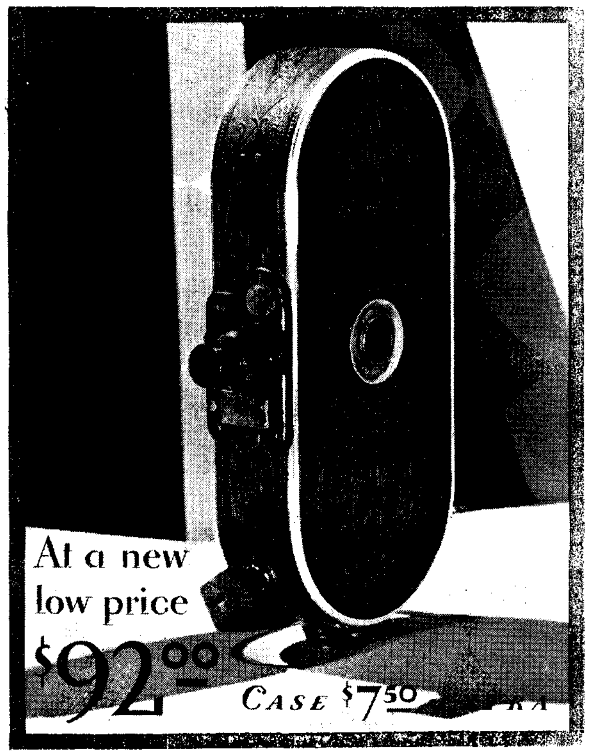
33

DAYS SEARCH

could not reveal a finer gift than

FILMO

CAMERAS *AND* PROJECTORS ... ARISTOCRATS OF PERSONAL MOVIEDOM



Filmo 75. Slender, compact, highly precise. Fits the coat pocket. New low price $92 and up without carrying case. Case $7.50 extra.

ONLY 33 shopping days until Christmas! If you spent all of them in diligent search, you'd find no better gift than a personal movie camera. If you spent all of them comparing movie cameras, you'd find none better than Filmo. Your search can end before it is quite begun, for Filmo answers every desire, of both the giver and the one who is to receive.

With the simple press of a button, theater-clear movies are taken of sports, travels, hobbies, children . . . priceless records that will make your gift cherished through numberless Christmastides.

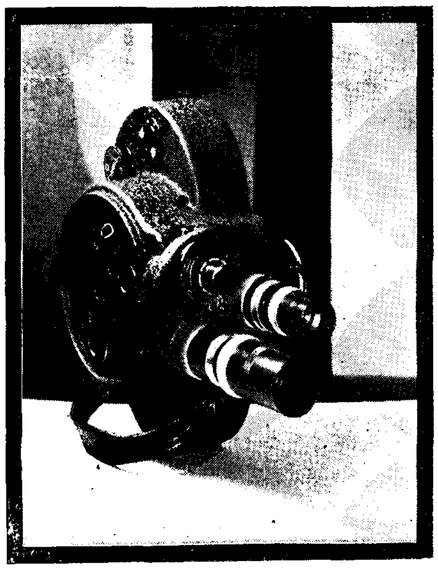
More, Filmo Personal Movie Cameras and Projectors have in them that excellence of workmanship you will want to distinguish *your* gift. They are made by Bell & Howell with the same precision that has marked their professional movie cameras used by the major film producers of the world for more than 23 years.

Many dealers offer Filmo on easy payments

There is a Filmo camera, slim and graceful for feminine hands, staunch and dependable for the outdoors man, or flexible for every whim of the movie hobbyist. Ask the nearest Filmo dealer to show them to you . . . many offer attractive time payment plans. Or write today for literature.

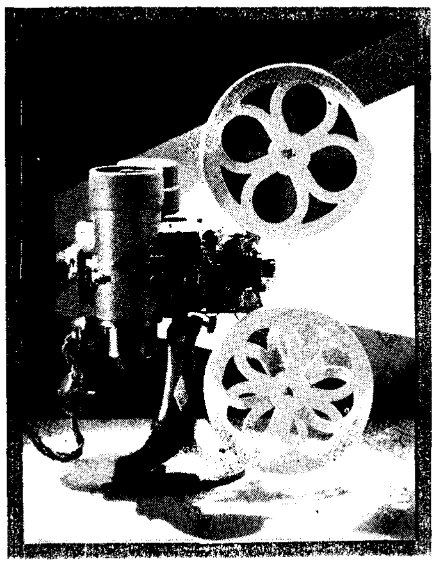
All Filmos use 50 or 100 foot films

For black and white pictures, Filmo cameras use Eastman Safety Film (16mm.) in the yellow box—both regular and panchromatic—obtainable at practically all dealers' handling cameras and supplies. Filmo cameras and Filmo projectors are adaptable, under license from Eastman Kodak Company, for use of Kodacolor film for home movies in full color. Cost of film covers developing and return postpaid, within the country where processed, ready to show at home or anywhere with Filmo Projector.



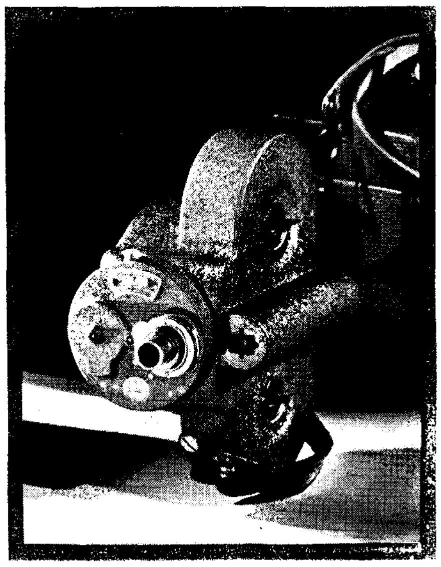
Filmo 70-D. (Left.) "Master of all personal movie cameras". Seven film speeds, three-lens turret, variable view-finder. $245 and up in Sesamee locked Mayfair case.

Filmo 57 Projector (Right.) Powerful 250 watt direct lighting. Silent movement. Absolutely flickerless. Automatic operation. $198 and up with carrying case.



Filmo 70-A. (Right.) The original personal movie camera, spy-glass view-finder, interchangeable lenses. $180 and up with carrying case.

Look for this Filmo Sign displayed by better dealers everywhere.



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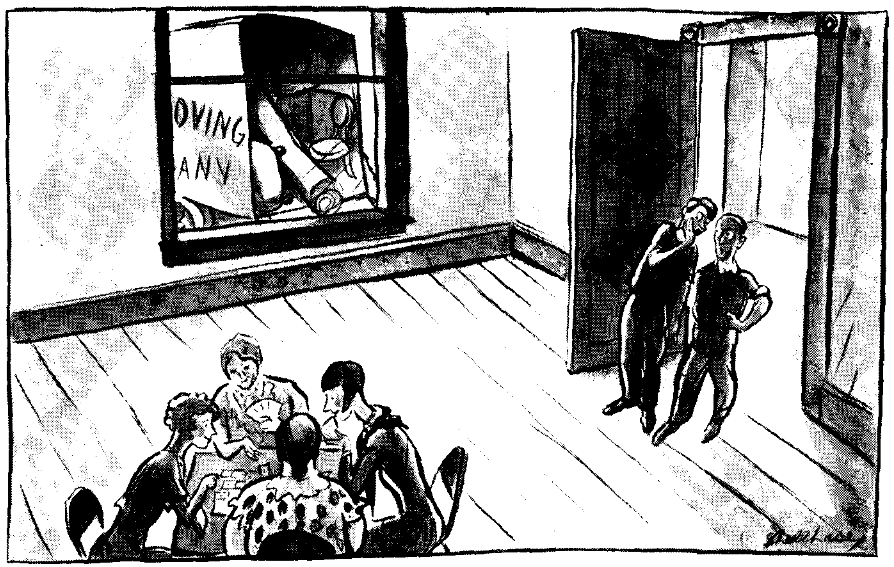
BELL & HOWELL CO., Department W, 1802 Larchmont Avenue, Chicago • New York • Hollywood • London (B. & H. Co., Ltd.) • *Established 1907*



"Cheer up, Joe. They've got only two more rubbers to concentrate through!"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. Q-6-2
H. J-10
D. K-J-8-4
C. A-9-4-2

West
S. 9-5-4-3
H. A-9-8-7-3
D. 10-9
C. 7-3

East
S. J-8-7
H. Q-5
D. Q-7-6-3
C. K-8-6-5

South
S. A-K-10
H. K-6-4-2
D. A-5-2
C. Q-J-10

IN THE above hand South would have obtained the contract at auction with a bid of one No Trump, but the game was Contract, with twenty-one tables participating. At every table South, with a count of 18 and all four suits stopped, bid two No Trumps. West passed and North, with a count of 11, had no hesitancy in going to three over the initial two-bid. Many of the Norths thought longingly of four No Trumps, a slam invitation; but it is not wise to make the slam-going bid of four No Trumps over an initial two with less than a 13-count. To make four-odd, not to mention a slam, the combined hands should have a count of not less than 30; and as the two-bid may have been made with 17, the four-bidder needs no less than 13.

In the play West led the Seven of Hearts—the fourth best of a five-card suit. The dummies exposed about double the strength that North's bid had announced and waited with keen anxiety to see whether they had "missed the boat" in not bidding for a slam; but when every one of the twenty-one Declarers failed to make his contract, the anxiety of the dummies was changed to chagrin.

The Hearts played to the first trick were: West Seven, North Ten, East Queen, South King; after which each Declarer counted his hand. Each found that he was sure of three Spades, one Heart, two Diamonds and one Club; a successful finesse in Clubs would yield three more and a finesse in Diamonds would add one or two more tricks if it succeeded. Both finesses had to be taken so that if they lost East would win. All of the Declarers tried the Club finesse immediately by leading the Queen and playing the Deuce from dummy. When the East's King won they returned Hearts and the Wests defeated the contract with four Heart tricks.

As soon as the twenty-one results were announced, the dummies began to criticize South's two No Trump bid, overlooking the fact that they all would have jumped to three if South had bid only one. The Declarers had nothing to say except to call the location of the Club King in East's hand "the worst luck in the world" and to mention that the Diamond finesse would also have been fatal.

The fact is that the dummies were all wrong and the Declarers all careless; it was not a case of bad bidding or hard luck, but of thoughtless play. When the Heart Seven was led and the Queen played by East, the Declarers knew that the leaders held Ace-9-8—the only unseen Hearts higher than the Seven. Therefore, if East's Queen were permitted to win trick 1, West's Ace would have to be played on the second trick to take North's Jack. Of course West then could clear the suit by leading the Nine for South's King to win; but by that time East would be out of Hearts and the Club finesse (which had to be played up to that hand) could be risked without danger of a continuation of the Hearts.

If Declarer had permitted the Queen of Hearts to take the first trick, South playing the Four; and if East returned the Five and South played the Six, West would be apt to read East with the missing Deuce and South with the King. Not having any entry to make his Hearts, he would hope that East might produce one, and feeling sure that East held the Heart Deuce, West would be very apt to hold up his Ace and permit North's Jack to win trick 2. The play would cost a trick but would be sound, as South's deception would be impossible to detect. The Declarer then could win three Spades, three Clubs and three Diamonds while the Heart-less East was taking in two tricks with his King of Clubs and Queen of Diamonds. By that time, with his one Heart trick, Declarer would have four-odd as South could discard his King and Deuce of Hearts on dummy's fourth Club and fourth Diamond.

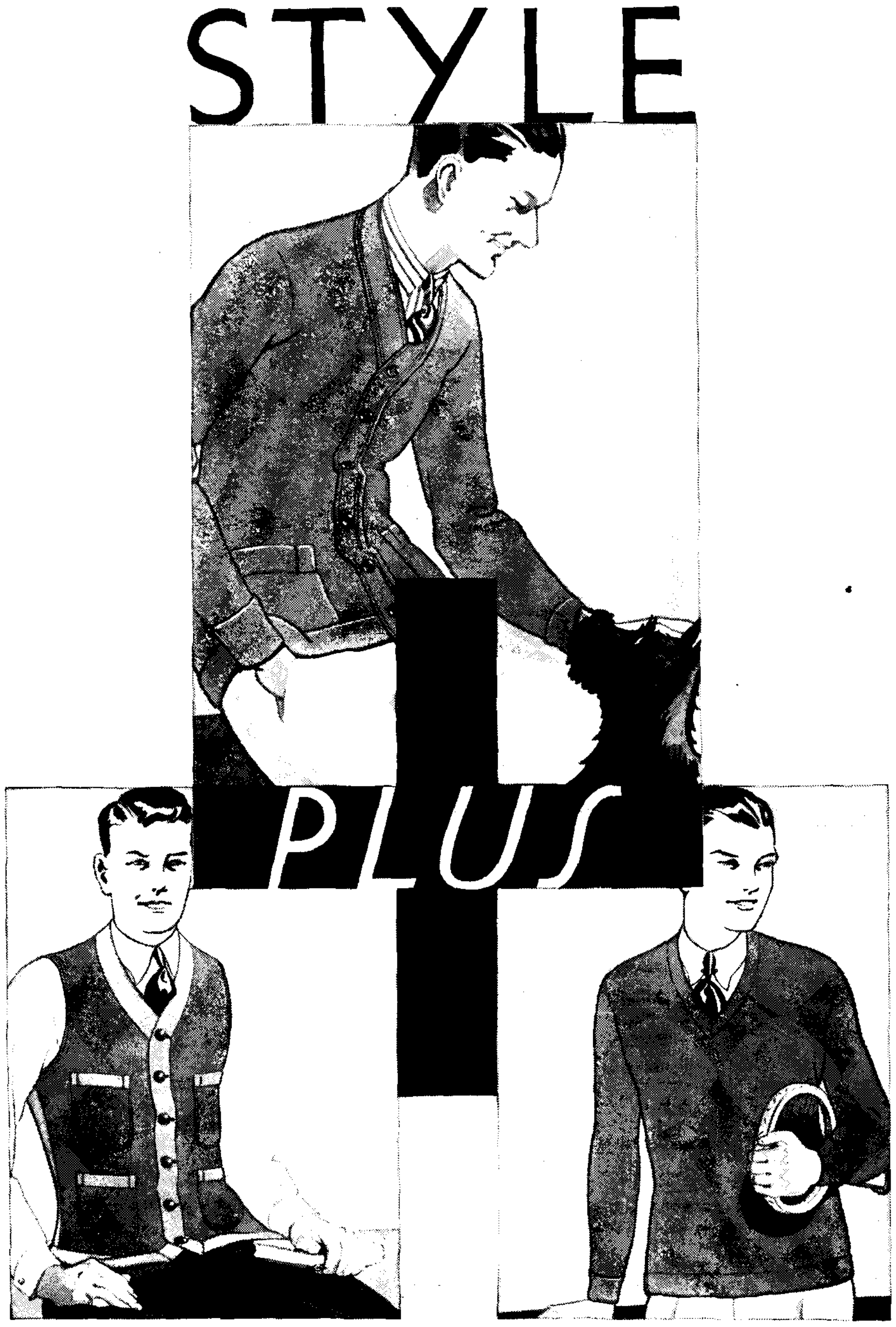
Next week's hand is given below; decide how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. 8-7-5-3
H. 10-7-6-5-2
D. 7
C. K-7-5

East
S. A-Q
H. Q-9-4
D. A-9-6-5-3-2
C. Q-10

West
S. 10-9-4-2
H. A
D. Q-J-10-4
C. A-J-9-6

South
S. K-J-6
H. K-J-8-3
D. K-8
C. 8-4-3-2



ECONOMY

Good looks and money saved: *that's* "travelo"! It will outwear even your expectations. After months of rough use it still looks new . . . because *it holds its shape.* Saves your other clothes, saves doctor bills: in fact it's cheaper to buy a "travelo" than to try and do without!

VARIETY

"travelo" gives you more variety; more new styles, colors, patterns and mixtures — for motoring, loafing, fishing, golf or plain hard work. "travelo" *started* the modern vogue for knit jackets. First away, and away ahead today — with all the *extra* variety and value you naturally expect from the undisputed leader in its field.

COMFORT

..... and more of it: *that's* "travelo," too! Gives you deep, snug, comfortable, warmth on the coldest days — but never binds or bunches, or hampers, or weighs you down. Wear it under a coat, or instead of a coat, outdoors or indoors, but *wear* it, if you want real comfort this winter.

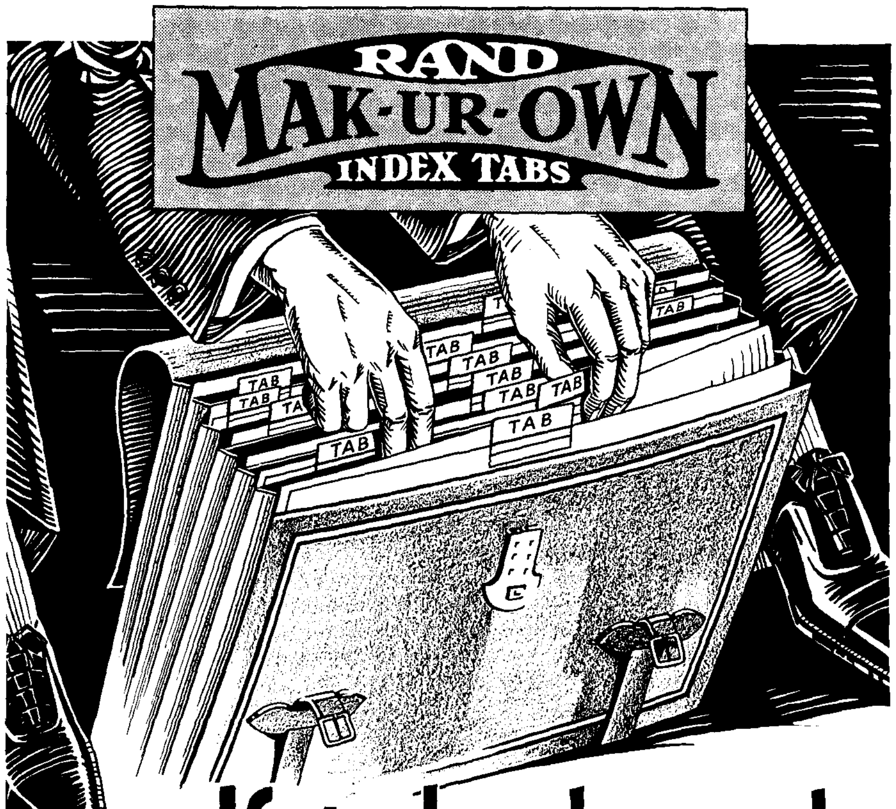
To make sure you get the EXTRA *comfort, economy, variety and style that only the* LEADER *can give you — look for the "travelo" label. The cost is only $6 to $10 (depending on the model) and you get the economical best!*

PECKHAM-FOREMAN, INC., PARK AVE., NEW YORK

"travelo"
knit jackets & vests *for* men & boys

Lido
KNIT JACKETS

Lido Knit Jackets are made by "travelo" in a variety of smart styles—most of them priced at $5



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Snip the tab to fit the label - - don't trim the label to fit the tab.

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Flag with color - - green, orange, blue, yellow, pink or clear celluloid flash their signals - - instant, unmistakable!

Change labels as often as you please. Meanwhile they can't get soiled, thumbed or torn and they can't fall out!

Cut your record filing costs - - substitute sight for search - - speed up the routine of your record department with Rand Mak-ur-own Indexing for every personal and business use.

See your stationer today. He can supply Mak-ur-own Index Tabs for one, two or three lines of indexing and in colors and quantities suited to your needs.

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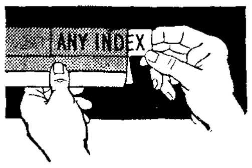
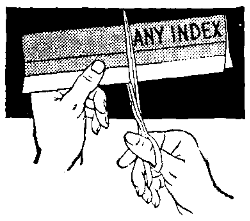
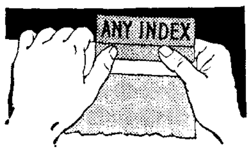


2. Insert the label in the strip of Mak-ur-own.



3. Cut the Mak-ur-own strip to fit the label - - no waste.



4. Attach the finished Mak-ur-own tab to the index sheet.

Mail the coupon for FREE strip of Mak-ur-own with complete instructions for using.

THE VICTOR SAFE & EQUIPMENT COMPANY
Marietta, Ohio

Send me enough Mak-ur-own Index Tabs to force at least six records permanently out of the shuffle of my files, as advertised in Collier's, November 15th.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

Robbers' Roost

Continued from page 21

in no wise inhibited his own feelings. Strange to realize, he had indeed fallen in love with Helen Herrick.

She rode on slowly down the ridge without looking to right or left. Her gaze appeared to be lowered. The droop of her head and of her shoulders indicated shame and dejection. Outraged by a few kisses taken by force! She would remember them—the brutal kisses of a hard man. Jim would remember forever that first kiss, surprised on sweet, full lips.

The ranch-house came in sight, not far down now, standing out yellow against the green and gray. Miss Herrick saw it and halted a moment, to let Jim catch up with her.

"Can you be gentleman enough to tell me the truth?" she asked, when he was abreast of her.

"I have not lied to you," replied Jim, in weary amaze. Who could make anything of a woman?

"That—that first time you kissed me —was it honestly unpremeditated?"

"Miss Herrick, I don't know what to swear by—having no God or honor or anything. But, yes, I have. My mother! I swear by memory of her that I never dreamed of insulting you. . . . I looked up. There your face was close. Your lips red! And I kissed them."

They went on for perhaps ten paces, as far as the road, before she spoke again. "I believe you," she said, without a tremor of the rich, low voice, though it was evident her emotion was deeply stirred. "Your action was inexcusable, unforgivable. But I should not have struck you with the whip. . . . That, and your passion to frighten me, perhaps justified your brutality. . . . I shall not tell. . . . Don't leave Star Ranch."

For an instant Jim felt as if he were upon the verge of a precipice. That was the crowning shock of this strange experience. What she meant Jim could not fathom: he could only take her literally. But her change from revulsion to inscrutable generosity called to all that was good within him.

"Miss Herrick, I'm sorry, but I must leave," he replied, sadly. "I'm only a wandering rider—a gunslinger and—a member of a gang of robbers. And I was mad enough to fall in love with you. . . . Forget it. . . . Go home to England. But if you won't do that—never ride out alone again."

He spurred his horse and galloped down the road, by the barns and across the court, into the lane that led along the brook. Suddenly he espied a compact group of mounted riders coming down the road beyond Hays' cabin. They bestrode bays and blacks, and there was that about them which drew Jim sharply up with a fiery thrill. Smoky's outfit!

HAYS stood out in front of the cabin, bareheaded, his legs spread apart as if to anchor himself solidly, his hands at his hips, his sandy hair standing up ruffled like a mane.

"Huh! The boss isn't mad. Oh, no!" soliloquized Jim. "Not at all! I'll bet his teeth are grinding thunder. . . . Small wonder. Smoky's outfit has busted loose or is going to. . . . Well, now, I've a hunch there's luck in this for me."

Jim turned off into the corral, and took his time unsaddling. He did not wish to appear in a hurry to know what was up.

Above the babble of the brook he heard the angry voice of the robber leader. Jim made for the bridge then and, crossing, looked up to see the horses of Smoky's outfit standing, bridles down, and the riders up on the porch. Jim mounted the steps.

Hank Hays sat upon the bench, his shaggy head against the wall, his pale eyes blazing hell at the row of men leaning on the porch rail. He looked an infuriated, beaten man, and his twitching lips attested to impotent speech.

Smoky was lighting a cigarette, not in the least perturbed, but his eyes had a hard, steely gleam. Brad Lincoln sat back on the rail, eying the chief with a sardonic grin. Mac appeared more than usually ghoulish; Bridges and Sparrowhawk Latimer betrayed extreme nervousness.

"Howdy, Jim," spoke up Smoky.

"Hello, men. What's the mix? Am I in or out?" returned Jim, sharply.

"I reckon you're in," replied Slocum. "Hank is the only one thet's out. . . . Hyar, Jim, ketch this." He drew a dark green bundle from a bulging pocket and tossed it to Jim, so quickly that it struck Jim in the chest. But he caught it on the rebound—a large, heavy roll of greenbacks tied with a buckskin thong.

"Yours on the divvy, Jim," went on Smoky. "Don't count it now. There's a heap of small bills inside an' if you untie them hyar there'll be a mess. But it's a square divvy to the last dollar."

THE denomination of the bill on the outside was one hundred. The roll would not go inside his vest or hip pocket, and it took force to put it in his side pocket.

"That's a hefty roll, Smoky, for a man to get for nothing," observed Jim, dubiously. "But the boss doesn't look particularly happy about it."

Jim then noticed that a roll of bills, identical with the one he had just received, lay on the floor.

"You double-crossed me!" burst out Hays, at length.

"Wal, thet's accordin' to how you look at it," retorted Slocum. "You wasn't with us when you ought to 'ave been. We couldn't ride forty miles every day to talk with you. Things came up at Grand Junction. We seen some of Heeseman's outfit. Shore as hell they're onto us, or will be pronto. So we jest took a vote, an' every damn' one of us stood for one big drive instead of small drives. An' we made it. We was ten days drivin' thet bunch of stock, in the saddle night an' day, half starved to death. Your buyers swore they was short of money an' would pay twelve dollars a head. Talk about robbers! Wal, I took thet an' said I liked it. . . . Now, boss, there're the cards face up, an' you can like them or lump them."

"I'm lumpin' them, Smoky Slocum. . . . An' I've shot a man for less!"

"Shore. But I can't see you shootin' me. I wasn't to blame, I tell you. We took a vote."

"Hell! You disobeyed orders."

"Put it up to Jim, hyar. He's most a stranger to us, an' he won't play no pards. . . . What do you say, Jim?"

Thus appealed to, Jim addressed Hays point-blank:

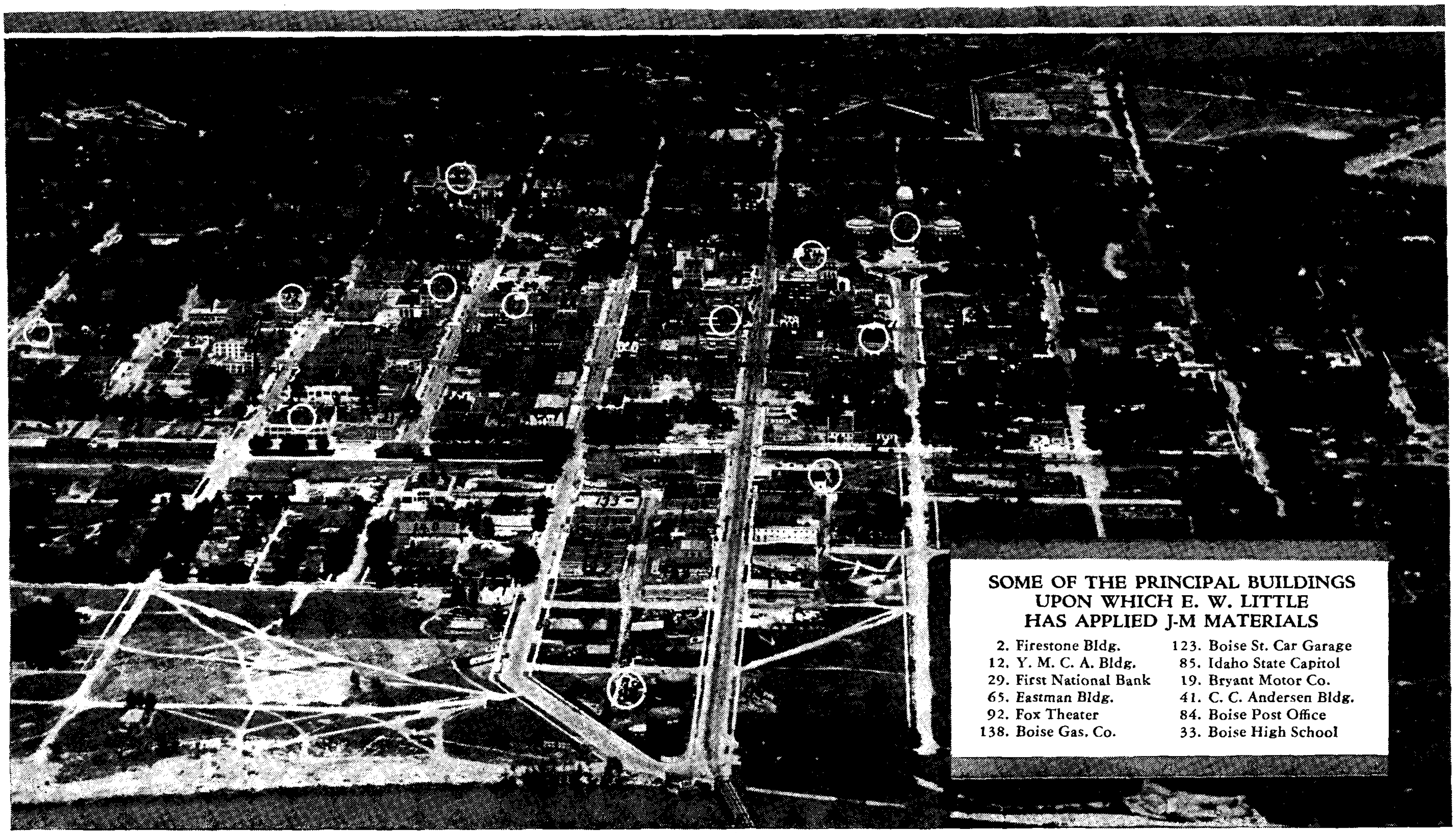
"Smoky's right. If you meant to clean out Herrick, that was the way to do it."

"Aw—shore, you'd side with them."

"I wouldn't do anything of the kind if I thought they were wrong," retorted Jim, angrily. Here was a chance to inflame Hays that he jumped at. If the robber could be drawn into a fight, when his own men were against him,

(*Continued on page 53*)

a City of Johns-Manville Roofs



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92. Fox Theater
138. Boise Gas. Co.
123. Boise St. Car Garage
85. Idaho State Capitol
19. Bryant Motor Co.
41. C. C. Andersen Bldg.
84. Boise Post Office
33. Boise High School

IN this progressive western city building owners have been interested in buying exemption from roof troubles. They have found it a waste of money to have roofs that are constantly requiring maintenance expense, when at a reasonable price they could have a J-M Roof to protect their property—a roof that could be forgotten.

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MR. LITTLE *sells something more than a roof*

TYPICAL of the workmanship and service rendered by J-M Approved Roofers is that of E. W. Little of Boise, Idaho. Mr. Little's crews have applied J-M Roofing Materials on 148 buildings in Boise, a city of 25,000 population. All over southern Idaho he has met with equal success. Mr. Little's progress is due to the fact that he renders constructive Roofing Service, rather than merely selling a roof. He gives the closest attention to every roofing problem, whether it be a small repair job, or a new roof running into thousands of square feet. When you roof or re-roof look for the Johns-Manville Approved Roofer. He is a real expert. His interest in your roof is as keen as your own. He can save you time, money and future trouble.

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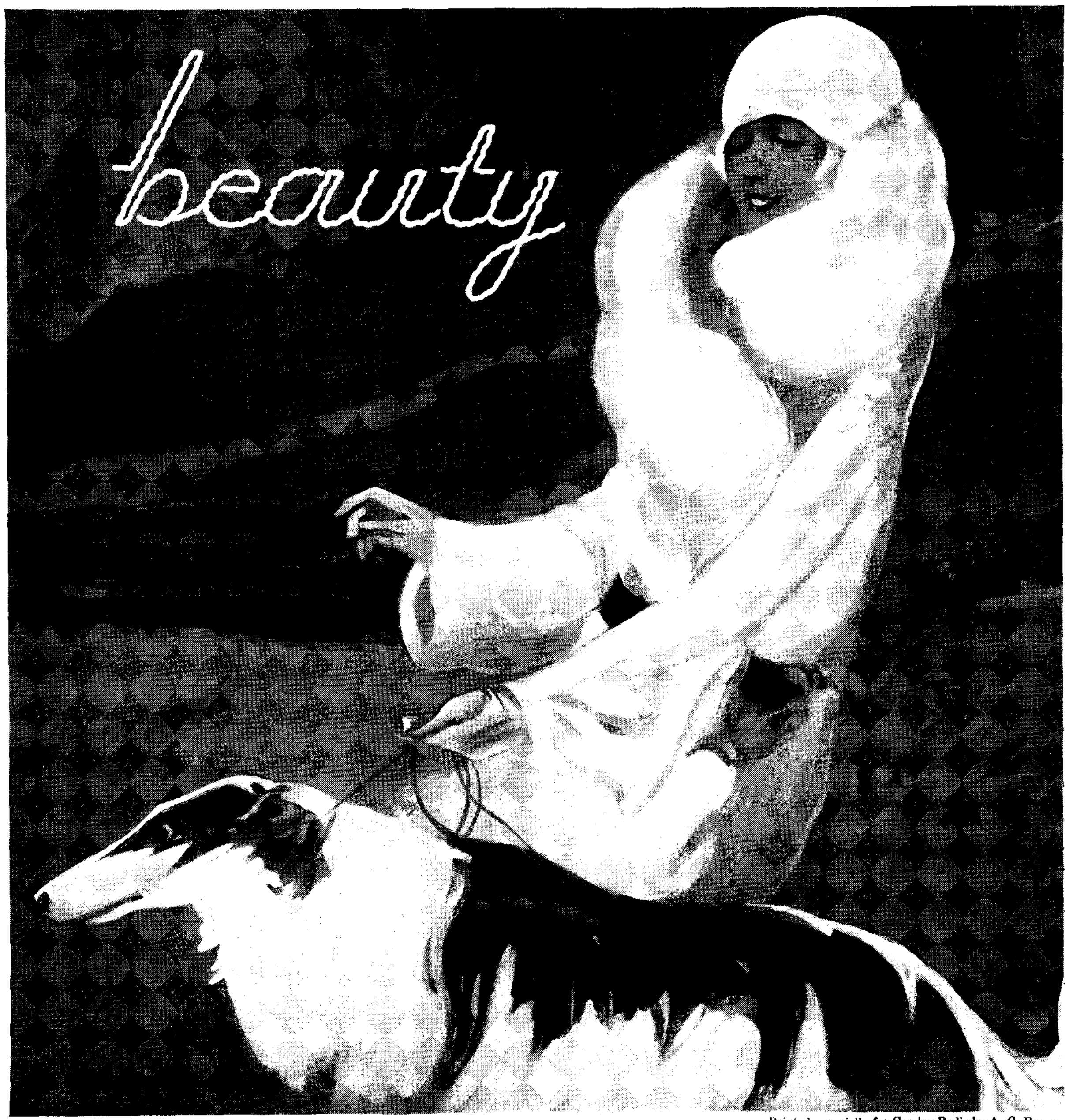

Painted especially for Crosley Radio by A. C. Pearce

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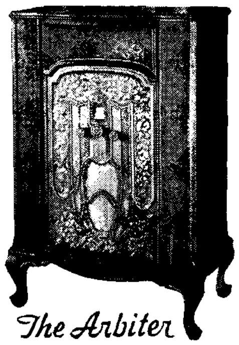

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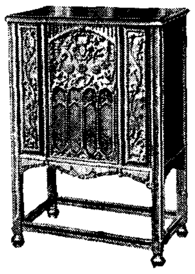
The Mate



A delightfully designed and executed cabinet that harmonizes with any surroundings in the home. It contains an entirely new receiving set and power speaker. Employs three type -24 Screen Grid tubes, one type -45, and one type -80. The unusual value of The MATE at the exceptionally low price is self-evident . . . . $79.50 WITH TUBES

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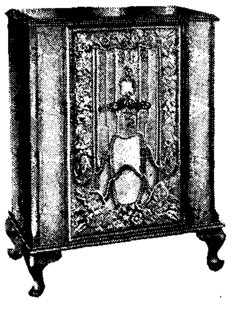
POWER SPEAKER · A. C. ELECTRIC

The Director



A particularly beautiful cabinet containing a receiving set employing three Screen Grid tubes type -24, one type -27, two type -45, and one type -80. Positive automatic volume control, local-distance switch and dynamic-power speaker are features of this set. Astonishingly low in price . . . $107.50 LESS TUBES

Available with D. C. chassis at same price.

CROSLEY RADIO

The CROSLEY ARBITER *Electric Phonograph and Radio combination is a member of The* CROSLEY NEW *Leadership Series*

Robbers' Roost

Continued from page 50

the situation for the Herricks could be made easier for the present.

"I make my own deals," snapped the robber.

"Yes, and this one here at Star Ranch is a damn' poor one, whatever it is."

"Wal, thet's none of your bizness, Jim Wall," declared Hays, sharply.

"But it is. What do you think I am? A sucker? If I'm in this outfit anything you plan and all you plan is my business, same as it's Smoky's and the rest of the outfit."

"You'd better shet up."

"I won't shut up, Hays. Someone has to have the guts to tell you. And I'm that fellow. There's no hand out against you in this outfit. I never saw an outfit as loyal to a man as this one is to you. Never heard of a bunch of riders who'd work like dogs while the boss was twiddling his thumbs and talking mysterious."

HAYS glared like a mad bull. He dragged his feet up under him and guardedly rose.

"Take care, boss," spoke up Smoky.

"Who's runnin' this outfit?" he hissed.

"Nobody jest now. I tried to talk sense to you. An' Jim shore *is* talkin' sense. Thet guy can talk, Hank. An' you gotta get it in your thick head thet he's talkin' for all of us."

"Who's thet thick-skulled? But I'm sorer'n hell. I ain't ready to leave Star Ranch an' now, by Gawd, I'll have to!"

"Why ain't you ready?" queried Smoky, curiously. "Our work's all done. We've cleaned out the ranch, except for a few thousand head. We've got the long green. You ought to be tickled to death."

"I'm not through here," replied the robber, righting himself.

"Wal, you ought to be. Thet Heeseman outfit will be after us. What's the sense of fightin' fer nothin'? This rancher Herrick likely has some cash around the house. He pays cash. But, hell, Hank, you can't rob the man of his spare change. We've done awful good an' we're heeled as never before."

Hays appeared gradually to relax under the cool persuasive arguments of his lieutenant. Jim saw his coveted chance glimmering.

"Smoky, why don't you ask Hays what this mysterious deal is?" queried Jim, sarcastically.

From a cornered lion Hays degenerated into a cornered rat. Jim sank a little in his boots while his upper muscles corded.

"Hank, what'n hell's got into you?" queried Smoky, high-voiced. "Glarin' at Jim like a trapped coyote. An' me too!"

"Smoky, the boss is up a tree," said Jim, caustically. "He means to rob Herrick all right. But that's only a blind. It's the girl!"

"Thet gold-headed gurl we seen you drivin' hyar?"

"Yes. Herrick's sister."

"Wal, for Gawd's sake! Haw! Haw! So thet's what's eatin' you, Hank?"

Hays had reached his limit and probably, but for Smoky's mirth, would have started hostilities. He hesitated, but there was a deadly flare in the eyes he had fixed on Wall.

Smoky got between them. "See hyar, Hank. So thet's the deal? An' you'd do fer pore Jim hyar jest because he's onto you? . . . Wal, if you're so damn' keen as thet to draw on somebody, why, make it me. I started this. I dragged Jim into it. An' I ain't goin' to let you take it out on him."

There was an instant when a touch to the flint would have precipitated fire. Then Hank Hays came back to himself.

"I weaken. Jim's right. Smoky, you're right," he declared, hoarsely. "I'm bullheaded. . . . An' I've lost my bull head over Herrick's sister, and the money I could make out of her."

"There. Spoke up like a man," declared Smoky, heartily relieved. "Why didn't you come thet clean long ago? Neither Jim nor me nor any of us blame you fer admirin' thet gurl. She's a bloomin' rose, Hank. But hell, air you gettin' dotty in your old age? An' if you'd gone crazy, like you did once, an' dragged her away into the brakes with us, by Gawd, we'd quit you cold."

Hays bent to pick up the roll of bills, which he tossed up and caught as if it were a ball. To Jim Wall's penetrating eye the chief had capitulated for the moment, but he was far from vanquished.

"Happy, how about grub time?" he called through the door.

"Most ready, boss."

"Fall to, men. I've got to do some tall thinkin'," he said.

Before they were half finished with their supper Hays entered and sailed his sombrero into a corner. His face was a dark mask.

"We're shakin' the dust of Star Ranch tonight," he said, deliberately. "Pack up an' leave at once. I'll come later. If I don't meet you at Smoky's camp at sunup I'll meet you shore at midday in thet cedar grove above the head of Red Canyon."

"Good!" ejaculated Smoky.

"Wal, it was about time," added Brad Lincoln. "You'll aim to roost up somewheres till this blows over?"

"Thet's the idea. Smoky, did you remember to pack out them extra supplies I told you to?"

"Yep. We could hole up six months an' not get scurvy."

NO ONE asked any more questions or made any more comments. Whatever they thought about Hays' peculiar way of leading his band they kept to themselves. Jim Wall was not greatly relieved, still he concluded that Hays must abandon any plot he might have concocted toward Herrick's sister. To be sure he would take the bull by the horns this last night, and attempt to rob Herrick. But that latter possibility did not worry Jim particularly. The young woman had just had a valuable lesson. She would not be easy to surprise or take advantage of. At any rate whatever was in Hays' mind Jim could not further risk alienating him or his men. Jim would have to ride out with them. If he stayed behind to spy upon Hays or frustrate any attempt he might make to call upon the Herricks, he would have to kill Hays. He did not mind that in the least, but he did not care to go riding it alone in this unknown country with Smoky and the others hunting for him.

"Pack up fer me, somebody," said Hays. "I'll keep watch outside. We shore don't want to be surprised by Heeseman the last minnit."

Dusk was mantling the valley when Jim went out. Under the bench the shadows were dark. From the shelter of the pines he looked for Hays, expecting to find him standing guard. But the robber was not on the porch. He was stalking to and fro along the brook, and he was no more watching for Heeseman than was Jim. His bent

(*Continued on page 54*)

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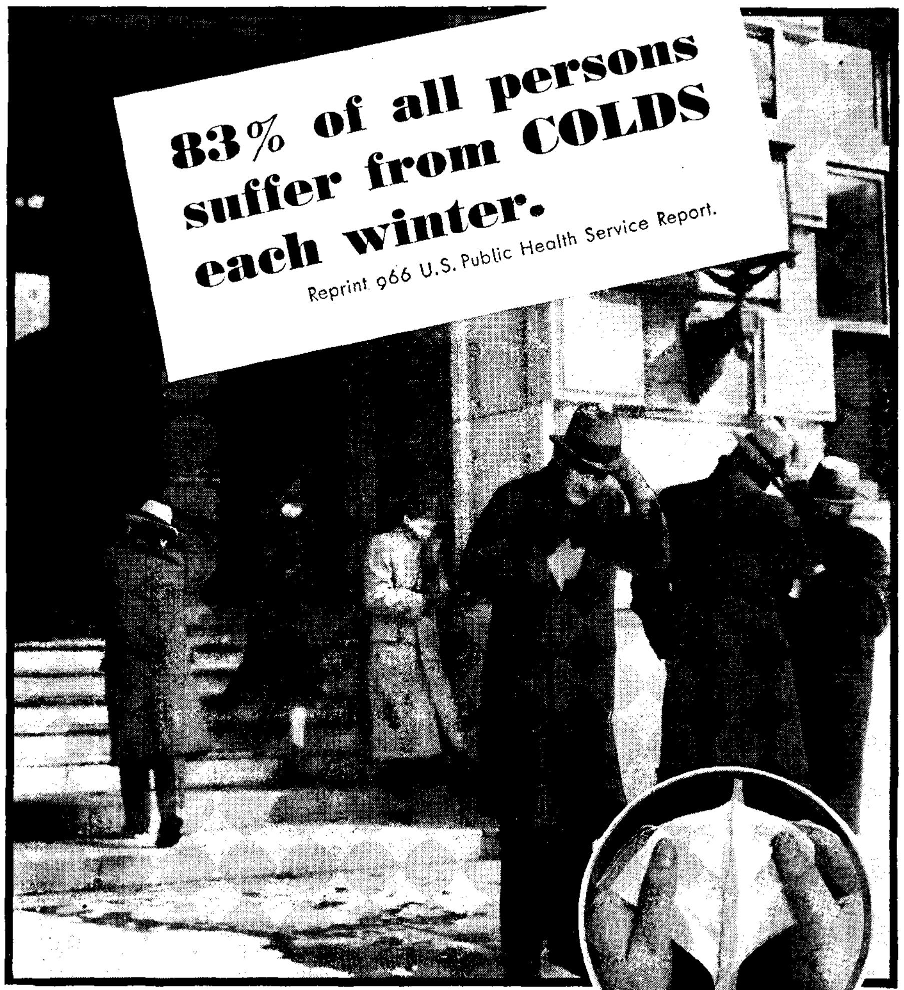

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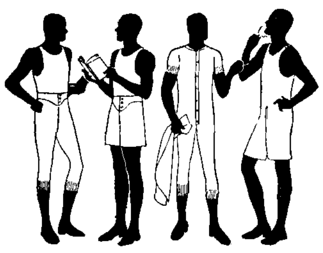
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(*Continued from page 53*)

form, his stride, his turning at the end of his beat, his hands folded behind his back—all attested to the mood of a gloomy, abstracted, passion-driven man.

Jim wrenched himself out of sight of the stalking robber. He was not superhuman. He had to make a choice, and he made it, on the assumption that his fears for Helen, surrounded by servants and with her brother, were actually far-fetched, if not ridiculous.

Whereupon Jim repaired to his covert, rolled his bed and made a pack of his other belongings. What to do with the two packages of bills, this last of which was large and clumsy for his pockets, was a puzzle. By dividing the two into four packets he solved it. Then he carried his effects down to the cabin. All was cheery bustle there. The men were glad to get away from Star Ranch. They talked of the robbers' roost Hays had always promised them, of idle days to eat and drink and gamble, of the long months in hiding.

"Wal, you all ready?" queried Hays, appearing in the doorway.

"Yep, an' bustin' to go."

"On second thought I'd like one of you to stay with me. How about you, Latimer?"

"All right," declared Sparrowhawk.

"This all right with you, Smoky?"

"Suits us fine. If you ask me I'd say you'd better keep Jim an' me, too, with you."

"I would if there was any chance of a fight. . . . Take Sparrow's pack hoss an' mine, too."

IN a few more minutes all the men leaving were mounted. The pack animals, with packs gray against the darkness, straggled up the trail. Jim tried hard to get a look at Hays' face, but the lights were out, and gloom hung thick everywhere.

"Wait at your camp till sunup," said Hays, conclusively. "An' if I'm not there I'll meet you about noon shore at the head of Red Canyon."

Without more words or ado Smoky led off behind the pack horses, and the five riders followed. Once across the brook all horses took to a brisk trot. Jim Wall looked back. The cabin faded in the gloom under the bench. Not for a mile or more did Jim glance over his shoulder again. Then he saw a bright light on the bench. That was from Herrick's house. He and his sister would be sitting in the living-room, reading or talking. After all, how easy for Hank Hays to corner them there! Jim's reluctance, his uneasiness, would not down. An unfamiliar sensation, like a weight of cold lead in his breast, baffled Jim. He knew he was glad never to see Helen Herrick again.

The spring night waxed cold as the hours wore on and the riders took to the slope. When they got up above the valley, out of the gray mists and shadows, the stars shone bright and white. A steady clip-clop of hoofs broke the silence. The riders proceeded in single file and seldom was a word spoken, except to a lagging pack horse.

About midnight Smoky turned the pack animals up the slope into the woods, and after a mile of rough going emerged into an open canyon head. Water splashed somewhere down over rocks.

"Hyar we air," said Smoky, making leather creak as he wearily slid off. "Throw things an' git to sleep. I'll stand first guard."

Evidently the horses were not to be turned loose. Nevertheless Jim put hobbles on Bay. The men spoke in subdued voices while they unsaddled and threw the packs. Jim overheard Brad Lincoln offer to bet that Hays would not show up at sunrise. Gradually they quieted down, one by one.

Jim unrolled his bed beside a rock, and pulling off his boots and unbuckling his gun belt he crawled under the blanket. He was neither tired nor sleepy. White stars blinked down pitilessly and mockingly. Would he ever lie down again without the face of Helen Herrick before him, without the lingering fragrance and softness of her lips on his? But that was something different to remember. He welcomed it. And he lived over everything leading up to that kiss, and after it that fierce attack he had made upon her lips. Lastly came her amazing request to him not to leave Star Ranch, and this abided with him until he fell asleep. . . .

Crack of ax and Happy Jack's voice pierced his slumber, both recognized before he opened his eyes. The sun was topping the eastern range. Jim sat up, stretched, and reaching for his boots he gazed around. The camp was an open draw with level floor narrowing to a timber belt below. Behind rose shrubby limestone walls, in a crack of which poured a gush of water. The men were stirring, two around the camp fire and others among the horses. Happy Jack fetched an armload of wood; Bridges was slicing bacon. Jim smelled a mixture of wood smoke and coffee.

"Wal, long past sunup," said Slocum, as he approached the fire. "Who was it bet Brad thet Hank wouldn't show up?"

"Nobody," replied Lincoln.

"Jim, suppose you take your rifle an' sneak down an' knock over a deer," suggested Smoky. "I see a buck an' three does a minnit ago. If you get one, gun it an' leave it lay. We'll throw it on a hoss as we go down. We're gonna need fresh meat. But shore step out of the woods first an' see if Hank's comin' or anybody."

Three hundred yards down the slope Jim emerged into the open. Such a wonderful blaze of sun! The valley burned purple and red. There were no riders on the winding, white trail. Jim took a long look at the lilac-hazed, canyoned abyss to his left. It was a sight to make even a hardened rider gasp. It was enough to make Westerners love their wilderness. There seemed to be no reality in the endless black line of Wild Horse Mesa.

Stealthily working back into the timber he soon espied two deer about sixty paces distant, long ears erect. He killed the buck standing and sent a quick shot after the bounding doe, but missed.

UPON his return to camp Smoky greeted him with a grin. "I jest bet Brad thet you busted two."

"Sorry, you lose. I missed the doe. Buck's big and fat, though."

"Fine. We got two extra pack hosses. Wal, Jim, gobble some grub. We're on the prod."

"How far to Red Canyon?" asked Jim.

"I don't know. About fifteen miles—Utah miles. Haw! haw! Don't you remember thet heavy grove of cedars leadin' down into a red hole?"

"Reckon I do. If Hays joins us there it'll mean he comes by another trail, doesn't it?"

"If! So you figger he might not? Course he'd come around the mountain, or mebbe over another pass. He shore knows trails thet we don't."

"Aw, Hank'll show up on time."

"Wonder if he stayed back to plug Heeseman? He hates thet rustler."

In less than an hour the riders were on the move down the mountain. Packing on the deer Jim had slain occasioned a little delay for all, because Smoky kept them close together. At the edge of the timber belt he halted them again while he peeped out to reconnoiter. Then he called: "Come hyar, a couple of you long-sighted fellers."

(*Continued on page 56*)

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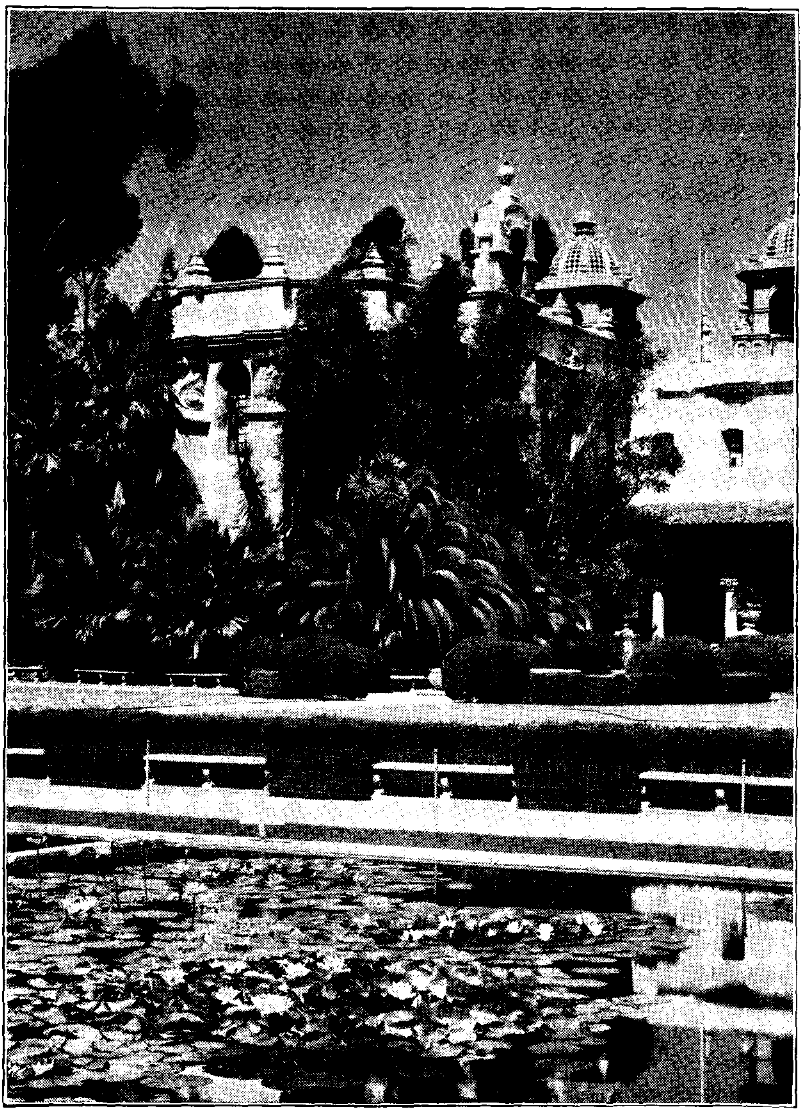
PENS AND INKS



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THE OVERLAND ROUTE
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Robbers' Roost

Continued from page 54

They all rode out to join him, where he sat his horse, pointing to a faint blue on the purple valley floor. "Is thet dust?"

Most of the riders inclined to the opinion that it was just haze.

"Ten miles or more back and hard to make out," spoke up Jim. "If this was my range I'd say it wasn't haze or smoke."

"Wish I had Hank's glasses. My eyes are no good any more fer long shots. Wal, let's mosey. At thet distance we don't give a damn what it is."

Nevertheless Jim noted that Smoky led to the left, across the ravine, along the edge of the timber belt over a ridge, and then down to the trail. He pushed the pack horses at a trot. They wound in and out of the brushy hills, at length to leave them for the long slant of greasewood and gravel which led down into the brakes. Far ahead a black fringe of cedars thickened to a grove above a red jagged line, which was the canyon head where the riders had a rendezvous with Hays.

WHEN they reached another turn from which it was possible to look back for five miles or more Smoky halted while the others caught up.

"Jeff, you hang right hyar," he said, "an' keep your eyes peeled on the back trail. I ain't so shore thet gray patch back on the valley was haze. It sort of moved to me. An' there wasn't a lick of wind. Wal, from round this corner you can easy see the cedar grove where we'll hang up fer the boss. An' if you ketch sight of any more'n a couple riders on the back stretch you come ridin' hell bent fer election. Don't stay long after noon."

Perhaps another five miles down the slope lay their objective to which they headed. The gait was slowed a little, if anything, yet in somewhat over an hour the riders arrived at the cedars. Jim recalled the place, but it was not, as he had imagined, the point where Hays had led up out of the brakes of the Dirty Devil.

The hour was still some time before noon. Smoky scanned the slope to the south and east. It would not have been possible to see riders at any distance, as the rocks, brush, ridges and washes intervened profusely.

"What'll we do, Smoky? Throw the packs or not?" queried one of the riders.

"Dog-gone' if I know," replied Slocum, peevishly. "It's a rummy deal. Hot as hell now an' gettin' hotter. I fergot to ask Hank. Reckon you'd better herd the hosses an' we'll wait. I'll keep a lookout fer the boss."

Jim tied his horse in the shade of a cedar, and climbed a jumble of rocks so he could command a better view. Almost at once he sighted riders coming down a wash about a mile away, and he had opened his mouth to shout the good tidings when something checked him.

He rubbed his eyes and looked again. Three riders! Assuming that two of them were Hays and Latimer, who could the third be? They disappeared behind a corner of bank. Jim sank down in a cold sweat. Perhaps these men were Indians or strangers from Hankville, or prospectors. But he had not seen any pack animals.

After a long, anxious watch he saw the three reappear in the wash, considerably closer. The one in the middle rode a gray horse and otherwise contrasted sharply with the dark mounts and dark clothes of the other two. A second time the trio disappeared. Smoky was peering about in a desultory manner, but he was too low down to sight the riders. Jim was now shaking. An awful premonition attacked him. He had met it and almost overcome it as another unaccountable attack of nerves when the foremost horseman emerged from behind a bank. He recognized the stalwart figure, the wide, black sombrero, the poise in the saddle. That man was Hank Hays.

Jim scarcely dared shift his gaze back to the second rider, but he was irresistibly forced to. A slighter figure in tan, drooping in the saddle!

"So help me, God!" he whispered, and sank down on the stone. That center rider was Helen Herrick. For a moment a hell rioted in Jim Wall's breast. How he cursed himself for a vacillating idiot! His intuition had been right. He had seen through this robber leader's behavior at Star Ranch. But like a fool he had not trusted himself. That trick spelled death for Hank Hays. Jim grew cold to his very marrow. Yet his intelligence did not wholly succumb to his fury. He strove to think. This black-hearted hound had gotten Helen, just how, it was useless to conjecture. But to kill him then, right on the spot? That gave Jim Wall pause. Hays' men would roar at this deal, involving them in the abduction of a woman, still they would hardly go so far as to resist him with arms. He would be cocky, radiant, conciliatory now. Jim crushed down his deadly impulse. He would wait.

Well indeed had it been for Jim to espy this trio long before they reached him. He had time to recover, to think what was best. If Hank Hays had come upon Jim suddenly it would have been his doom.

One of the pack animals neighed shrilly and then all the horses stuck up their ears.

"Say, I heerd a hoss-shoe ring on a stone," called Mac, who had ears as keen as a horse.

"What's that?" queried Smoky, sharply. He leaped up.

"Look! Riders comin'!" exclaimed Brad Lincoln.

"Can't be nobody but Hank."

JIM leaped off the rock, crashing down behind the watching men, startling them. "Smoky, it's Hays. I saw him a mile off."

"Why'n hell didn't you say somethin' then?" retorted Slocum gruffly.

"I was too flabbergasted," replied Jim, coolly, as he joined them.

"It's Hank all right," said Mac.

"Shore, I see him now. That's Hank."

"Jim, what flabbergasted you?" demanded Slocum.

"*Three riders!*" flashed Jim.

"Wal! . . . So I see. What you make of thet?" ejaculated Slocum.

The three emerged clearly from behind the cedars. A blank silence ensued. Jim at last got the tigerish nerves under control. His thoughts were whirling.

"Humph. Little rider in between," commented Lincoln.

"Thet's Sparrowhawk behind."

"Who's the third party?"

"Hank shore is a queer duck, takin' up with strangers like he does."

"Somebody with a mask on!"

"An' a long slicker."

"Fellers," rasped out Slocum, "thet's a woman with a veil!"

Jim thought the moment had come. "Men, Hank has double-crossed us. He's stolen Herrick's sister!"

"The ——!" cursed Slocum.

(*To be continued next week*)

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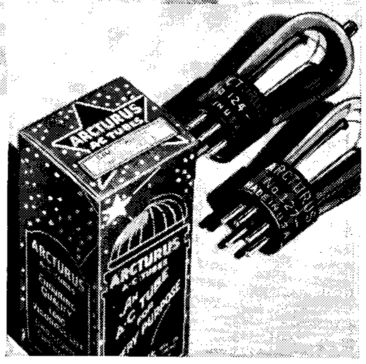

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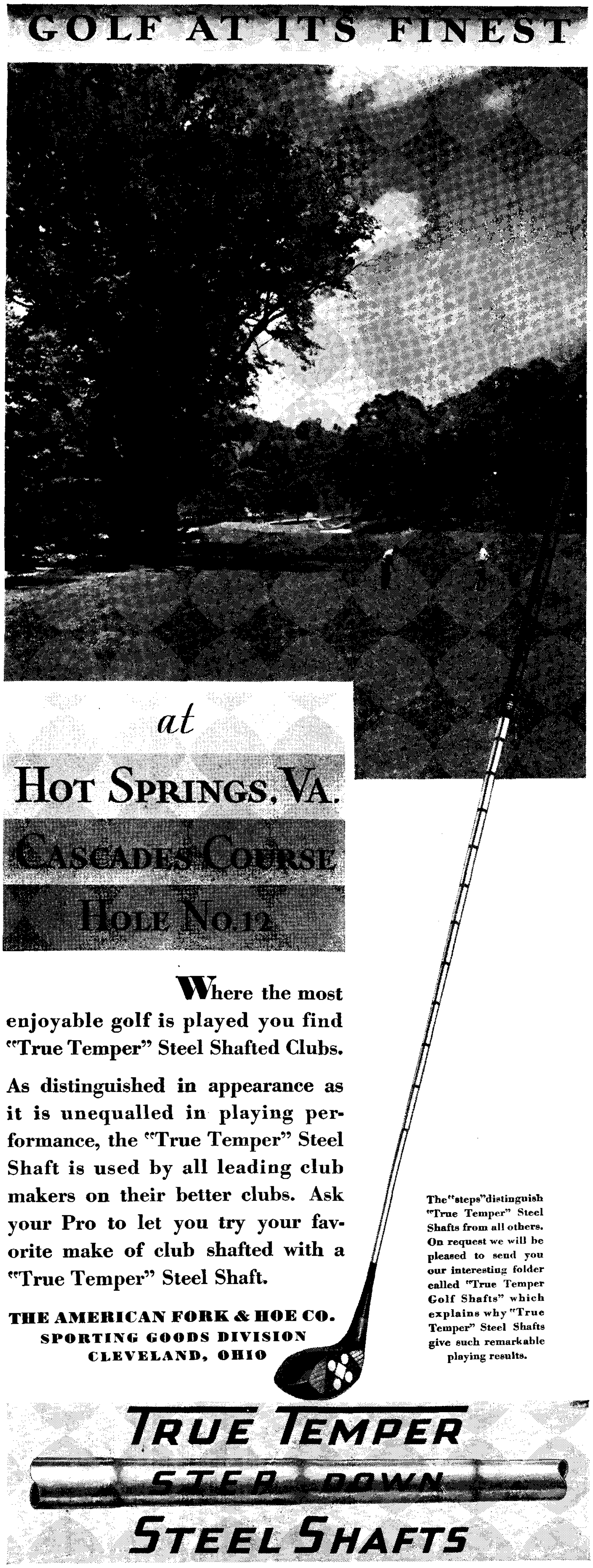

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CLEVELAND, OHIO

TRUE TEMPER
STEP DOWN
STEEL SHAFTS

I Can't Understand Marriage

Continued from page 17

The jeweler or the telegraph man had made a mistake. I seemed to remember that this Jonson had something to do with literature. I was greatly relieved.

"Before I married," Nancy said, in that delightful way of hers, "I was moody and selfish and I worried. The moment we opened your package I realized that it was a message. At once I adopted that as my motto. It made a different girl of me, didn't it, Tim?"

"Uh, huh," Tim agreed. "You're not the same girl I married."

Nancy kissed him on the cheek. "Isn't he nice?" she asked me. "We have the loveliest little baby girl. She's asleep now. But you'll see her later. Dinner is all ready now. Come on out, you boys. I'm not going to dine with you tonight."

"Why not?" Tim asked.

"The Hawkinses are having a dinner party for fourteen and somebody's wife is ill. Mrs. Hawkins called me up and asked me if I wouldn't fill in, so there wouldn't be thirteen at the table."

"But, Nancy," Tim complained, "haven't we got a party, too? It's Benny's first evening here and—"

"I'll be back early," she said. "I do hate to leave you, but I just couldn't refuse Mrs. Hawkins."

"Oh, all right," said Tim.

Nancy had prepared a delicious dinner of steak and French-fried potatoes and apple pie. She served it herself and sat at the table while Tim and I were dining.

"Won't you have more steak, honey?" she asked Tim.

"I've plenty, thanks," he replied.

"I can't understand what is the matter with Tim's appetite," she complained. "Maybe he needs more exercise. He ought to play golf—but he won't."

"What would I use for money?" Tim inquired. "It costs a thousand dollars to belong to Hilldale, the only club around here, and the dues are two hundred dollars a year."

"He worries all the time about money. 'Hang sorrow,' I say. 'Care'll kill a cat.' " She smiled gratefully at me as though I, and not Ben Jonson, had made the remark. "The thing to do is to go out and spend money and have a good time—I mean, for Tim. Not for me. I'm happy with anything. But Tim needs a long vacation. I wish he'd cut loose and just do everything he wants to do for a month—or maybe two."

"Who would pay the bills?" Tim demanded.

"The money would come from somewhere," she assured him. Then she left us, to dress for the party.

"SHE'S a marvelous wife," I said to Tim as we heard Nancy roar away in the runabout. I was rather severe. "She is much too good for you."

"I told you that myself, didn't I?" he demanded. He seemed to have lost his early cordiality toward me. He sat up. "Let's don't talk about that any more. I guess I'm just a sap. Let me show you the dog with the peppermint eyes."

And he did, sure enough. It was a clever little cardboard animal, wearing goggles, and in place of lenses were two green after-dinner mints. Around its neck was a tag.

"They're for place cards," he explained. "You write the name on the tag. I think I'm all set to sell the idea to a mint company. They'll make up the animals and give them away—there'll be all sorts of different figures. The goggles will be made so that the only mints that will fit will be those made by this company. Good idea!"

"Extraordinary!" I approved.

"They've offered me three thousand dollars. I'm holding out for five."

"Congratulations, old bean!" I exclaimed, for I was genuinely glad. "That will please Nancy immensely, won't it! Then you can go on that spending spree."

Tim shook his head. "I'll pay all my bills and invest the rest safely."

"Don't be silly," I said. "If Nancy wants you to have a good time, go ahead. You—"

"Listen, Benny," he said, rather sharply. "I have the most wonderful wife in the world. That must be true, for everybody says so."

I nodded.

"BUT I didn't marry a girl who was always cheerful and unselfish. I married a girl who worried and who had spells of terrific unhappiness, just like me. I can't blame you, Benny, for you meant well, but that damn' bust," he pointed to it, "changed everything around. I'm naturally a guy that worries about the future and I'll never be anything else. And I want somebody to worry along with me."

"You're being quite absurd," I said.

"Maybe," he admitted. "That's another thing that worries me. But, Benny, I'm up to my neck in debt. Take that car. I can't afford a car. But Nancy thought the reason I didn't play golf was because I had no car to get me out to the course. So one day I step off the train and there's the car! I'm still paying on it.

"And look at this room! That radio, those books. Nancy won't buy herself a vacuum cleaner, but we must have a three-hundred-dollar radio—all because our old one broke down one night when I was listening to a fight. And I must have all these books. And although I never go anywhere Nancy bought me a hundred-and-fifty-dollar trunk! When I get through paying installments I haven't enough money left to buy me a decent lunch."

"Nancy is just trying to make you happy," I pointed out.

"That's the trouble. I wish she'd quit it. I wish she'd go back to the old days before we were married when she worried about things. I'm fed up on cheer."

"Dear, dear," I said, for I was greatly distressed.

"I'd like to belong to the Hilldale Club, and give big parties over there and play golf with a hundred-dollar set of matched clubs. I'd like to buy a membership in a beach club. Do you think I wouldn't have a lot of fun taking a month off and driving to Montreal? Have you any idea that this house is entirely satisfactory to me?"

He was becoming belligerent, so I tried to change the subject.

"Let's play Russian bank," I said. It had been a favorite game of Tim's.

"Right," he said, ungraciously, and dragged out a card table and threw two decks of cards on it.

I shuffled a pack and began to lay them out.

"What's this?" I exclaimed, looking at a blue ace of diamonds.

"Oh! I took the wrong decks," he said and smiled. It was the first time he had smiled for an hour. "They'll do, though."

I looked through the cards. All the diamonds had been colored a bright blue and the clubs were a clover green.

"Nancy is nearsighted," Tim explained, "and she ought to have glasses. She con-

(*Continued on page 60*)

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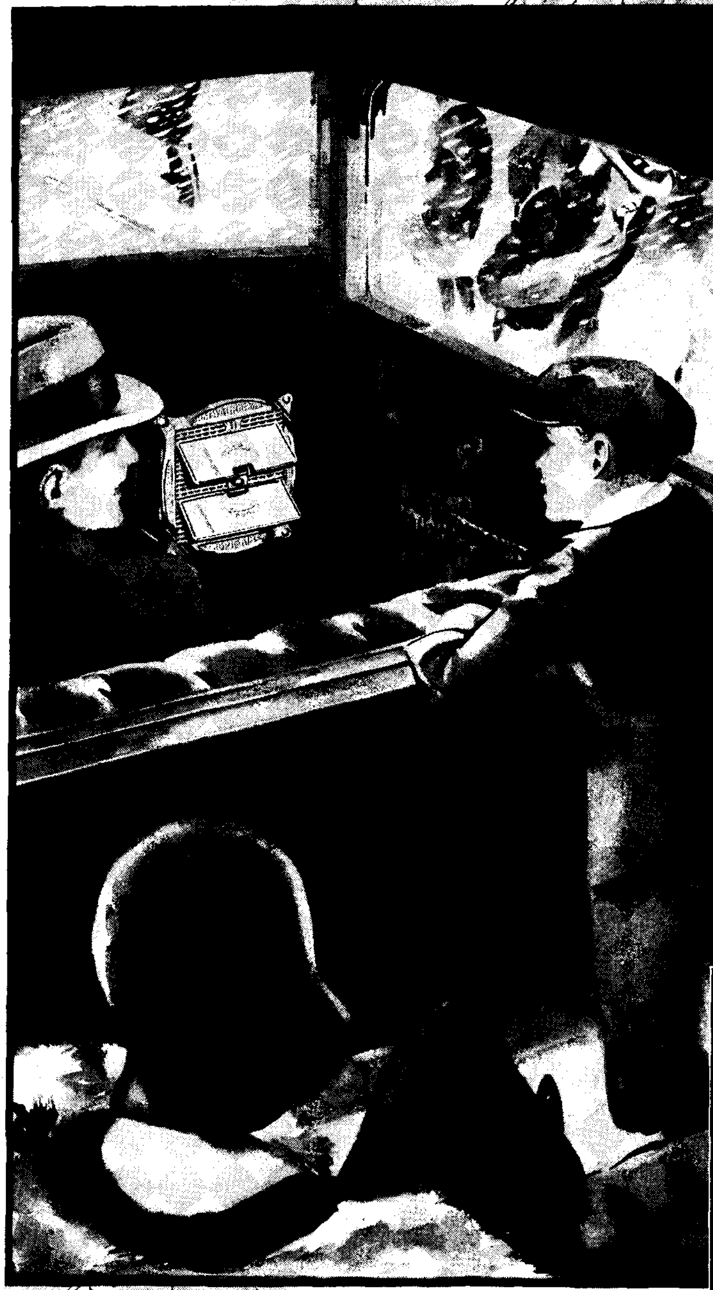

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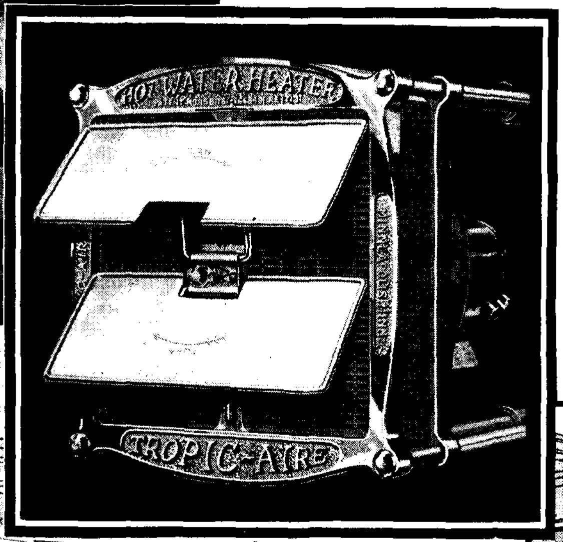

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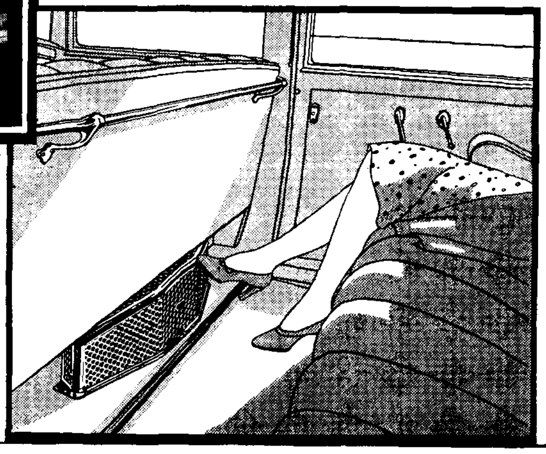

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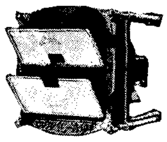
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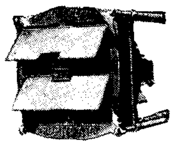
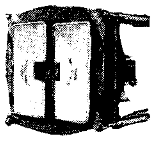
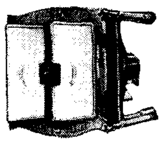

Throws all the heat *down* to warm the car floor.


Throws all the heat *right* to front seat passenger.


Throws all the heat *left* to the driver.

I Can't Understand Marriage

Continued from page 58

tinually revokes in bridge, because she can't tell a diamond from a heart and a club from a spade. I keep telling her she should have glasses, but she says she won't spend the money until I buy a set of matched golf clubs. So I got mad one night and brought home some opaque colors and made these special decks, so she could tell a club from a spade and a diamond from a heart. I brought them out one night when we had guests and thought I would shame her into getting glasses."

"What did she say?"

"She just smiled and said I was wonderful and that she thought I ought to sell the idea to some manufacturer of playing cards. Can you beat it? What can you do with a wife like that?"

I shook my head. The problem of the Nelson family was too much for me.

We were playing with the black, red, green and blue cards when Nancy returned.

She kissed Tim affectionately.

"Good time, honey?" he asked.

"Missed you," she said. She noticed the cards and smiled. "Like them?" she asked me.

"They're rather intriguing," I confessed.

She gathered them and replaced them in their boxes and handed them to me. "As a token of my affection and gratitude," she said.

Tim shrugged his shoulders.

"Thank you, Nancy," I said. It was rather clear that she did not like the cards so much, after all.

I WAS at the Midmetters for dinner a week or so later. Tim and Nancy were among the guests. As soon as he saw me, Tim drew me aside.

"I got the five thousand!" he exclaimed.

"For the peppermint dog?"

"Right. I'll be down to your bank tomorrow. I want some of your smart fellows to tell me how to invest it."

"Umm," I said. "So you're not going on that spending spree that Nancy is so eager about?"

"Certainly not. I'm looking out for a rainy day."

At dinner the conversation, of course, got around to golf.

Nancy spoke up: "Tim could be one of the best golfers in Westchester County if he would just play more. Couldn't he, Benny?"

"Easily," I replied. "In college I've seen him shoot seventy-twos and seventy-threes."

"Really!" several persons exclaimed, looking upon Tim with real admiration. Nobody ever paid much attention to Tim. Nancy was the attraction in the Nelson family.

"He won't join a club," Nancy complained.

"Why not?" somebody asked.

"I can't afford it," Tim replied sharply.

"He can too," Nancy said. "He just made five thousand dollars and I tell him there's no reason in the world why he shouldn't join Hilldale."

"You're a wonderful wife," said a man with a little black mustache. "I wish my wife were so anxious to see me have a good time."

"Tim won't do anything I ask him to do," Nancy pouted. "I want him to cut loose and go on a spending spree. I tell him that money always comes from somewhere to pay the bills."

"That's right," said Black Mustache. "Come on, Mr. Nelson, I'll propose your name at Hilldale."

"Thanks, no," said Tim. His face was growing red.

"Lay off of him," said Mrs. Midmetter severely to Black Mustache.

But Black Mustache was going strong: "How about it, Mr. Nelson? Your wife says O. K."

"Oh, Tim, I wish you would."

"What's money for, if it isn't to spend?" said somebody at the other end of the table.

Some woman spoke up: "Here your loving wife wants you to go out and have a good time and you just hold back. You don't know your luck."

"All right," Tim blurted. "I will."

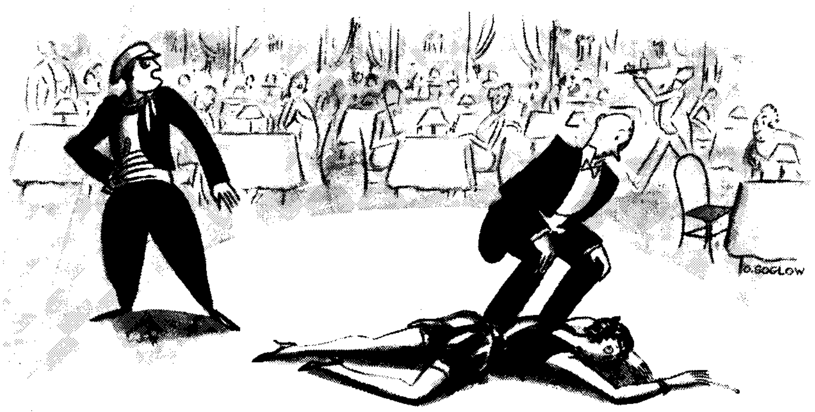
"Oh," Nancy gasped. "Goody!"

"And," Tim added, grimly, with no cordiality whatsoever, "the first Friday night after I become a member the Nelsons will give a party at the club—a dinner dance. I want you all to be there. We'll have everybody we know in Hilldale. How about it?"

"Sure!" they cried. "Attaboy!"

"Oh, Tim," Nancy said, "that will be fine!"

IT WAS a most successful party. Everybody said so. But I missed in Nancy the spontaneous gayety that heretofore had been hers. And Tim, while a gracious host, seemed to be under a nervous strain—probably, I decided, because it was his first large social event.



"May I have the next dance?"

I was dancing with Nancy.

"Benny," she said, "I'm scared to death."

"Why?" I did not understand.

"About Tim. He has quit his job. He's taking a long vacation, he says. And he bought a boat—a three-thousand-dollar boat—and hired a man to run it. He's joined a beach club and bought a set of matched irons and traded in the runabout for a big sedan and"—she was almost out of breath—"here's the worst: He has rented, for three hundred dollars a month, a big house up on the boulevard and is going to buy thousands of dollars' worth of furniture! What can we do about it?"

"Good for Tim," I said. "Now, I know you're really happy. He's doing just what you wanted him to do."

"But," she said, agonized, "I didn't think he'd do things like that. He owes five or ten thousand dollars."

I HAD lunch with Tim a few days later.

"Look here, boy," I said. "You're running wild. You're going to wreck everything with this foolish extravagance."

"Is that so?" he remarked, rather irritatingly. "Didn't Nancy advise me to do all this? And didn't you back her up? I'll show her."

"Yes, but, Tim, you can't—"

"I can't, can't I? Huh!" He ate his club sandwich in silence.

Finally he seemed to soften. "Benny," he said, "this spree may ruin me for life, but, anyway, when I get through I'll have the kind of wife I want—the same girl that I married, before she got this happiness and always-be-generous bug. I'll show her that money doesn't turn up whenever you need it. I'll show her that it's a darn' good thing to worry about money. I'll maybe make her something less than an ideal wife and maybe she won't be so popular with the mob, but she'll be the wife I want. We'll quarrel now and then and there won't be so much of this care-killed-a-cat stuff. I'll be boss in my house and this terrible nagging will end."

"Nagging!" I protested.

"The worst in the world is this line that Nancy has developed—always wanting me to do things for myself."

"But, Tim," I tried to explain, "there's a middle ground."

"Not for me. I'll go the limit. And when it's all over I'll get me another job and try to pay the bills I owe. Then when we get back on our feet again, I'll have me a swell companionable, worrying woman around the house and when I say 'No, I won't do that, because it costs too much,' she'll say, 'Tim, you're right. You're a great guy.' Get me?"

I did not.

"The battle's almost won, Benny," he said. "Another week and they'll be raising my right arm. *I'll* be the champ then."

I PHONED Tim a week later. They had not yet moved into the new home.

"Tim's out in his boat," Nancy said.

"I want to see him tonight," I said.

"Come out to dinner, Benny," she said, as though she were inviting me to a funeral. "Everything is awful. Perhaps you will cheer me up."

"I'll be out," I said.

Tim and Nancy met me at the station in Tim's new sedan. Tim was dressed in a smart yachting costume.

"Just got in," he said. "Had a great day. This sea air is making a new man of me."

Nancy had little to say.

"This is the life," said Tim. "For the first time, I'm really enjoying myself." It was a lie, and I knew it. Tim wasn't having a bit of fun.

"*I'm* not!" Nancy suddenly burst out.

"Why, Nancy," said Tim, "what do you mean?"

"You're—you're—"

"You don't mean that I'm enjoying myself too much? After all you have said about how you wanted me to cut loose? Why should I care about money? Money will always show up. You've said so, time and again." He was cruel, that boy.

"Honey," Nancy began, her lips trembling. The surrender was coming. She dabbed at her eyes with her handkerchief.

"You should have glasses, dear," Tim said, evidently testing his strength.

She nodded. "I'll get them. I'll do anything you say. I—"

"Glasses!" I exclaimed. "That reminds me."

"Keep out of this," Tim muttered.

"But wait, old fellow. I almost forgot." I drew some papers out of my pocket. "I came out here especially—"

"Especially for what!" Tim barked. "What were you saying, Nancy?"

"Especially," I insisted, "to have you sign these papers. It's about the cards—the blue diamonds and the green clubs."

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

I explained. "I showed the cards to one of our clients, a playing-card fellow. He became terrifically enthusiastic. He says that a novelty like yours will sell into the millions."

"You mean," Tim looked at me queerly, "those cards I painted up?"

"Exactly. He wants to start manufacturing them at once. He says they will become the rage. That the ordinary red and black cards will be obsolete. Here's the contract," I handed him the paper. "He pays you ten thousand dollars down and ten cents on each deck. You'll make at least fifty thousand dollars the first year."

"You don't mean—you can't—" Tim was flabbergasted.

NANCY was standing before him. From somewhere she had produced a fountain pen. "Sign it," she said.

Weakly, Tim scrawled his signature.

"Didn't I tell you?" She was the old Nancy. "Money always shows up!"

I smiled benignly upon the old fellow. "Hang sorrow," I pointed out. "Care'll kill a cat."

"I told you so," said Nancy triumphantly.

Tim rose slowly, like an enraged grizzly bear.

"You two blankety fools make me sick!" he yelled.

"But listen, old fellow!" I protested.

"Care killed a cat, hey!" he cried and the first thing I knew I was dodging the bust of Ben Jonson.

"And you!" he roared at Nancy who crouched in her chair. "You told me so! You told me so! You told me so!"

He leaped toward the door and was gone.

"Heavens!" I gasped, "we must get the police after him! There's no telling what he'll do!"

Nancy's eyes rested on the contract which lay on the floor. She picked it up, smiling, and looked it over.

"This clause says royalties are to be paid at the end of each six months," she said. "Can't you have them change it so they will be paid every thirty days?"

"Nancy!" I exclaimed. "This is no time for contracts! Your husband is running wild! He—"

She beamed at me, absolutely calm.

"Thanks for this," she said, holding up the contract. "Now you run along home."

I did, utterly bewildered.

That was three days ago. There has been no change in the situation. Tim, I understand, is living at a hotel in town. Of course, they never can become reconciled, no matter what silly predictions Mrs. Midmetter may make.

THE END

P. S.—My phone just rang. It was Nancy. I can't understand marriage!

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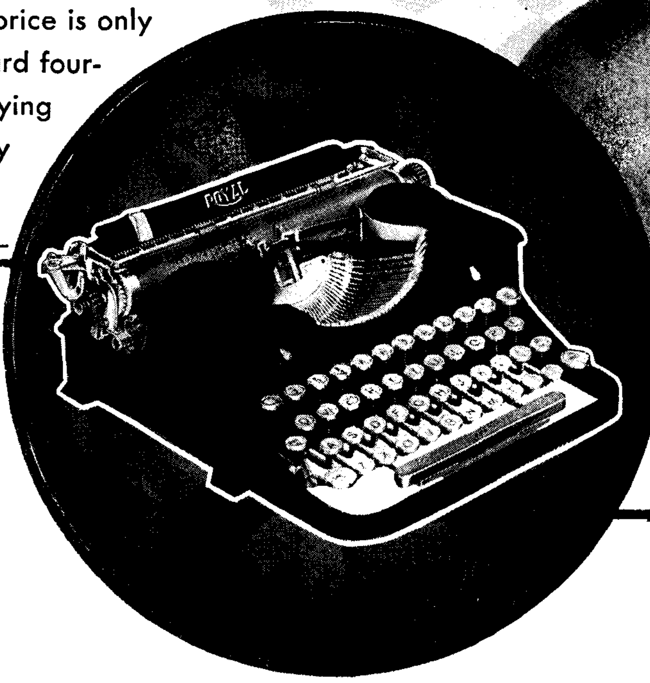


Royal Portable TYPEWRITERS

For the Good of the Game

Continued from page 19

salaries of a few game wardens, never numerous enough to make any appreciable difference.

Behind most of our laws you will find influences which place the protection of bird life above any right the holder of a hunting license may have. You get a hint of this in so succinct a pamphlet as the United States Department of Agriculture's digest of the country's game laws. You discover that the various states derive a relatively small but growing income from licenses to hunters, but constantly are making it less worth while to hunt because nothing proportionate to the demand is being done to make hunting the sport it should be.

Licenses—But No Game

For example, nearly 7,000 000 licenses were granted in the United States last year for sums varying from one to one hundred dollars each. During the past five years, due to a variety of reasons, not the least of which is the growing desire of man for the outdoors, the demand for shooting licenses has increased at the rate of 250,000 annually. But at the same time the tendency of the law has been toward further prohibitions—smaller bags, more closed seasons, briefer seasons. And Nature herself is coming to the aid of such narrower laws, certain hunted species achieving extinction or approaching that lamentable condition.

Instead of rehabilitating game bird life, we are permitting it to die out and calling that protection. We are permitting vermin—the crow, the fox, the coyote, the hawk, the snake, the skunk and so on—to kill in season and out. We find states which have forbidden us even to kill the hawk, the crow, the fox. These same states will sell you a license to hunt, though. But little if any of that license fee goes toward vermin control, which would make your license mean something. If you did business in a like manner you'd be in danger of arrest for taking money under false pretenses.

I am not ignoring the virtues of some of our bird-protection legislation—the closed seasons, the limited bags; but why issue licenses to hunters and at the same time prohibit the breeding for hunting purposes of grouse, wild turkey, quail, prairie hen, duck, snipe, plover and the rest? Even if it is difficult to be entirely honest about game laws, why not be logical? Why should it be necessary for the United States steadily to reduce the size of an individual's duck bag (it has recently been cut from twenty-five to fifteen) when, by encouraging restocking and breeding by the state and by individuals for commercial purposes, the number of ducks would constantly be growing instead of diminishing?

Numerous are the arguments advanced by the so-called conservationists —and never was a word more distorted. Generally speaking, the conservationist relies upon the protected bird to replenish itself—to fight its own battle for life and increase against vermin and starvation. Little if any encouragement is given the individual farmer to stock his uncleared land with the birds which have deserted him. We are told, by the professional bird savior, that game is not necessary to the human diet anyway and therefore there's no commercial reason for encouraging shooting. They say that the advance of human colonization and of commerce into once remote places has limited the possible hunting areas so radically that it is only a matter of time until there'll be no room for the hunter anyway. Therefore, they continue, let's save the bird from the gun while we may. And so on.

By such argument they dodge the issue. Once corn grew wild, but as man encroached upon these free fields corn increased many hundredfold under man's hand. Once horses roamed over millions of acres without restraint. Taken into industry they multiplied and made man rich until machinery came to do their work. Anyone can extend the analogy.

Just why the commercial value of the game bird was overlooked in the development of what nature bestowed upon advancing man is baffling in spite of all the soft arguments of the conservationist. We conserve oil fields. Why? In order that we may have oil to consume and to sell later. We conserve forests for the same reason. We conserve water power that the cost of living may be reduced.

And yet we deny to the farmer the right to raise game for commercial purposes and call that, too, conservation. We do not object if he builds game shelters on his place, or gives over acres of his land to food for birds. When and if he does this we applaud him and grow warmly sentimental. But we sternly forbid him to attack his own problem of living and to help solve his famous relief conundrum by selling game from his own farm in the larger markets, or by making worth-while the leased shooting privileges of his meadows and woodlands to hunters. We even shudder dolefully when he traps and otherwise destroys the owl, the fox, the skunk, the coyote, the woodchuck and crow, to mention but a few of the predatory animals—vermin—which do more to decimate wild bird life than all the hunters. We are a sentimental nation.

The so-called conservationist's propaganda is forever calling our attention to what Theodore Roosevelt did for bird refuges—how he deplored the vanishing wild flocks. They carefully omit facts. Probably none of our national heroes was a mightier hunter. We have never had a man who took keener joy in stalking game. And yet, like other officeholders who gloried in the hunt, he too was beguiled into the ways of the false conservationist who takes no heed of the farmer whose acres might be turned from liability to asset by stocking them with game for the nation's table.

The Professional's Viewpoint

There has just left America a Scotsman named Ross—Andrew John Ross. He came here to superintend the laying out of a huge private game preserve. Before he departed he made an extensive tour of those vast areas in the United States and Canada to which thousands of Americans travel annually with shotguns and rifles in hand and hope in heart.

"I'm not yet sure," he said, "that my heart isn't broken. Mind you, I'm not presuming to criticize American game laws and I don't know the politics of your game conservation over here. All that I'm saying is that to a man like me who's spent all his working years on grouse moors and shooting estates, it's a sad thing to see possibilities such as I viewed in America going to waste.

"I might mention New England, for instance. I had a look at a few small pheasant farms and considering the handicaps the law imposes on your game breeder they're all right. But between them I saw thousands upon thousands of acres of what you people call abandoned farm land—land that's been farmed thin in the competition with the great Western farms. I saw city workers coming out and buying whole rows of lovely hills for little or nothing, meaning one day to fix up the old house and retire to it when they've done working. I saw others trying chicken farming and bee-keeping and dairying. And it was sometimes a very pathetic sight because with all their energies they were still theorists and getting nowhere in particular. Anyway they looked strong and happy.

"But naturally I looked at all those hills with their fine covers, their woodlands and streams (the beauty of them and the comfort and ease!) and I liked to think I owned a thousand acres or even a hundred to stock with grouse, pheasants, woodcocks and partridges. Or with ground game—hares and rabbits. There's money in it, man, money. And the land! They tell me it's no good for intensive farming and that the dairy business is all turning to the hands of the great scientific dairymen.

"No good for farming, hey? Well, it would be heaven for the hunter, to say nothing of a new source of income to the state and another way to turn for the farmer."

An Economic Asset

Mr. Ross went on at great length, and presently it dawned upon me that he was applying the English system of game bird shooting to America.

"But," I objected, "aren't you talking about the diversion of these lands to the uses of rich men—at least men who can afford to take the time and spend the money hunting requires?"

"Don't be foolish," he cried. "I'd hate to think of the number of poor families that have subsisted on game—it's cheap, mind you—in the bad years since the war. There's thousands of them that would have starved for meat if it hadn't been for the hundreds of thousands of pheasants and grouse shot off the moors and estates and sold in the markets at a shilling. And there's many of them would have starved if we'd had your restrictive laws and not permitted them to do their own shooting."

"Nevertheless," I insisted, "you'd hear a terrible protest raised over here from bird conservationists and political demagogues who'd say the government was keeping land out of the hands of the people for the sake of the sportsman."

"We've had all that," said Mr. Ross. "In Parliament one of the members got up and raised a terrific pother. He pointed to another member, who owns many acres of moor. This holding of moorland for shooting, said he, was depriving the common people of farm land and so forth.

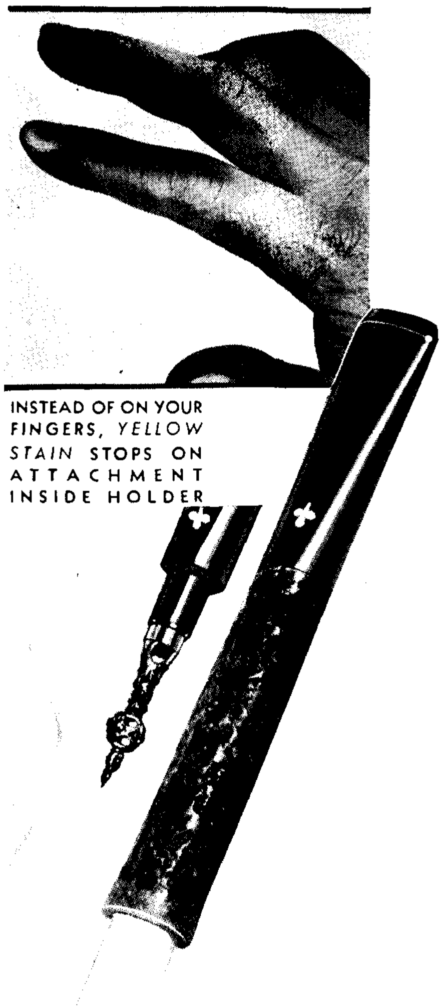
" 'Very well,' said the owner in reply, 'I will gladly give these moors to any who desire them provided they can farm them. Anybody who can make this land pay at farming can have it.'

"And that," said Mr. Ross, "ended the debate. You couldn't raise enough food on those moors to feed a dyspeptic."

Mr. Ross proceeded then to explain the English system of game bird control which is not only simple but has increased the number of game birds more than one thousand per cent since its adoption in 1831. And this in spite of the fact that during the Great War game breeding went to ruin. In six years of breeding after the war the Game Act

(Continued on page 64)

YELLOW FINGERS that DISGRACE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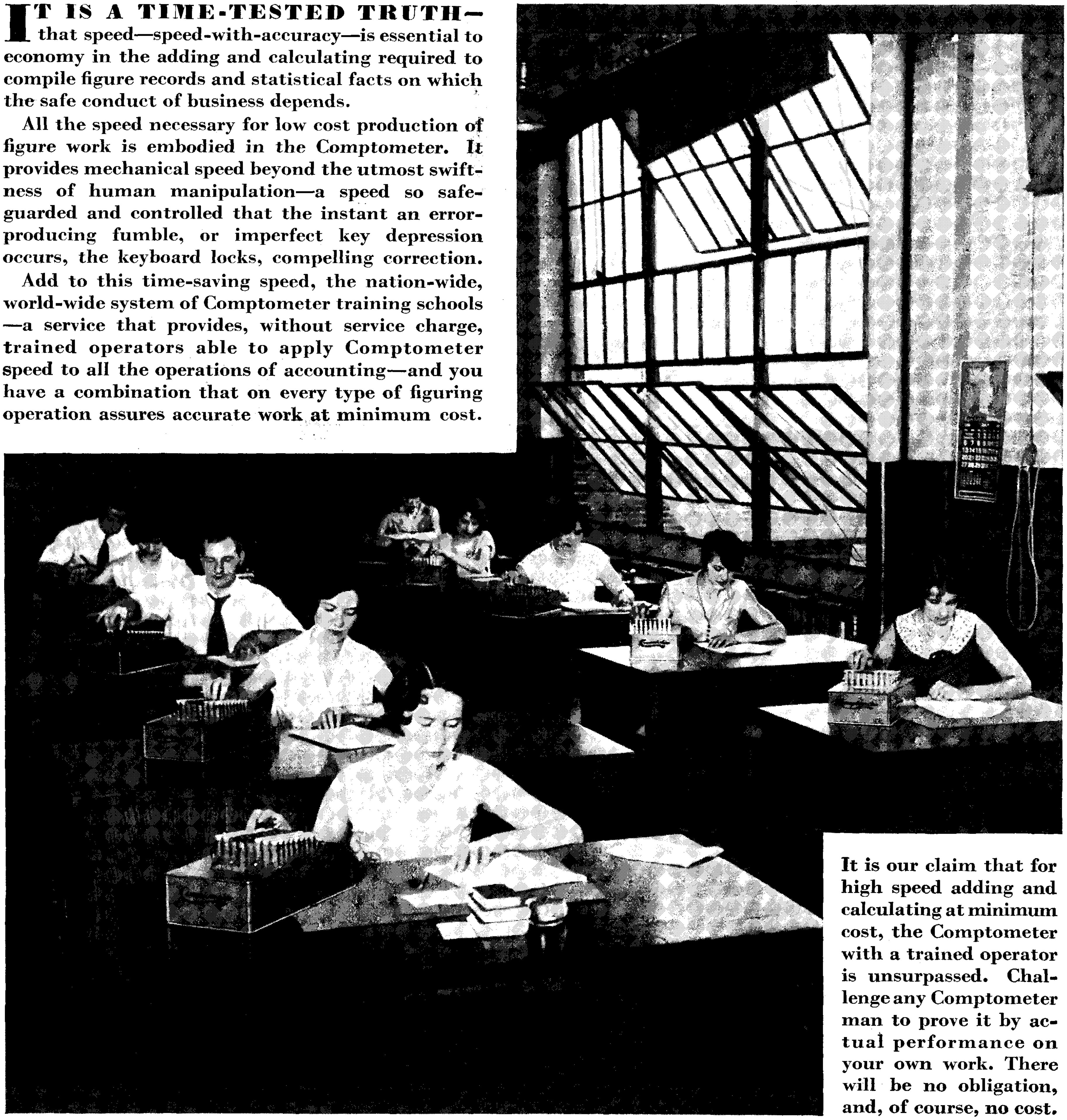

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For the Good of the Game

Continued from page 62

of England—now a hundred years old—made it possible to revive the sport to where it had been in August, 1914. The British Isles shoot millions of birds a year and yet their number increases. America shoots few and yet our birds diminish.

This English system encourages the breeding and shooting of game just as the government would encourage any other commercial enterprise. It makes it possible for all classes—from the navvy to the nobleman—to shoot and for the markets to sell game at remarkably low cost. It makes game shooting an industry in which thousands are employed directly and indirectly. Millions of birds are raised annually and anyone paying the license fee, about fifteen dollars, has the right to shoot. Hundreds of thousands of birds are thus thrown into the market every year, providing cheap and delicious food.

Being Your Own Game Warden

The title to all wild game in the British Isles is vested in the Crown but the common law holds that you, the owner of land, benefit from all the game thereon. You may raise game for the market, for your own pleasure, or for others to shoot at so much per gun or so much a bird or so much a day. The law fixes the shooting season. You, the breeder, stipulate the bag size. And you, the landowner, see to it that the law isn't defied because it's your land, they're taking your birds, it's your livelihood. You aren't going to see your birds exterminated by game hogs. Nor are you going to tolerate vermin—the natural enemy.

Yet large bags of grouse in England and Scotland run as high as four thousand birds a day. Don't jump at conclusions and decide it must be simple slaughter. It isn't. Grouse shooting, the "grand opera of field sports," is one of the most difficult, and the birds are always increasing in numbers. Given proper shelter, proper food and protection from vermin, they increase as other crops.

Grouse are bred wild and, for the most part, are shot over guns; that is, flushed and driven over the guns. The season opens on August 12th and continues for four months. Crowds invade the moors. This tremendously popular shooting was reported to pay the dividends of at least one of the railroads—in fares of course. Tons of these game birds go into the English market, where the demand is always greater than the supply. And thousands of these birds come to America—which made Mr. Ross laugh.

"As I get it," said Mr. Ross, "you pay a pretty price here in the States for grouse shot in England when you could raise them yourselves for so little. The Scottish moors from which the grouse comes are just about 30,405 square miles of God-forsaken land. They tell me that over here in the States you have 2,350,000 square miles of land where grouse may be seen in sadly diminishing numbers. And you've beside that 230,000 square miles of land where there used to be prairie grouse. A lot of that land is what you call abandoned farm country, too. It's too bad."

No place in America may we sell our own grouse for food, which is why no one takes the trouble to care for them as they should be cared for. Almost all the states forbid shooting grouse. But these same laws say nothing about protecting the birds from a more destructive enemy—vermin. The law itself can't control vermin, but the properly encouraged game breeder could—and would.

The World War provided a situation which showed what the English system could do. When the war came, numerous gamekeepers enlisted. The gamekeepers being expertly trained over a long period, they were not readily replaced. The game suffered. Vermin increased with such rapidity that within a year the birds were threatened with extermination. Then, that the nation and her soldiers might eat, the feeding of certain requisite grains to birds was forbidden. A little later the government decreed that not more than ten per cent of the breeding stock on any game farm might be retained; the rest had to be killed and shipped to the hospitals. At the Armistice the game-breeding industry was apparently done for.

But, the war finished, work on the game farms was resumed. For three seasons—1920, 1921, 1922—game was not abundant. The hardest fight was getting rid of crows, foxes, the hawk, the weasel and so on. But in 1923 the shooting was again good. In 1925 it was normal.

"In America," said Mr. Ross, "your vermin menace would be harder to meet because you have so much more territory to cover. Within ten years—aye, less—you'd have America the grandest country in the world for field sports. And once it was, there'd be no more of these ill-conceived prohibitions of shooting because you'd cultivate that taste for game and the poor man would have another and cheaper food source."

Then Mr. Ross grew eloquent about America's possibilities as a turkey-shooting and duck-hunting heaven. With proper care wild turkey breeding would be a solution to many a farmer's dilemma, particularly if he owns woodland as well as open field. And yet one hears none of our statesmen, hard at the problems of relief for the farmer, suggesting that our game laws be so reorganized as to make it possible for the farmer thus to assist in his own salvation.

Birds Have Good Memories

"They tell me," I said to Mr. Ross, "that the farmer is not enthusiastic about the migratory birds because they leave his fields and woods with the change of the seasons."

"We've been through all that too," said he. "Your game birds have long memories. They will come back to the good feeding grounds. You'll hear, also, that a game farm will lose some of its birds; that Farmer Grimes will raise birds that will fly off to Farmer Wilson. That's a half truth. I've seen huge cattle ranges which are not fenced in and some of this man's cattle will wander off hundreds of miles to that man's herd. But it's pretty well evened up by defections from that man's herd to this man's. In the long run nobody loses a steer. The same's good for birds."

"Yes," I agreed, "and the game bird farmer would find that out by noting the identification tags on the birds coming in from elsewhere."

"I'd not depend too much on that," grinned Mr. Ross. "The tags aren't always signs that a bird was anybody's in particular. If a bird is fetched down and is without a tag on it to indicate that it was fair game, it's no trouble to slip one on. Provided, of course, you have one. I only mean to say that

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there's many a trick I've seen. But with simple laws properly enforced and the farmer understanding that it's up to him to deal fair with himself, his neighbor and the birds if he hopes to make money, you'll see the law enforced by the game owner, the gamekeeper and the sportsman. No trouble at all in England and the British are just as willing to break laws as you Americans are. They prove it every day."

All things considered and under laws which could be drawn for the benefit of the game raiser and not the vermin, it would be considerably easier for a farmer to raise birds than to cultivate many of his present crops. Once you get your flocks started (and with a normal amount of intelligence this doesn't entail vast difficulty and certainly none of the drudgery of land tilling) the birds meet you halfway. They'll take care of themselves as long as the food's there, the cover is properly located and maintained, and as long as you keep the vermin under control.

Fortunes in Wild Fowl

For example, there was Professor Blanton of Richmond, Virginia. He was the first man to breed wild turkeys commercially in this country. He wrote of his successes and failures. He tells extensively and enthusiastically about how he hatched some of his first birds in a hotel room, using an electric light for the brooding warmth. And there was young Henry Gwaltern of upper Wisconsin, who raised 5,000 wild turkeys from a humble beginning of seven eggs. He put himself, a brother and a sister through college on his beautiful birds. His brother studied medicine. His sister is a biologist for a famous foundation. But Gwaltern studied agriculture and went back to breeding turkeys.

In the beginning he robbed the woodland nest of a wild turkey hen and fetched seven eggs to his father's farm, where he put them under barnyard hens. Six of them produced young turkeys. The wild hen, unperturbed, moved on and laid six more eggs. And these, too, came through under domesticated mothers. Henry Gwaltern's father gave over to his son fifty acres of woods, wherein the lad liberated his young turkeys after clearing it of vermin and keeping guard lest any return. And at that time—eighteen years ago—wild turkeys were fetching from fifteen to twenty-five dollars each with the demand far exceeding the supply. The eggs were selling at twelve dollars a dozen.

We mention this only to indicate the commercial side of wild turkey raising. We might consider two or three other species. Quail, for example. This beautiful game bird is a persistent and prolific breeder. They are monogamous, build their nests on the ground and lay numerous eggs. It is estimated, for example, that one pair and its progeny would produce five or six million birds in eight years if there were to be no losses. In fact, that's a low estimate.

Looking rapidly over the records of a hundred years ago when America was the home land of a greater number and a greater variety of game birds than any other country in the world (and at that time there were no laws whatever governing shooting) you see such disconcerting testimony as this: two guns bagging a hundred woodcock a day; the killing of a hundred bay snipe at a single discharge of the shotgun; the killing of whole wagonloads of grouse and wild duck. Huntsmen's yarns? Not at all. They were not records either—merely authenticated deeds of men who went out to bag what they could of our vast quantities of game birds. And here's a noble name—Buffalo Bill. Here's his boast that he alone killed nearly five hundred wild turkeys at one western camp. In one week, too.

Unhappily, all this was true. Unhappily because it gave the false conservationists powerful propaganda. Out of these slaughterings came some of our absurd game laws. But no one took the trouble to find out what effect even this wholesale killing would have had on the numbers of our birds if, at the same time, the activities of vermin had been curbed. The result was that many of our laws were based on half truths. The wild hunter got all the blame; the wild vermin got none. The human game hog was curbed by law; the animal game hog was permitted to run amuck as of old.

And here we read that not so long ago ruffed grouse (there's game for you, man!) was condemned in Massachusetts by farmers because it was far too abundant for successful fruit growing. Whereat the state placed a bounty on ruffed grouse and the carnage was something to make the heart of today's hunter burn. Kentucky declared her millions of prairie grouse to be pests and they were slaughtered into near extinction—slaughtered and thousands left to rot where they fell. Today Massachusetts and Kentucky would give millions of dollars to have their grouse back. Particularly so when they read such reports as that of W. C. Henderson, associate chief of the United States Biological Survey.

Therein Mr. Henderson says that in New Hampshire, for example, the state's income from game and birds is more than $6,500,000. This neat sum includes license fees and moneys spent for equipment in the state by hunters in whose breasts hope springs eternal.

Like the wild turkey in Ohio, the heath hen of Massachusetts, Connecticut, eastern New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia became extinct at a time when shooting was prohibited. It survives only on Martha's Vineyard. One lonely heath cock lives there. He is the last of his breed. He lives in princely luxury, pampered by trained wardens, observed by awed naturalists. The earth has been combed for a mate. But he is doomed to die celibate—the sole survivor of bush fires that invaded the last retreat of his race. Repeatedly we find that game birds continued swiftly to decrease after shooting was forbidden, and it required no great amount of investigation to discover that vermin was more deadly than gunpowder.

First, Get Your Owl

Crows are among the vermin which the law, curiously enough, does not protect. Therefore, get your shotgun and, like Henry Holden, who tells the tale to me, perfect your aim.

You get a stuffed owl (says Henry). If you can get a great horned owl all the better. There you have the natural and hereditary enemy of the crow. Now mount old banjo-eyes in a tree—well out where he can be seen from distances. And then you and your friends take to cover near by. And be sure it is cover. You must be absolutely hidden. Branches, cornstalks or the like will do nicely.

Then wait. Depend upon the magnificent eyes and eyesight of your crows. From amazing distances they'll see your owl perched up there. From afar one or two black boys will spot him and send out the call. And pretty soon a large section of the sky will darken with the raucous crows coming down in brave array to settle another score with the hated enemy.

Wait until the crow armada is directly over the tree. But even then hold your fire. At first you'll see three or four of them swoop down at the apparently

(*Continued on page 66*)

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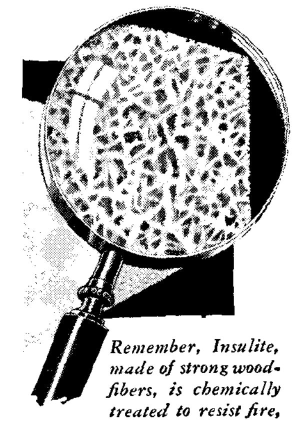

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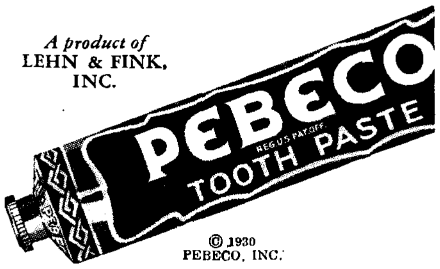

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(*Continued from page 65*)

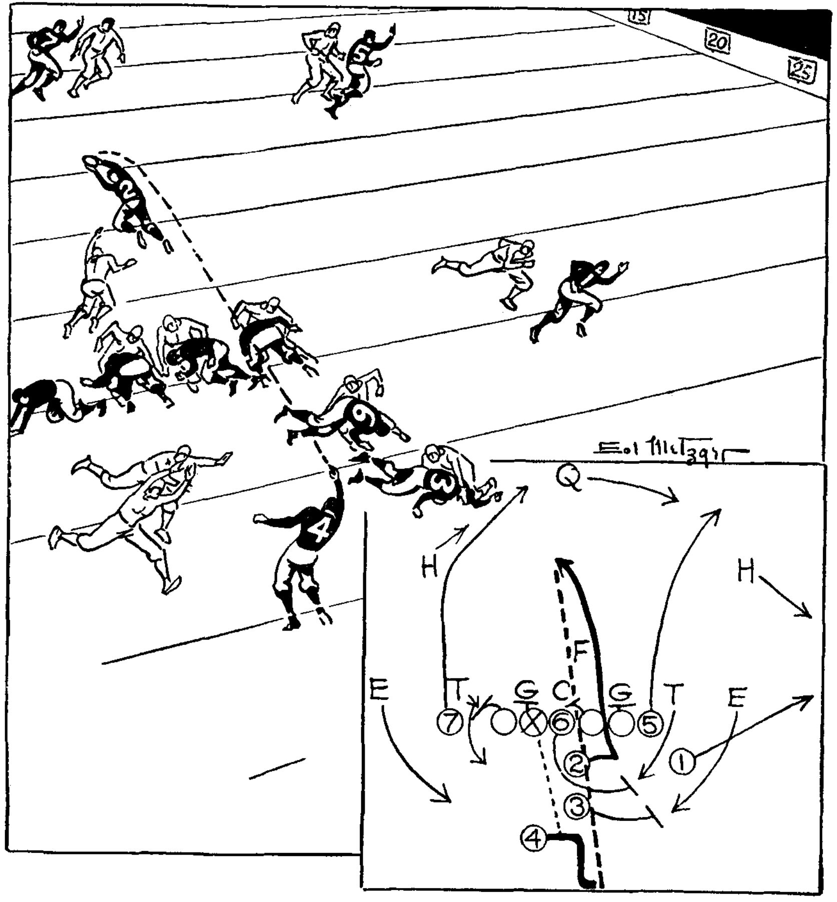
defenseless owl. They'll almost reach him but not quite. Up again as if to report to the screaming dozens that have come to join the fun. The screaming of the crows will be terrific. You may talk; but be sure you're not seen.

And now down they come, fighting amongst themselves for snatches at your owl. Now let them have it! Your first salvo ought to fetch from six to ten crows. Maybe more.

The crows wheel off, startled but unsatisfied. Lay low, lay low. They'll come back. Then repeat the dose. Let them have it—both barrels. But still lay low. The highly intelligent creatures will return again. They may come back four times. Or even five.

Then (says Henry) it will occur to those crows—and they'll soon spread the news—that the neighborhood is unhealthy. It's a highly amusing way to get rid of one species of vermin.

"But," adds Henry, "be sure to take in your owl—if any."



When the Trojans Pass - Look Out!

By Sol Metzger

PLAYS that start alike but develop far differently are an aim of present-day football strategists. They are most effective when built around the triple-threat star, like Marsters of Dartmouth, who could run, throw passes and punt equally well.

Howard Jones, of the University of Southern California, had such a man last fall in Saunders, quarterback, the star of the New Year's game with Pitt, when the Trojans upset the dope by overwhelming the mighty Panthers, 47 to 14.

The particular cause of the surprise was Jones' passing attack. It depended on more than speed of foot and accurate throwing of the ball. Such passing comes near being the last word in aërial strategy. It succeeded against such mighty foes as Oregon State, Washington and Stanford. These victims, except Oregon State, had posted scouts to watch its effect on others. Yet it worked.

Reasons are clear. First, the Trojans did not pass according to any particular tactical situation. Second, their winning passes started off exactly as did such strong running plays as Saunders' famous off-tackle drive.

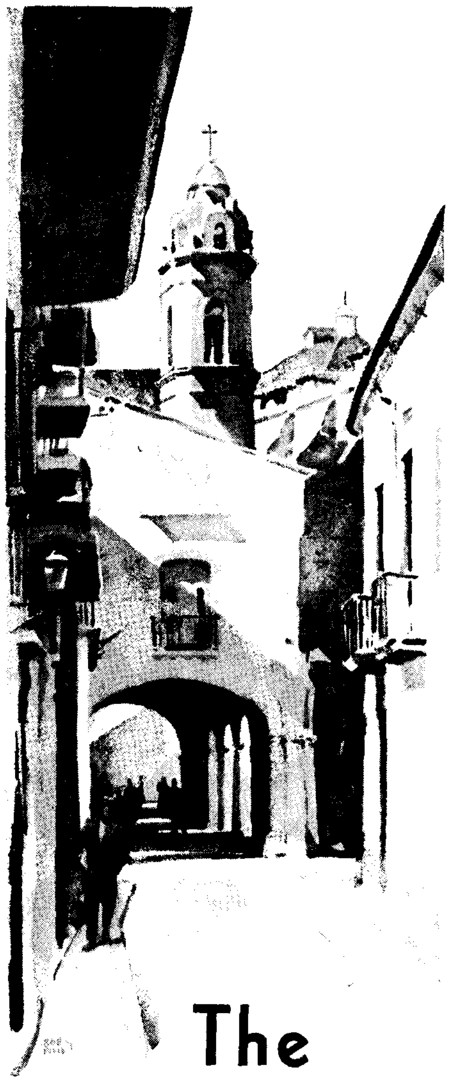
Give any team the ball at midfield, second down, two yards to go. What would happen? Most would buck. But not Jones! Here his elevens are quite likely to chance a long pass that either scores or places them within striking distance—if it succeeds.

The best Trojan pass last season began with Saunders, Number 4, who broke to the right as on his off-tackle smash. Ahead of him ran backs (2 and 3), Edelson and Musick, with the right guard (6), as interferers.

What defensive line would not rise eagerly to such bait, forgetting to give attention to what might happen to its rear? There the Trojan ends (5 and 7) were sprinting downfield and over to their right to draw with them the rear defensive backs, who necessarily had to cover them on passes. Simultaneously, Pinckert (1) ran into the first zone to the right to lure with him one of the front line of defensive backs.

So was the way cleared for Edelson (2), who left the job of protecting Saunders to Musick and his right guard while he ran downfield, veering to the left area already cleared of opponents. By now Saunders had backed up to make the pass to the fleeting Edelson.

Next week we'll describe the last-minute pass that saved Nebraska from defeat in its big game with Missouri last fall.



The Restfulness
OF THE OLD WORLD
SUBTLY BLENDED
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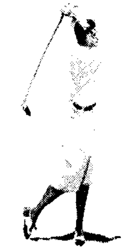
GAYETY, sports and complete relaxation must be reasonably combined if one is to benefit fully from the winter vacation. You'll surely go in for all the sports this winter. You could find them in any one of a number of places . . . tho perhaps in not such a generous measure and certainly not in an environment so different as in Cuba. But to find the climate of the tropics . . . (don't miss your ultra-violet) . . . to know the complete change that only a foreign country can provide . . . and to be able to saunter away from the whirl when enough's enough, for an age-old environment that literally forces you into delicious idleness . . . you'll naturally decide upon the island home of the winter sun. Perhaps it's the races today . . . the casino tonight . . . golf or fishing tomorrow. As much of that as you wish . . . but other interests, too. Old Havana with its reminders of the Spanish era . . . ancient villages . . . quaint . . . historical . . . throughout the island. Much to ponder on in native art, music, customs, architecture. Interesting? Just try it!



CUBA

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Ghosts of Spain

Continued from page 15

wooden stairs, and then in the distance the crash of music and the storm of *oles!* which greeted her entrance.

As he descended the stairs his knees were trembling, and so was the hand that grasped the iron banister. Hurriedly he crossed Zulueta Street and shouldered his way through the crowd in the Cantina de Santiago. "Brandy," he said. "A double brandy."

IN THE months that ensued Montalvo and La Catalana worked together on a basis of armed truce. He realized that he was more than ever madly in love with her, but at the same time the cold, gray terror of betrayal or exposure made him hate her. One of these days, one of these nights, she would lead him into another Cuban trap or whisper a word about his past which would send him, screaming, to the garrote. Hadn't she almost done for him that time in Barcelona?

But there was one thing about the whole sinister business which he could not understand—the motive of her treachery. Surely, Spain could pay her as much as the Cubans. No, it couldn't be money. . . . Idealism, the adherence to a cause for the sake of right, was wholly beyond Montalvo's comprehension. A materialist of the grossest stamp, he could attribute her change of allegiance to only one thing: love. And so to the other demons which possessed him was added the most fiendish of all: jealousy.

She was in love with a Cuban, that was it! With a Cuban—Saenz, perhaps. But no, it couldn't be Saenz; he was a dull youth who knew only how to shoot. Who was it, then? How could he find out? Suddenly he remembered that Cordero had offered him the coöperation of the Intelligence Staff. He decided to use it. A word here, a whisper there, a scrap of writing from a waste-paper basket, and he'd have all he needed.

Actually, it was even more simple than that, and it came about quite accidentally. A trifle drunk, he had gone to her dressing-room to plan the details of disposing of the second man on Cordero's list. The first, Señor Vicente Tude y Justiz, had been interred that afternoon in La Lagrimosa Cemetery, by reason of a contra de sexta parry and a lunge to the throat.

"The name is Carvajal," Montalvo was saying. "Doctor Bernardo Carvajal y Guzman, a lawyer. Somehow the name sounds familiar. Have you ever met him?"

"Never," she said. "But there's no use worrying about him. Espia Ten reports that Doctor Carvajal is in New York, working with the revolutionary junta. Who's next on the list?"

"A man named Torruella," said Montalvo thickly. "He owns a house at Bahia Honda, but he comes to town on the fifteenth of every month." For some minutes they discussed the pleasant course of events which would lead to Señor Torruella's undoing—the smile; the flick of a fan in the dining-room of the Hotel Inglaterra; the quitrin waiting at the Restaurant Française; the affront on the sidewalk at precisely twenty minutes after nine, and the death at Jesus del Monte as the sun rose next morning.

It would work. Of course it would. With minor variations they had engineered it so often before. Montalvo discussed the plan abstractedly, for something else was on his mind. He was wondering just when and where he'd heard the name of Carvajal. . . .

There was a tap on the door. "If the Señorita is ready," the callboy bowed.

"Until the fifteenth, then," said La Catalana, sliding the strings of her castanets over her fingers and pausing for a final sweep of the powder puff upon her arms. "Good night, Teniente."

"Good night," said Montalvo, remaining in his chair—Carvajal; where had he heard that name? Carvajal . . . Doctor Bernardo Carvajal y Guzman. . . . Why, of course!

He sprang to his feet and strode unsteadily to the table, upon which lay an opened box of yellow tea roses. "The card!" he said. "The card—I saw it when I came in!" But though he rummaged beneath the flowers and tore away the billows of lace paper which surrounded them, there was no card in the box. He seized the wastebasket, spilled its contents upon the table. There was the usual quota of love notes, but not what he sought.

He shrugged his shoulders and laughed nastily. "Oh, very well!" he said, as though addressing La Catalana. "I'll get it from you later." As he hurried down the stairs he consulted his watch. "You have still twenty minutes to dance, my pretty Lola. Enjoy them—enjoy them—for I shall return!"

Leaving the Teatro Payret by way of the lobby, he cut diagonally across the Parque to the end of Obispo Street. There he paused, peered about him and whistled to a Negro bootblack who stood on the opposite corner. The boy hurried over, knelt before him and began brushing his patent-leather boots.

"Fifty-three," Montalvo murmured.

"Sixty-four," replied the Negro, adding eleven and thus identifying himself. "What do you wish, Lieutenant?"

"There's a man named Carvajal," said Montalvo. "Doctor Carvajal, a lawyer. Do you know him?"

"Yes," said the bootblack. "He had dinner at the Telegrafo, went to the flower stand outside Obispo 71 and is now in the Sala Zaragoza in the Payret. The door is on Zulueta Street, just around from the Parque."

"Yes, I've fenced there," said Montalvo, looking at his watch. He had time for a drink or so, and then he would catch her as she came off the stage.

HE WAITED in the wings. He reeked of brandy, his eyes were bloodshot and there were dark patches of perspiration on the green of his regimental tunic. To a surging surf of applause La Catalana, her castanets held high above her comb, swayed prettily toward him into the wings. Once beyond the view of the audience, she dropped her posture and stood facing him scornfully. He seized her by the shoulders and kissed her.

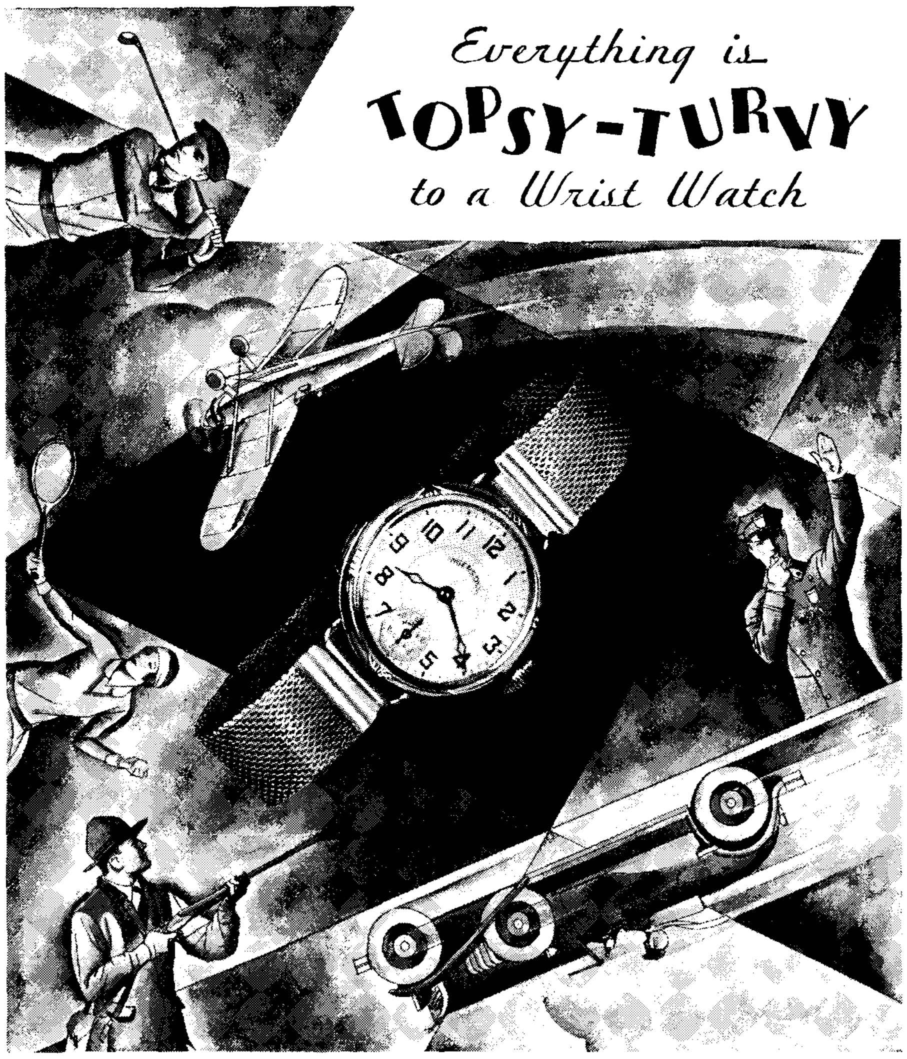
Making a grimace, she wiped her vivid mouth with the fringe of her manton.

Suddenly he clutched her to him. His hand searched in her bosom. "There!" he said triumphantly, holding up a warm and crumpled bit of cardboard. "Doctor Bernardo Carvajal y Guzman, eh?—The man who's in New York—and yet less than an hour ago wrote 'With tender devotion' on this card." He scowled and swayed back on his heels. "I came to tell you that I know where he is. He's in the Sala Zaragoza. You lied to me."

"Of course, fool!" she said, catching her breath, and then, with desperate inspiration, "Don't you think I know how to obey orders?"

"Orders!" he sneered. "Why, you don't mean to tell me that Cordero has

(*Continued on page 68*)



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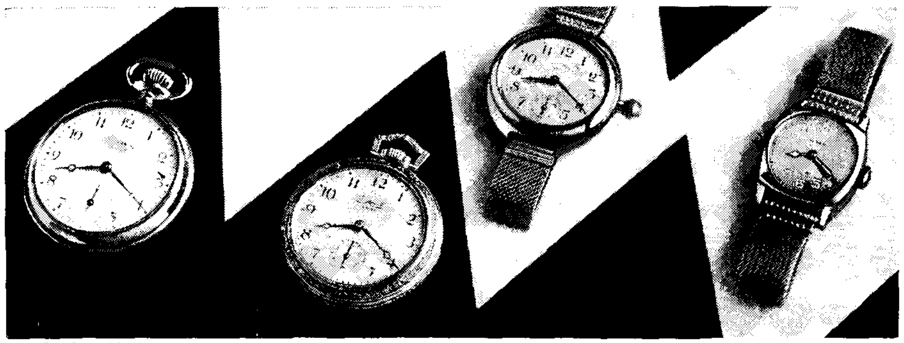

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(*Continued from page 67*)

decided to let him go! No, no, my pretty, you're lying again, damn you, you're lying!"

"Lying, am I? Well, you drunken asesino, if you kill Carvajal tonight, you'll find yourself in a pretty mess when Cordero hears about it!"

He leaned against the wall beneath the purring gas jet and wiped the back of his neck with his handkerchief. He closed his eyes and frowned, as though trying to squeeze the brandy fumes from his brain.

"Lola," he said menacingly, "I'll bet heaven against hell that you are dealing double. If you are, God help you. But whether you are or not . . . God help Carvajal!"

Her hand flew to her garter before she remembered that her dagger was not there—she was in costume. She ran after him to the door, but he had gone out into Zulueta Street.

HE WALKED unsteadily toward the Parque and entered the Sala de Armas Zaragoza.

Skirting the ends of the long coconut mats upon which the swordsmen were fencing, he joined a group seated at a table by the window. "Is Doctor Carvajal present?" he asked. "Oh . . . this gentleman here? Well, my good Doctor Carvajal, you're just the man I was looking for. I have something to tell you."

Carvajal—a slim, ascetic-looking Cuban whose hair was prematurely gray—regarded him coldly. "Something to tell me, Lieutenant?"

"Yes," said Montalvo, raising his voice so that all might hear. "I came to tell you that you are a dog and a coward."

The sudden hush was broken by his laugh as he dodged the blow which Carvajal launched at him. "Señores," he said, "may I call upon two of you to act as my seconds, so we can settle this thing at once? You, Don Guillermo, and you, Don Andres . . . come, pray oblige me. And you, Major Castillo—will you do us the honor to preside, sir?"

"But, Lieutenant," said somebody, "you cannot fight now! You have been drinking."

"Drunk or sober, it's all the same to me. I fight—*now!*"

He unbuttoned his tunic, kicked off his spurs, and began alternately squatting and standing up to limber his knees.

Carvajal, surrounded by a group at the opposite end of the room, shrugged his shoulders and removed his pongee coat. Old Gregorio, the fencing master, produced a pair of bell-guarded dueling espadas, their needlelike points protected by corks. These he handed to Major Castillo.

"Attention!" called the major, who was, himself, a trifle drunk. "Choose your weapons, gentlemen."

With a laugh Montalvo seized a sword, twitched the cork from its point, and strapped the pommel to his wrist. Then, coming to guard, he executed a series of lightning lunges down the length of the center floor strip. At the far end he found himself confronted by the Cortez armor.

"Eh, la!" he shouted tipsily. "Old Uncle Hernán, himself! On guard, Hernán, old fellow, or I'll tickle your iron guts!" He darted his sword through the gaps in the arm guards, and thrust it between helmet and gorget as though a face were there. With his point he flicked at the long rapier which rested in the steel gauntlet and then leaped back in a quick mock parry.

His play was interrupted by his seconds. Castillo called the combatants to the center of the strip for their instructions. While he was talking Montalvo whistled a few gay notes of La Primavera, the tune to which Lola danced. Carvajal, suddenly recognizing it, looked toward him loathingly. The Spaniard winked and leered.

"To your places, gentlemen," the major ordered. Montalvo swaggered to his end of the strip, wheeled and fell on guard. The smile had left his face. He was on duty now—poised like a cat, and as lithe and swift and deadly.

"Play!" cried the major, springing back from the center line; and as he did so Montalvo shot out in a lunge which sent his point through Carvajal's thigh. "Too low, damn it!" he muttered to himself; and then as the swords of seconds and director warned him back to his place he said, "It was only a scratch—even such a coward as he wouldn't quit for that."

"No," said Carvajal, waving away Gregorio, who was bringing bandages. "And I demand that from now on the duel shall not be stopped while either of us can hold a sword."

"Capital!" agreed Montalvo. "But it won't last long, my dear doctor, unless you wield your sword a little more intelligently. Your party of *cuarto* is really atrocious."

They came to guard once more. Montalvo, crouching low, twitched Carvajal's point from side to side. Try as he might, the Cuban could not evade the contact. His arm was heavy, his lungs burning. His trouser leg, he noticed, was sodden and red. His fastest counters were not fast enough to dodge the menacing play of Montalvo's steel. The man was toying with him. There was opening after opening and he knew it. . . .

"Well," said Montalvo, with easy insolence, "I guess the next one will have to be on the nose. After that I'll jab you once in each foot, and then I'll see what your rotten heart is made of. The nose, did I say? Ah, yes . . . the nose!"

He flashed forward at the final word, missing his mark by a scant half inch. But his point plowed through the flesh of the right cheek and emerged behind the ear. It was a nasty wound. He backed away to taunt, but suddenly changed his mind.

For Carvajal, mad with pain and fury, was attacking like a cyclone. His maneuvers were wild, but their very ferocity forced Montalvo to retreat. He laughed as he countered the frenzied thrusts, and once, in sheer bravado, he executed a prima parry which left him dangerously open.

"Come on!" he urged, retreating once more. "See if you can catch me. Remember, the next one will be in your right foot . . . or shall we make it the left?" He was almost at the end of the strip, now. With his left hand he groped behind him to measure his distance, and touched the suit of armor. "Oh, pardon me, Uncle Hernán," he laughed. "I didn't mean to crowd you. I was just . . ."

SUDDENLY Carvajal lunged. Montalvo laughed, parried, leaped back. Then, with a frightful scream, he whirled and faced the armor, the Cortez sword quivering in his back. He whisked a derringer from his waist band and fired twice.

"Mother of Mercy!" cried Major Castillo, kneeling beside Montalvo's twitching body. "It's stuck clear through him."

"Yes," said old Gregorio. "It must have toppled and fallen just as he leaped back. His full force—his whole weight—against the point . . . ugh!"

A detective came panting up the stairs. He was followed by two white-coated policemen with drawn pistols.

"Hands up, you Cuban swine!" he shouted. "Oh, ho, you've been murdering a Spanish officer, have you?" Then, seeing Major Castillo, he saluted. "At

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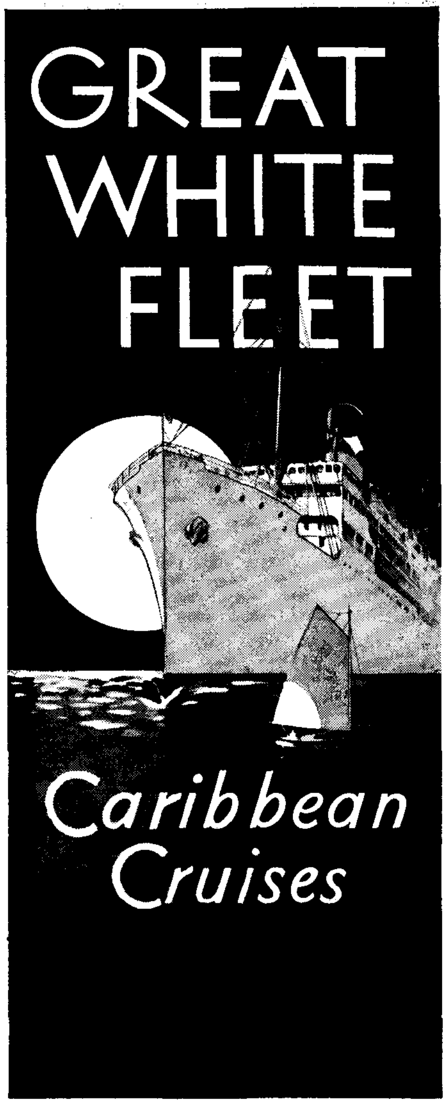

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your service, sir," he said, bowing.

"It's all right, officer," the major assured him. "We have had an accident. Lieutenant Montalvo loosened this sword in its place on the armor before he began fencing and backed into it as it fell."

"Very good, sir," said the detective, taking down names in his notebook. Then, examining the bullet holes in the corselet, "Nice shooting," he muttered. "Too bad there wasn't a Cuban inside." He prodded the curtain perfunctorily with his sword cane, the end striking the solid wall behind. "All right," he said. "It looks like an accident, plainly enough."

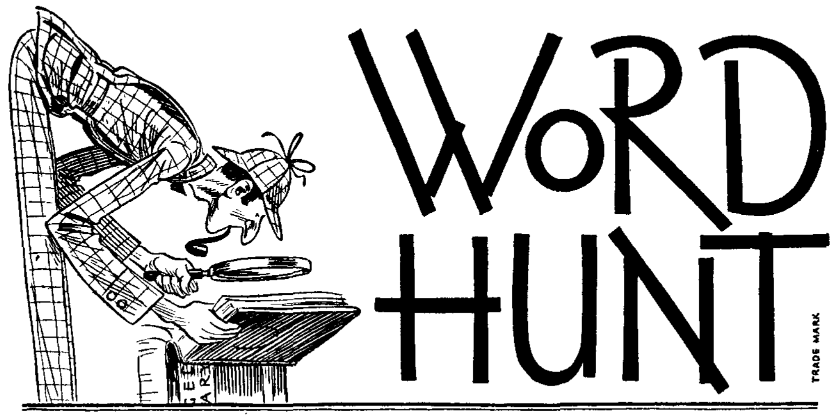
And so as an accident Montalvo's death was recorded.

It was fortunate, though, that the Spaniards failed to notice the smudges of white upon the edges of the curtains, where they overlapped behind the armor—smudges which might have been left by a rice-powdered arm thrust between them. It was fortunate, too, that the policeman's blade encountered the plaster wall instead of the little door which the curtains concealed. . . .

But all this was so many years ago. The Sala de Armas Zaragoza is still a rendezvous for the young bloods of Havana, but they park their cars in Zulueta Street, drop in for an hour's friendly foil play and then drive home to Vedado and to dinner.

WHEN you open the little door behind the curtains you look into a gloomy disused cavern which is the Payret's back-stage. There are great gray spider webs on the curtain ropes and mildew on the old gilt furniture and piles of broken scenery. Just across the corridor is a row of deserted dressing-rooms. One of them—a faded star is on its door—was once the room of La Catalana.

Everything, back here, looks and smells and is so very old. As you stand and gaze around you, you listen for the voices of ghosts—the stamp of red-lacquered heels, the laugh of La Catalana like wind-stirred silver bells. But the only ghosts that you can hear are those that flicker on the screen; and they speak with the electrically amplified voices of a new and strident age.



In the English language there are only eleven words (each having just seven letters) that begin with the letters D·U·S. One of them is DUSTIER. You supply the others.

1	D	U	S	T	I	E	R	More dusty.
2	D	U	S					Darker; gloomier; sadder.
3	D	U	S					Gloomy, dark. Not luminous.
4	D	U	S					In a dusty manner or condition.
5	D	U	S					In a gloomy or sad manner. Darkly.
6	D	U	S					A receptacle for dust, ashes, etc.
7	D	U	S					(India) A passport or customs permit.
8	D	U	S					One whose employment is to remove dirt and refuse.
9	D	U	S					A Parsi high priest. Also (India), customary practice; custom.
10	D	U	S					A shovel-like utensil for receiving and conveying away dust.
11	D	U	S					Freeing from dust. Also, sprinkling with dust, powder or the like.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in Collier's for November 8th

1. Obscuring
2. Obscurism
3. Obscenely
4. Obscurely
5. Obscenity
6. Obscurant
7. Obscurity

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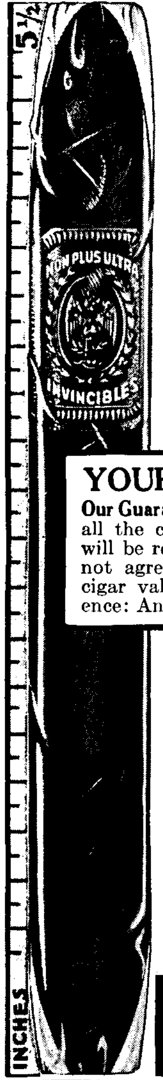

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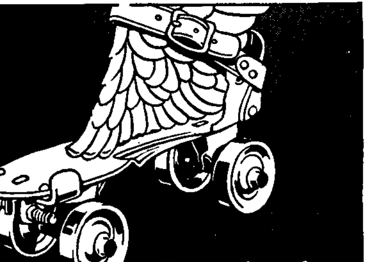

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Big Money

Continued from page 25

for about twenty minutes, just for the good of his soul and to show him who's boss, and then the forgiveness, the reconciliation, and the slow fade-out on the embrace."

"There's something in that," said Berry, brightening.

"There's everything in that. Once a man has made himself solid with a girl, he has nothing to fear. She may appear to the casual eye to be madder than a wet hen, but, if he's made himself solid, he can always bring her round. He can plead. He can grovel on the floor and tear his hair. He can apply the salve and give her the old oil. And, provided she has got used to seeing him around and has allowed him to dig himself well into the woodwork, he can always talk her over. But for the time being not a word. Secrecy and silence. Don't dream of confessing anything till the moment is ripe."

"I won't!" Berry drew a deep breath. "Thanks, Biscuit," he said with fervor. "I'm glad I asked your advice."

"Always ask my advice," said the Biscuit handsomely. "Always come to me with your little troubles and perplexities. I like all my young friends to feel that they have someone they can lean on in Uncle Godfrey."

"I feel a lot better now."

"I'm not feeling so bad myself," said the Biscuit. "I think we must celebrate this, old boy. How about lunch tomorrow in the city somewhere? I could go to the city without having Dykes, Dykes and Pinweed jumping on my neck. I'll call for you at the office at about one-thirty."

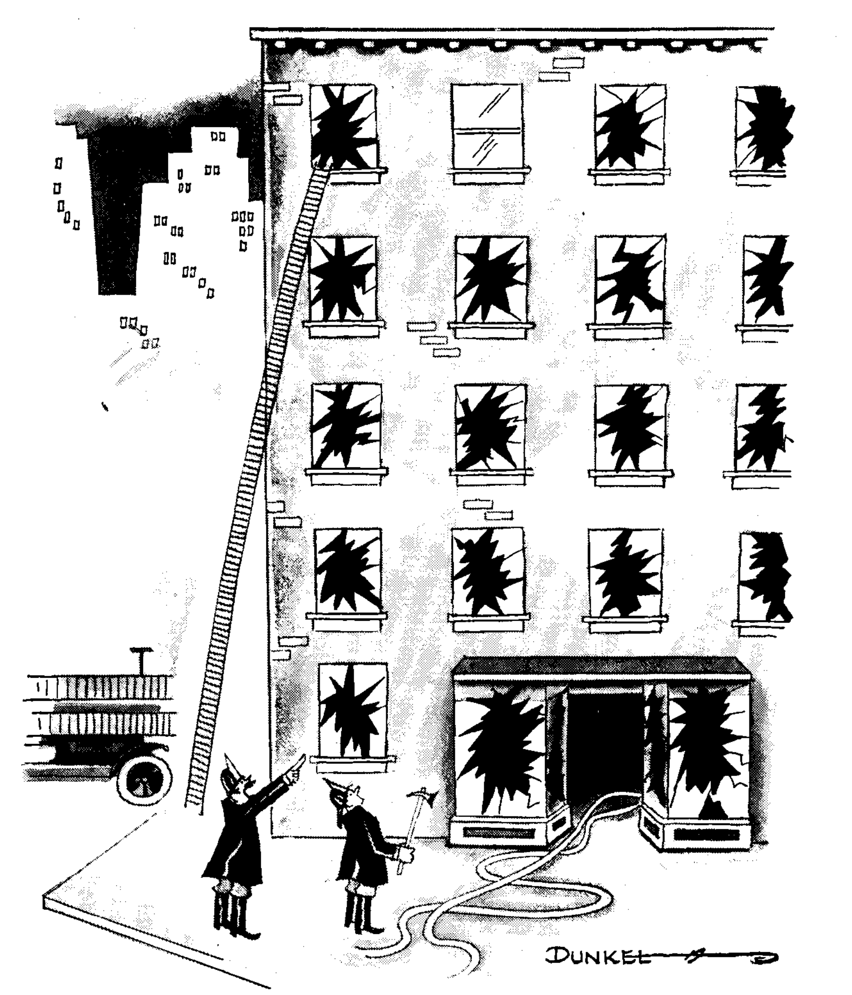
LORD HODDESDON had spent this momentous evening dining luxuriously at his club. He had eaten all the things his doctor had told him to avoid, and had drunk a bottle of a wine which his doctor insisted was poison to him. There are occasions which have to be observed with fitting solemnities, in the teeth of the whole medical profession, and one of these had come to brighten Lord Hoddesdon's life. He had just let Edgeling Court to Mr. Frisby for Goodwood Week and for another month after that, and a check for six hundred pounds was even now on its way to exhilarate a banker who had almost given up hope.

AT THE inception of the campaign Lord Hoddesdon had feared that he would never be able to bring the thing off. Shown photographs of Edgeling, T. Paterson Frisby had at first merely grunted. Becoming more vocal, he had wished to be informed what the heck his companion supposed he could possibly want with a house in the country the size of the Carlton Hotel.

Later, however, he had wobbled from this firm standpoint. He had asked to see the photographs again. He had requested time to consider. And today he had fallen completely, justifying the capitulation by saying that he wasn't sure, after all, that a house party for Goodwood might not be a nice sort of thing for his niece, Ann. Be able to entertain all her friends and repay hospitality and all that, said Mr. Frisby.

Lord Hoddesdon did not believe that this was his true motive. An observant man, he had witnessed the growing alliance between Mr. Frisby and Lady Vera Mace, and he fancied that Vera must have used her influence with the financier. If so, reflected Lord Hoddesdon, it was dashed sporting of her. Yes, dashed sporting.

He decided to toddle round to Davies Street and give her a head of the family's blessing. A just man, he believed in encouraging sisters, when deserving.



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He finished his cigar, donned hat and coat, and set out.

There was nobody in the flat but the maid when he arrived. He seated himself comfortably and gave himself up to opalescent meditations on the subject of the six hundred pounds. Presently a latchkey clicked in the door, and the next instant Lady Vera had hurried into the room.

"George!" she cried, and there was relief in her voice. "Thank goodness you are here. I was just going to telephone to your club to ask you to come round at once."

"Were you, old girl?" he said jovially. "Well, here I am. And I've got news."

"*I've* got news," said Lady Vera, sinking into a chair like a tragedy queen. "The worst possible news."

"Oh, my Lord!" said Lord Hoddesdon, deflated.

LADY VERA had sprung from her chair and was now standing on the rug, panting at him. Lord Hoddesdon ground a heel into the carpet. There were moments when his sister reminded him of a rocketing pheasant; and, while he liked rocketing pheasants at the proper time and in their proper place, he strongly objected to amateur imitations of them in a small drawing-room.

"What *is* it?" he demanded irritably.

Lady Vera found speech:

"George, I've just come from dining with Lady Corstorphine."

"Well?"

"At Mario's."

"Well?"

"And what do you think?"

"What on earth do you mean, what do I think?"

"Ann was there."

"Why shouldn't she be?"

"Not with us. She was up in the balcony."

"Well?"

Lady Vera held her brother with a glittering eye and delivered her thunderbolt:

"She was with a man, George!"

Lord Hoddesdon made one last feeble attempt to clutch at the vanishing skirts of Happiness. But he knew, even as he spoke, that the effort was futile.

"No harm in that," he said, though quaveringly. "Can't see any harm in that. Girls nowadays . . ."

"Don't be a fool, George," said Lady Vera curtly, shattering his last hope. "If it had been Toddy Malling or Bertie Winch or any of the men she goes dancing with, do you suppose I should be upset? This was a man I had never seen before. It was obviously *the* man!"

"Not the one Jane Venables said she saw with her in her car that day!"

"It must have been."

"You can't be certain," pleaded Lord Hoddesdon faintly.

"I can make certain," said Lady Vera. "Here is Ann. I will ask her."

A latchkey had turned in the front door, and from the hall there came the voice of a girl. She was singing softly to herself.

"She sounds happy!" said Lord Hoddesdon apprehensively.

"And she looked happy in the restaurant," said Lady Vera. Her voice was grim. "They were staring into each other's eyes."

"No!"

"And holding hands."

"No, dash it!"

"I saw them, I tell you."

The door opened.

"Ah, Ann, my dear," said Lady Vera. "So you've got back."

Ann's gayety had waned. No girl enjoys a disagreeable scene, and she knew that there was one before her. Anything like subterfuge was foreign to Ann Moon's nature. She had no intention of concealing what had happened. The only thing that was perplexing her was the problem of how best to reveal it. Some people, she knew, preferred their bad news broken to them gently. Others would rather that you poured it over them like a pail of water and got it done with.

She was still debating within herself the comparative merits of the two methods, when Lady Vera went on speaking and she saw that neither would be needed.

"Who was your friend?" asked Lady Vera.

"Fellow you were dining with," added Lord Hoddesdon, underlining the point. "Fellow," he went on, removing the last trace of ambiguity, "who was up in the balcony with you at Mario's."

"Yes," said Lady Vera, in a voice of the purest steel. "You were holding his hand, if you remember, and gazing into his eyes."

It was a situation in which a nice girl should have quailed. An exceptionally nice girl might even have burst into tears and covered her face with her hands. Ann, after an uncontrollable start, was unfortunate enough to see the ludicrous side of the affair. Before she could check it a happy laugh was echoing through the room.

Lord Hoddesdon's views on happy laughs were identical with his views on rocketing pheasants.

"Don't *giggle!*" he cried.

Ann became grave.

"I'm sorry," she said. "Only it seemed funny that you should have been looking on all the time."

"The humorous aspect of the matter," said Lady Vera heavily, "is not the one that appeals to me."

"I'm sorry," said Ann. "I shouldn't have . . . It was too bad of me. . . . But you know how it is when you're nervous."

"Nervous!" Lord Hoddesdon snorted. "You nervous? If ever I've seen a girl calmer and more—er—what's the word? . . . more—ah—begins with a b . . ."

"George," said Lady Vera, "be quiet."

"I'm sorry," said Ann for the third time, "and if I had known about it sooner I would have told you sooner, but I'm afraid I am not going to marry Godfrey."

LORD HODDESDON heaved slightly, like a volcano erroneously supposed to be extinct. His sister, noting the symptoms, raised a compelling hand.

"Aren't I to say a word?" demanded Lord Hoddesdon with pathos.

"No."

"Oh, very well. I'm the head of the family. Biskerton is my only son. This girl comes calmly in and tells us that she proposes to throw him over like a . . . like a . . . well, to throw him over. And I am not to say a word. I see. Precisely. Quite. I suppose," said Lord Hoddesdon witheringly, "that you would have no objection to my amusing myself with a game of solitaire while you two discuss this affair—this affair in which I, of course, have no interest whatever. Ha!" said his lordship, feeling, in spite of himself, a good deal better.

Lady Vera turned to Ann.

"Perhaps you will explain?"

"I don't think there is anything to explain."

"Of course not," said Lord Hoddesdon heartily, addressing a china cat which stood on a small table at his elbow. "Certainly not. Nothing to explain. Quite so. Very bad form of us to be inquisitive. But let me tell you . . ."

"George!"

"Oh, all right," said Lord Hoddesdon.

"I mean," said Ann, "if you saw me at Mario's, you must know that . . ."

"I know, what apparently seems to you the only point worthy of discussion, that you propose to jilt my nephew in

(*Continued on page 72*)

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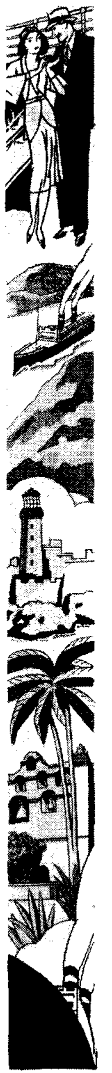

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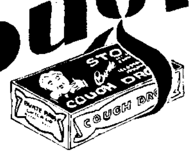

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(*Continued from page 71*)

favor of this man you were dining with tonight. But I think that, as you have been put in my charge by your parents and that I am, therefore, in a position of trust and responsibility, I am entitled to ask . . ."

"Who the devil is the moldy feller?" said Lord Hoddesdon, rising suddenly to the surface.

Lady Vera tightened her lips. The question was, in essence, the high spot to which her speech was tending, though she would have phrased it differently. But she liked to ask her own questions for herself. She directed at her brother a glance which sent him back into the recesses of his chair, and turned to Ann expectantly.

"Yes," she said. "Who is he?"

"His name is Conway."

"And what is he?"

"He is in the secret service."

Lord Hoddesdon, though crushed, could not let this pass.

"Secret service?" he said. "Secret service? Secret service? Never heard such nonsense in my life."

"George!"

"Yes, but dash it . . ."

"George!"

"Oh, all right!"

"He is in the secret service, is he?" said Lady Vera, ignoring a low rumbling from the volcano. "He told you that?"

"Yes."

"Tonight?"

"No. When we first met."

"When was that?"

"About a week ago."

"A week! A week! A week! . . ."

"George!"

"Oh, all right."

"So you have known this man you intend to marry as long as a week?" said Lady Vera. "Fancy! Might I ask how you made his acquaintance?"

"He jumped into my car."

"He—what? Why did he do that?"

"He was chasing The Sniffer . . ."

"I'm afraid I don't understand this modern slang. What do you mean by chasing the sniffer?"

"He was trying to catch a criminal called The Sniffer. Only he wasn't. I mean, it wasn't The Sniffer, after all. But he thought it was, and he jumped into my car and I drove him down to Esher. And then I met him again."

"Where?"

"At the Bassingers' dance."

"Oh?" Lady Vera was a little shaken. "He knows the Bassingers, does he?"

Ann was her honest self.

"No," she said.

"But you say he was at their dance?"

"He came there because he saw me going up in the elevator. He wasn't invited."

THE volcano erupted:

"Wasn't invited? Wasn't invited? A gate-crasher! You hear that? My only son isn't good enough for the girl, so she goes out and picks up a blasted gate-crasher!"

"I thought it was very sporting of him," said Ann defiantly.

"Sporting!"

"Well, it was. To do a thing like that just because he wanted to see me so much. It isn't very pleasant for a man to be turned out of a dance."

"So he was turned out? I see. Charming! And when did you meet him again?"

"Tonight."

"And—?"

"He kissed me," said Ann stoutly, wishing, for she was a self-respecting modern girl, that she had been able to refrain from blushing. "And I kissed him. And he told me he loved me. And I told him I loved him. And then we went off to dinner."

There was a silence, broken only by a noise from Lord Hoddesdon like the bubbling of molten lava.

"And you know nothing about him," said Lady Vera, "except that he says he is in the secret service and is not *persona grata* at the Bassingers' dances? Has this remarkable person any fixed abode? Or does he just wander about the streets jumping into girls' cars?"

"He lives," said Ann softly, breathing the address in a devout voice, for it was sacred to her, "at The Nook, Mulberry Grove, Valley Fields."

"What!" cried Lady Vera.

"If you're *thinking* that people have no right to live in the suburbs," said Ann, once more with defiance in her voice, "he has to, because they don't pay you much in the secret service."

"I see," said Lady Vera silkily. "This young man is not well off. How lucky he has decided to marry money."

"What do you mean?" cried Ann. "Are you suggesting—?"

LADY VERA'S manner changed. She became so intensely motherly that her brother stared at her, awed.

"My dear child," she said, and her smile was a composite of all of the smiles of all the mothers in filmdom, "of course I know just how you are feeling about this man, but you really must use your intelligence. It is not as if you were a stupid, unsophisticated girl. You have seen quite enough of the world to know that life is not a fairy story."

"Or a twopenny novelette," said Lord Hoddesdon.

"Or a twopenny novelette," said Lady Vera. "You know what big cities are like. London is full of adventurers, as I suppose New York is. This man is one of them."

"He isn't!"

"My dear child, of course he is. And you could see it for yourself if you were not blinded by infatuation. Jumping into girls' cars! Honest men don't jump into girls' cars."

"*I* don't," said Lord Hoddesdon, mentioning a case in point. "Never jumped into a girl's car in my life."

"I am talking to Ann, George," said Lady Vera gently. "We are not interested in your autobiography. What you don't realize, dear," she proceeded, "is that you are a very well-known girl. Your photograph has been in all the weekly papers. You have been seen about everywhere. There are a dozen ways in which this man could have got to know you by sight. Obviously, he must have marked you down; and when he saw you in your car that day he seized his opportunity. He knew how it would appeal to an imaginative girl, a man jumping in beside her and asking her to help him pursue a criminal. He knew that you are the daughter of a very rich man. . . ."

Ann had had sufficient.

"I'm not going to listen to any more."

"There isn't any more to listen to," said Lady Vera. "I have told you the whole story. And, if you have any sense at all, you will realize for yourself . . ."

"Good night," said Ann, and went out with her chin up.

She left behind her an electric silence. Lord Hoddesdon was the first to break it.

"Well?" he said.

"What on earth do you mean by 'Well?'" retorted Lady Vera. She was still tingling with the battle spirit, and it rendered her irritable.

"What do you make of it?"

"What do I make of what?"

"I mean, do you suppose you have convinced her about this fellow? Being an adventurer, and all that?"

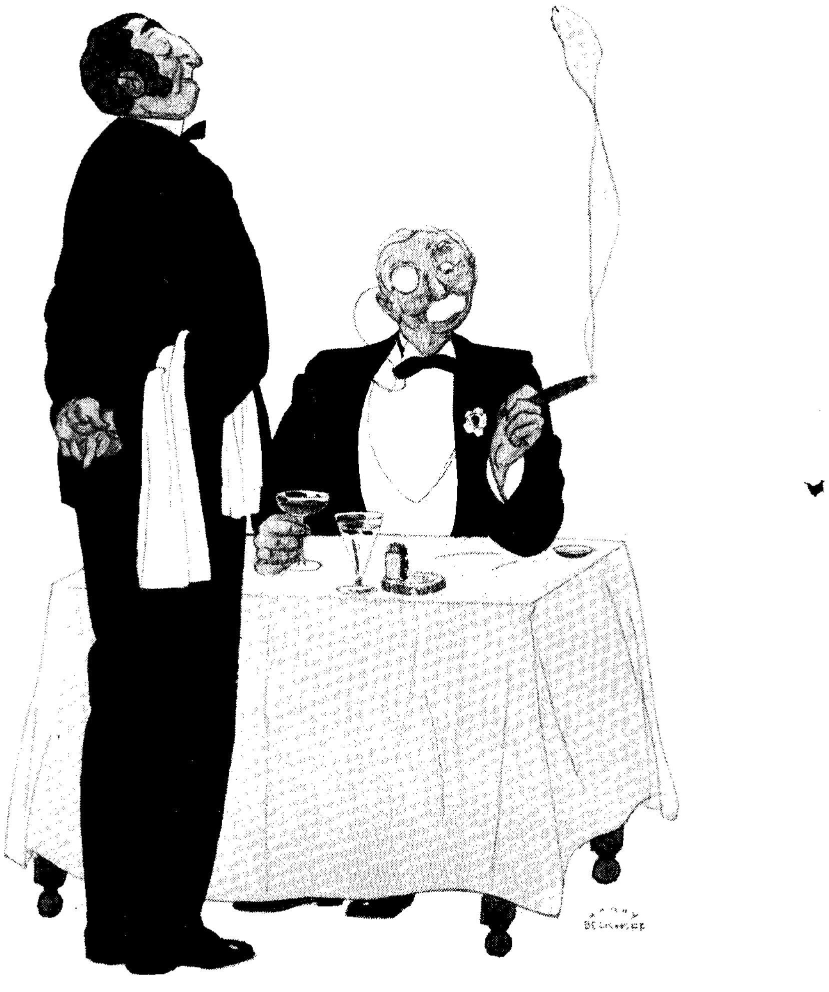
"At least I have given her something to think about."

LORD HODDESDON pulled at his mustache.

"Odd about that address."

"My dear George," said Lady Vera, with the same patient contempt with which another great mind was wont to say "My dear Watson," "I really cannot see why you should consider it odd."

"Why, dash it," protested his lordship. "The coincidence. You can't say it's not a coincidence. Mulberry Grove, Valley Fields, is where Godfrey is living."



There are occasions which have to be observed with fitting solemnities

"Exactly. And I have no doubt that this man has somehow managed to scrape acquaintance with Godfrey. Godfrey, who has no idea of reticence but babbles all his most private affairs into the ear of the first person who comes along, must undoubtedly have told him who he was and, I suppose, showed him Ann's photograph and mentioned that she was a very romantic girl. And when the man found her sitting alone in her car, he saw his chance."

"I see. I've often thought," said Lord Hoddesdon, with a father's sad earnestness, "that Godfrey ought to be in some sort of mental institution. He has gone and messed things up thoroughly now. Is there anything we can do, do you think?"

"OF COURSE there is something we can do. You *don't* imagine that I am going to sit quietly and see this man ruin Ann's life? I should imagine that the thing will resolve itself into a question of money. Mr. Frisby must buy him off."

"You think he would?"

"Of course he would. He will be just as anxious as we are to free Ann from this entanglement."

"Why?"

"His sister, Ann's mother, is, I understand, the sort of woman who would make herself exceedingly unpleasant if Ann were to marry the wrong man."

"Ah!" said Lord Hoddesdon, enlightened. He knew all about unpleasant sisters.

"So," said Lady Vera, "you had better go down to Valley Fields tomorrow morning and see this man. I'll get Mr. Frisby to give you a check."

Lord Hoddesdon started violently. Until this moment he had been looking on the affair in a spirit of easy detachment. He had never dreamed that there would be any suggestion of his undertaking the negotiations. The mere idea of paying a return visit to the stamping-ground of the disciple of Stayling and running the risk of renewing his acquaintance with that extraordinarily belligerent little person with the eyeglass and the vocabulary appalled him.

"Go to Valley Fields!" he cried. "I'm dashed if I do!"

"George!"

"No," returned Lord Hoddesdon, reckless of the lion-tamer's gleam in his sister's eye, "I will not. You aren't going to get me down to that hell on earth, not if you argue all night."

"Absurd, eh? Well, look what happened last time. I went down there in a gray top hat that I had meant to see me through another half dozen Ascots, and I only just managed to escape with my life in a cloth cap with purple checks. And that wasn't all. That wasn't half of it. I had to run—run like a hare, dash it!—to escape being murdered by a beer-swilling native. I had to dive into back gardens and leap through windows. And you calmly ask me to face all that over again! I can see myself! No," said Lord Hoddesdon, firmly, "I approve of the idea of offering this bounder money to release Ann, but I decline to be appointed paymaster. Do the thing in a regular and an orderly manner, I say. Go to your friend Frisby and tell him to send his lawyer to interview this fellow. It's a lawyer's job. Good night, Vera!"

And, seizing his hat, Lord Hoddesdon sprang for the door.

(*To be continued next week*)

The Saving Mark

Continued from page 27

"But are you sure, man?" Father David asked anxiously.

"Well, there's the motive—might be a motive to a weak mind; then he's kept out of the way—says he's been with Dan in the buryin'-ground. And there's nobody *there* to prove his alibi. 'Course he was drunk—"

"When was the crime committed, Peel?" Coming into the room, Father David nodded to the half-circle of men, who looked up deferentially, several offering their seats. But Father David chose to stand before Bart Mallon, and Bart, gazing up at him, smiled happily.

"As near as we could figure," Peel explained, "it was some time after dark. The coroner was here at ten and judged Skelton to've been dead about two hours. Besides, the light was on—and Skelton would never make a light while there was one gleam of daylight."

Father David shook his head sadly as he looked down on the stooped, pathetic figure, grown old before its time, noted the dust that lay thick on the black coat and whitened the wrinkled trousers to the knees. It was evident that the man had been where there was dust, and Father David knew well that long, dusty road that rose to his hilltop, with its spiritual crown of chapel and rectory and graveyard.

"So you called to see me today, Bart," he said kindly. Bart, nodding, smiled up at him. "Was anybody home?"

Bart's eyes widened with surprise at the question. "Why, Kate," he replied. "Kate Dunne was home."

"And what time was that, Bart?"

"Oh, before sundown. The church windows were full of the red sun."

"Yes, yes, Bart, full of the red sun." He moved to Mallon's side and laid a friendly hand on a rounded shoulder. But he withheld for a moment the question that was on his lips while his gaze fastened intently on Mallon's dusty back. Then he asked eagerly, "And when you left, Dan, did you go again to the house?"

"I did," said Bart, his face reflecting an earlier disappointment.

"And you saw Kate Dunne again?"

Bart shook his head, and Father David's hope sank. But it quickly rose again when Bart said, "Only the light."

Then Father David turned a glowing face to Peel, "It's plain to me," he said, "that he knows nothing of this crime. He can prove by the housekeeper that he was at my house before sundown, and he *has* proved that he was there again just before he walked into this deadly trap that was waiting for him—Kate Dunne always leaves a light for me. Now—"

PEEL interrupted, "But see here, Your Reverence, there's a gap of four hours between."

"When Bart," Father David argued, "was asleep in the burying-ground."

"How do we know he was? There's only his say-so for that."

"Nay, more," proclaimed Father David. "Look!" And while the men crowded curiously about, he pointed to Mallon's back, gray with dust except where the black cloth showed in clearly legible characters. Following his tracing finger, they deciphered the reversed characters . . . ril 7, 1922.

"The date of Dan Mallon's death, gentlemen," Father David announced solemnly. "The incised letters left no dust. A strange happening indeed." And turning to Peel, "You see, after all, there *was* somebody there to prove an alibi."

How to Get 8 Hours Sleep Without Drugs

A New Discovery That Gives You 8 Hours Of Sleep—The Kind Of Sleep That Brings Teeming Energy All Next Day.

NOW there's a drugless way to get instant sleep. Sound, natural sleep, so all the next day you teem with new energy and "pep". You look and feel like a different person—fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant the day long.

On doctors' advice, millions employ this new way. For it is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. And does far more than simply induce sleep! *This delicious food-drink actually rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep.*

What It Is

It is called Ovaltine; a scientific food-concentrate developed in Switzerland by a scientist of world-fame. You take it in a cup of warm milk at bedtime; a super-delicious drink.

First, it induces sleep. You get sound, natural sleep a few minutes after taking it.

Then *while* you sleep, its peculiar dietetic properties resupply your system with the energy lost the previous, active day. For it contains practically EVERY building element necessary to energy. And thus provides not only sleep, but the *kind of sleep that rebuilds and rejuvenates!*

You can take it night after night and not only not form a habit, as with drugs, but build up your health as well. So you teem with energy every day.

Do you wonder then, that people are flocking to its use? New to America, Ovaltine is being recommended by over 20,000 doctors. Used over 30 years in Europe, its use has spread to over 54 different nations. It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time.

Try It Tonight

Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and rundown conditions. They recommend it, too, for nervous, underweight children. Thousands of busy people take it during the day to relieve fatigue and restore vitality. Widely different from powdered, sugary, chocolate, malt or cocoa "mixtures", its scientific standing is unquestioned.

A few weeks' use will make an amazing difference in the way you feel. Your whole appearance will show the result of restful sleep and vitality restored this natural way.

Believe or not what people claim for Ovaltine—but *try it.* Try it without delay. Start tonight. Just 'phone your druggist or grocer now—ask for a can of Ovaltine. *750*

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink
Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Many people have asked us, "Does Ovaltine contain any drugs?" It is such a wonderful "night-cap" they feel it "simply must" contain something in the nature of a drug. In short, it works so well they sometimes "wonder" about it. So we wish to go on record here in public print, that Ovaltine has never at any time contained any sleep-producing drug of any kind whatsoever. It is made entirely from food and nothing but food. The government would not permit us to make such a statement in public print unless it could be proved beyond a doubt.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

We Can't Live Alone

ALL the world is a market place. Our modern life is made up of an exchange of favors. It was possible a hundred years ago for a family or a nation to live alone and of itself. Japan was content behind its island barriers until Commodore Perry roughly opened the door in 1853. The frontier American produced nearly everything he used.

We want better things today than we can find at home. Highly civilized men have always gone far to satisfy their wants. Even in the midst of the Revolutionary War George Washington sent to London for his clothes. All of us now reach out around the world to obtain the things we need in our daily lives.

No country today is so self-contained that it can supply all its normal wants. To maintain the high level of our material civilization we have to look to all the world for supplies.

Mexico gives us the essential ingredient of our chewing gum and the twine with which to bind the wheat that becomes our bread. Brazil, among other places, supplies the coffee so welcome on the breakfast table. Cuba sweetens that coffee. Argentina helps with the meat. Britain and France still contribute to our clothing. Chile gives us copper essential to our electrical industry and also the nitrates to keep our farms fertile.

We go thousands of miles away from our own shores for vanadium to make steel. Our motor cars run on rubber from Malaysia. Teas, silks, spices, myriads of other commodities which daily we use without taking thought of whence we obtain them all come to us by the grace of men who live and toil in places remote from our land.

Without this exchange of goods no modern people could survive. On the old basis of each nation and each family for itself the earth could nourish only a minute fraction of the people who now inhabit the civilized portions of the world.

Commonplaces these, which any intelligent child might recite, and yet by a curious development statesmen all over the world are behaving as though each nation were sufficient unto itself.

Half of South America has been swept by revolution because men in far-off places ceased to buy goods which South Americans must sell if they are to prosper. Threats of revolution disturbed Cuba because Cubans could not sell enough of their sugar. Our tariff seems to foreigners in many lands to constitute an embargo on some of their exports and their own import duties are raised to retaliate against real or imaginary injuries. Canada in a few hours arranges a tariff to meet the rates in our law which seem to hurt Canadian trade. The Canadian prime minister is then inspired to lead a movement for a tariff barrier to protect Great Britain and the imperial dominions against us and against other trading nations. Italy, France, Mexico all proceed with similar measures.

We cannot complain. We set the example and our prosperity invites emulation as well as retaliation when what we do in our interest threatens someone else.

The truth is as Owen D. Young said eloquently in his speech at the University of California: "Let no man think that the living standards of America can be permanently maintained at a measurably higher level than those of other civilized countries. Either we shall lift theirs to ours or they will drag ours down to theirs."

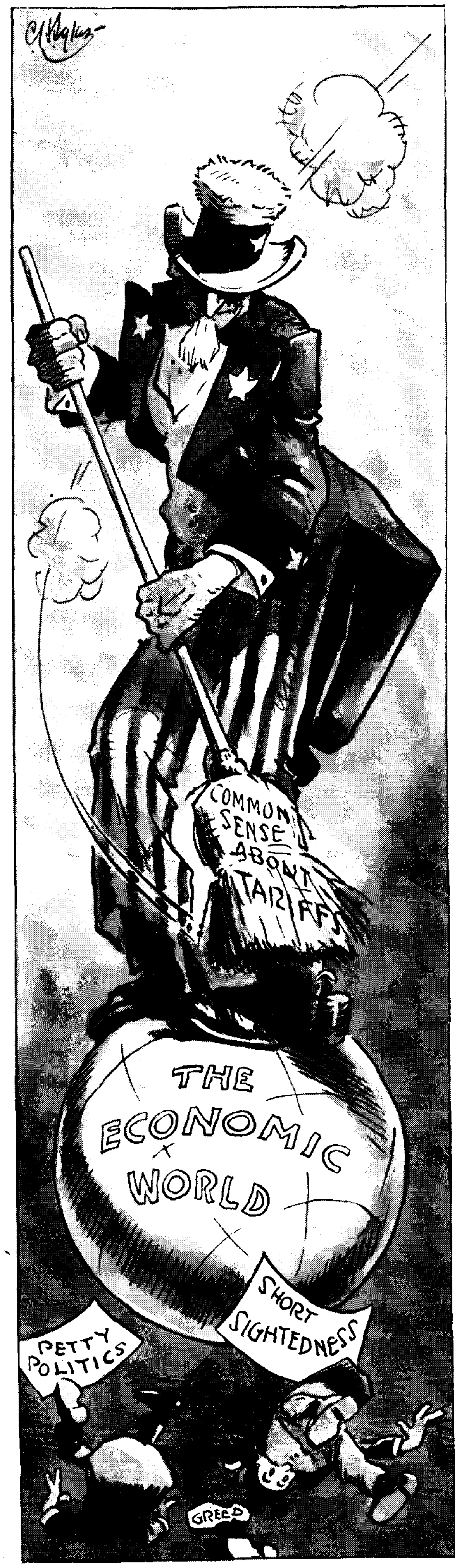
Mr. Young spoke as a business man. The prosperity of any business depends upon the prosperity of its customers. No business can grow rich while selling to paupers. No people can sell unless they also buy.

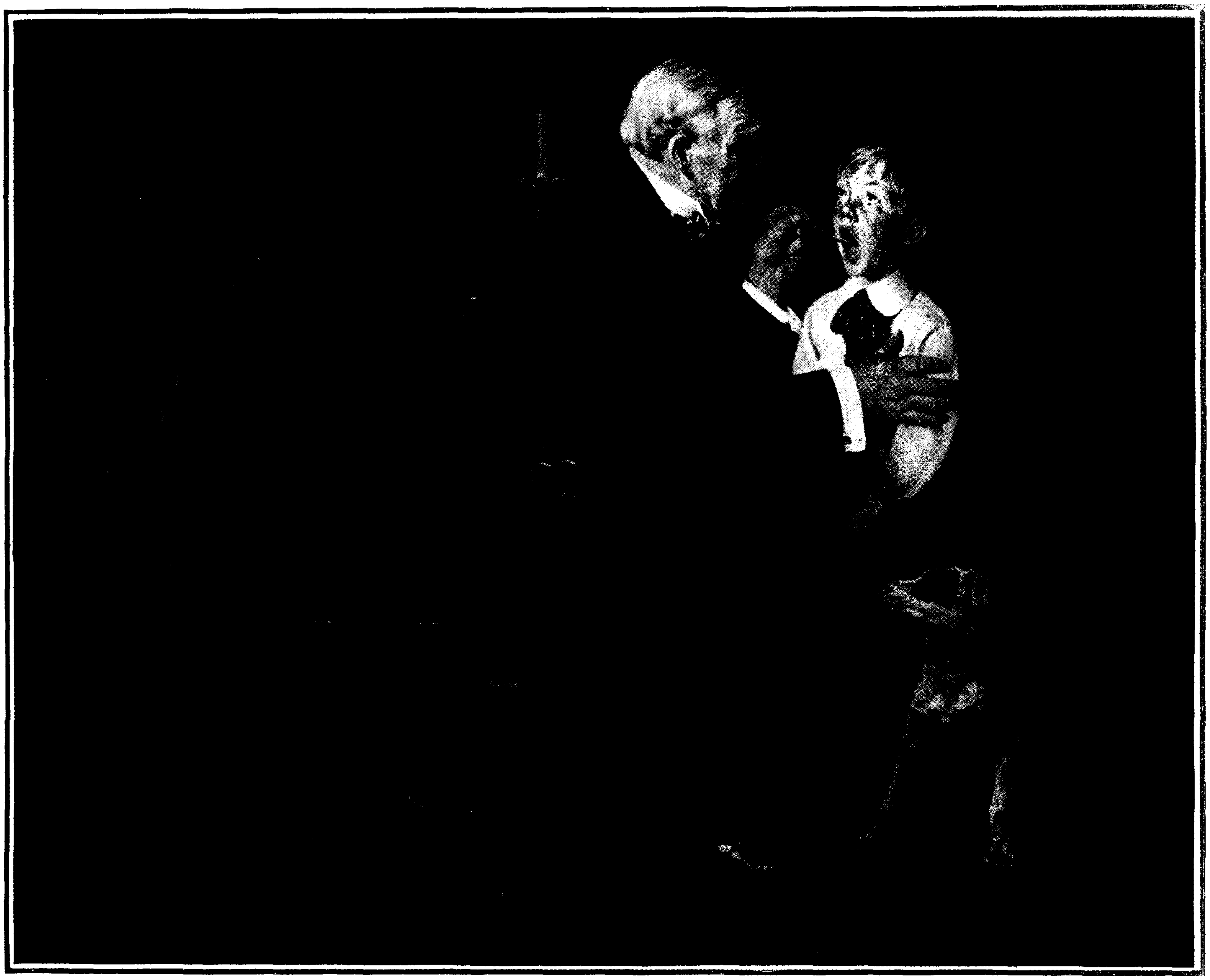
Our prosperity and the prosperity of other nations will be best advanced as this principle is reflected in laws and in national policies. Tariffs are accepted now as necessary to equalize costs of production in different countries, but tariffs are not embargoes. Yet many countries believe that we have set up insurmountable barriers against them and in turn they are erecting embargoes against us.

After all the grief which attended the last tariff act, neither Democrats nor Republicans are eager to open the subject again. Burnt politicians dread a general tariff revision.

The President and the new commission, however, have the power, through the flexible provision of the law, to make it plain that we are interested in tariffs and not in embargoes and that we know that our prosperity cannot be built up by destroying the trade of other nations. Certainly nobody has had a better opportunity than the President to learn the complex trade relationships which bind together modern peoples. Certainly no man has a better understanding of the fundamental human needs of all peoples, however separated.

None—British, American, French, Russian, Japanese, Indian—can live for himself alone. We who first of all have learned how to create a high national prosperity can but safeguard what we have by removing the fears which, unintentionally it is true, we have engendered in the minds of those who in times past have been our customers and our friends.





"Stay home—and gargle with Listerine every 2 hours"

THAT is what your doctor would probably tell you to do if you had an ordinary cold or simple sore throat. Combined with rest and warmth, it is an excellent treatment. Over and over again this has been proved in the past 50 years.

These ailments are caused by germs multiplying by millions in the mouth and throat. They are continually striving to overcome the forces of health in your body. They often succeed when body resistance is lowered by such things as wet feet, fatigue, lack of exercise, exposure to draughts, cold, sudden changes of temperature.

Their names are Streptococcus Hemolyticus (the streptococcus germ), Staphylococcus Aureus (pus), and Bacillus Influenzae (influenza)

Reduces mouth germs 98%

And undiluted Listerine, used as a gargle, kills these germs—all germs—almost instantly. In 15 seconds to be exact—the fastest time science has been able to measure accurately.

Repeated tests, similar to those employed at Johns Hopkins University, show that it actually reduces the bacteria on the surfaces of the mouth 98%. And at the same time soothes and heals inflamed membrane.

As a precaution

As a precaution against colds and irritated throat, gargle with undiluted Listerine every morning and every night. And when these have actually gained a foothold, increase the gargle to once every 2 hours, meanwhile consulting your physician.

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The wonderful thing about Listerine is that while a potent germicide, it is at the same time non-poisonous, safe to use, pleasant to taste, and healing to tissue. Keep Listerine in home and office and carry it when you travel. At the first symptom of trouble use it undiluted to get full germicidal effect. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

KILLS 200,000,000 GERMS IN 15 SECONDS—HEALS TISSUE

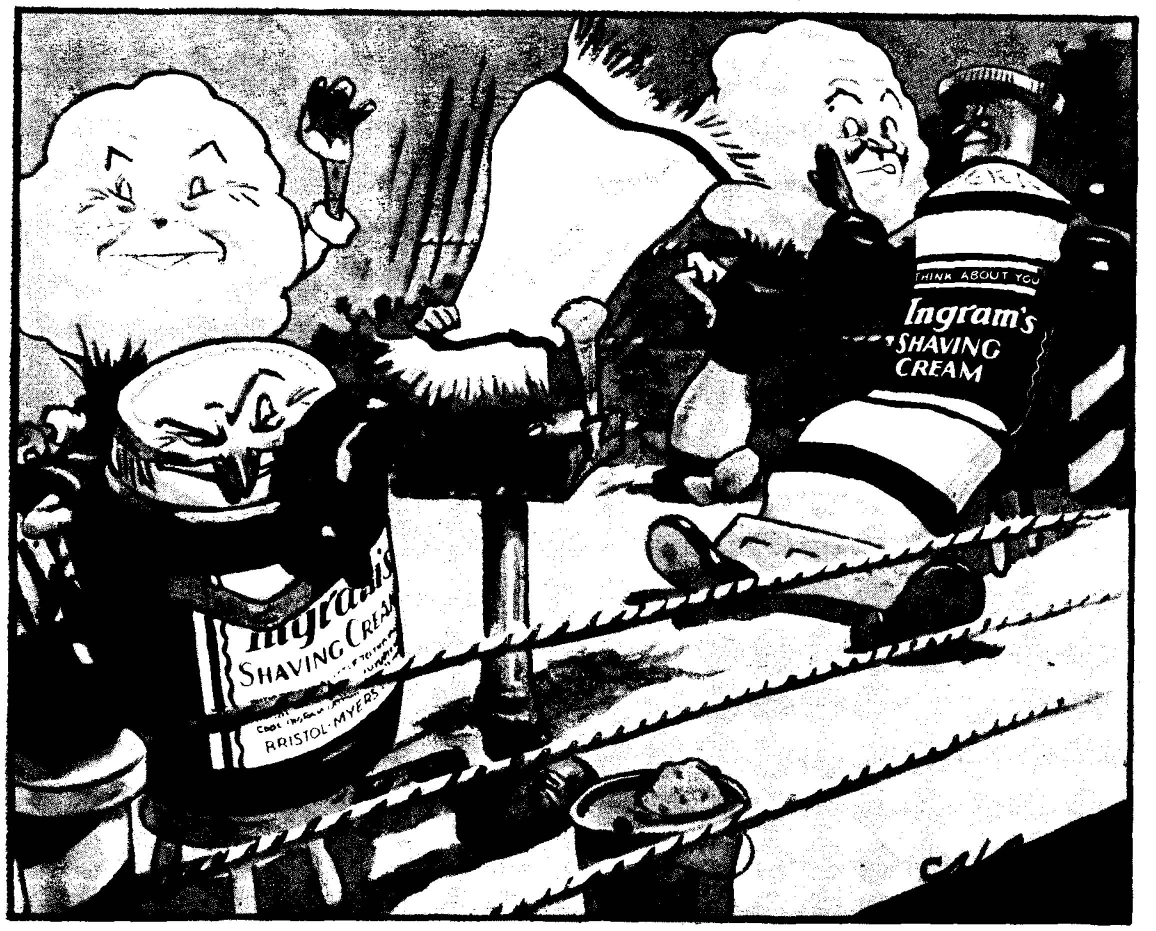
$5,000.00 Contest

open to everybody . . . 328 Cash Prizes

"The jar is going to win," says W. B. Faraday, Manager of London Branch Office

"Ingram's has done so astonishingly well with its distinctive blue jar, that more than a million men like the cool, stingless shaves it brings them! You Americans are all for the new and up-and-coming. But, however good the tube, habits aren't broken overnight! I put my shilling on the cool shaves in the good old blue jar."

W. B. Faraday



"Place your money on the tube!" says J. W. Brooks, Manager of Chicago Branch Office

"In England it may be different, but this is Chicago! The great majority of men prefer a tube! A big percentage of those men who used the old jar, because of the fine cool *shaves Ingram's gives, will be glad to know the new Ingram tube is here! The tube will win—put your money on it."*

J. William Brooks

"Long live the jar" *cries England*
"Then give us the tube" *says Chicago*

CHICAGO and England are at it again. For Mr. Faraday, our London manager, with true British conservatism, sticks out for the cool shaves held by the historic blue Ingram jar. And our Chicago sales manager, with breezy insistence, can't see anything but a violent victory for the new blue and white tube. It's a hot fight about the coolest shaving cream ever put together.

We've stirred up the most violent partisans since we decided to give away $5,000.00 for the best opinions as to which would win.

Shortly before January 1st, Ingram's was brought out in the new tube. Of course, *it's still sold in the jar*. And remember, in five years, that jar built one of the largest shaving cream businesses in the world!

Clip Coupon for 10 COOL SHAVES

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM
Box 596, General Post Office
New York, N. Y.

I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves

*Name*________________

*Street*________________

City________State________

(Coupon has nothing to do with contest. Use only if you want free sample.)

Here are Ingram's sales for the last four years:

1926	751,392 Jars
1927	1,148,628 Jars
1928	1,560,828 Jars
1929	1,992,998 Jars

The blue jar introduced the first and best of all *cool* shaving creams. But many men, we know, prefer a tube. Now, they can have their choice of either package at the same price.

Consider the relative advantages of the tube and jar. Then write, *in 75 words or less*, how you think the new tube will "go over"—how it will sell in comparison with the famous old jar and what effect it will have on the established sales of the jar. Predict, if you like, just how many tubes will be sold. Neatness, brevity and logic of reasoning, not your prediction, will be the factors that count in awarding the prizes.

The Great $5,000.00 Ingram Contest

To the 328 contestants who submit the best opinions, we will give $5,000.00 in cash prizes as follows:

First prize	**$1,000.00**
Second prize	**$500.00**
Third prize	**$250.00**
Next 325 prizes	*each* **$10.00**

Have you ever tried Ingram's? It was the first of all COOL shaving creams. Because of its three cooling and soothing ingredients Ingram's tightens and tones the skin *while you shave*. Your druggist carries both the tube and the jar. Or send the coupon for a free 10-day supply of COOL Ingram shaves. But, whether you use Ingram's or not, enter the contest! Do it today!

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

1. Contest closes at midnight, December 31st, 1930. Entries postmarked later will not be considered. To insure absolute fairness, we have engaged Liberty Magazine to act as the judges. Their decisions will be final. Names of winners will be published as early as possible in 1931.

2. Contest is free and open to any person except employees of Bristol-Myers Co. (the makers of Ingram's) and Liberty Magazine, and their relatives. You need not buy nor subscribe to this or any other magazine, nor buy or use Ingram's Shaving Cream, to compete.

3. You may submit as many opinions as you wish during the period of the contest, but none must exceed 75 words in length. Submit each opinion on a separate single sheet of paper, legibly written or typed on one side only, your name and address at top.

4. If two or more contestants submit opinions of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each.

5. Address Contest entries to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Box 596, General Post Office, New York, N. Y. Contestants agree that entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes. Entries cannot be returned, nor can Bristol-Myers Co. or the judges engage in correspondence about the contest.

INGRAM'S
Shaving Cream